Dean G. Larson

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OF THE

ILLINOIS STATE HISTORICAL LIBRARY

TRANSACTIONS

OF THE

Illinois State Historical Society

FOR THE YEAR 1928

Twenty-ninth Annual Meeting of the Society, Springfield, Illinois, May 10-11, 1928

Board of Trustees of the Illinois State Historical Library

[Printed by Authority of the State of Illinois.]

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OFFICERS

OF THE

ILLINOIS STATE HISTORICAL SOCIETY

May, 1928—May, 1929

President

Dr. O. L. Schmidt.....Chicago

Vice Presidents

George A. Lawrence.....Galesburg
L. Y. Sherman.....Daytona Beach, Florida
Richard Yates.....Springfield
Ensley Moore.....Jacksonville
Evarts Boutell Greene.....New York City
Gen. John McAuley Palmer.....Washington, D. C.

Board of Directors

Charles H. Rammelkamp.....Jacksonville
George W. Smith.....Carbondale
Andrew Russel.....Jacksonville
*Walter Colyer.....Albion
J. A. James.....Evanston
John H. Hauberg.....Rock Island
Rev. Ira W. Allen.....La Grange
Laurence M. Larson.....Urbana
Theodore Calvin Pease.....Urbana
H. J. Patten.....Evanston
Logan Hay.....Springfield
George C. Dixon.....Dixon
Lincoln Weldon.....Bloomington
Georgia L. Osborne.....Springfield

Secretary and Treasurer

Miss Georgia L. Osborne.....Springfield

Honorary Vice Presidents

The Presidents of Local Historical Societies in Illinois

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*Deceased.

EDITORIAL NOTE.

Following the practice of the Publication Committee in previous years, this volume includes, besides the official proceedings and the papers read at the last annual meeting, some essays and other matter contributed during the year. It is hoped that these "contributions to State History" may, in larger measure as the years go on, deserve their title, and form an increasingly valuable part of the Society's transactions. The contributions are intended to include the following kinds of material:

1. Hitherto unpublished letters and other documentary material. This part of the volume should supplement the more formal and extensive publication of official records in the Illinois Historical Collections, which are published by the trustees of the State Historical Library.

2. Papers of a reminiscent character. These should be selected with great care, for memories and reminiscences are at their best an uncertain basis for historical knowledge.

3. Historical essays or brief monographs, based upon the sources and containing genuine contributions to knowledge. Such papers should be accompanied by foot-notes indicating with precision the authorities upon which the papers are based. The use of new and original material and the care with which the authorities are cited, will be one of the main factors in determining the selection of papers for publication.

4. Bibliographies.

5. Occasional reprints of books, pamphlets or parts of books now out of print and not easily accessible.

Circular letters have been sent out from time to time urging the members of the Society to contribute such historical material, and appeals for it have been issued in the pages of the *Journal*. The committee desires to repeat and emphasize these requests.

It is the desire of the committee that this annual publication of the Society, supplement rather than parallel or rival, the distinctly official publications of the *State Historical Library*. In historical research, as in so many other fields, the best results are likely to be achieved through the cooperation of private initiative with public authority. It was to promote such cooperation and mutual undertaking that this Society was organized. Teachers of history, whether in schools or colleges, are especially urged to do their part in bringing to this publication the best results of local research and historical scholarship.

In conclusion it should be said that the views expressed in the various papers are those of their respective authors and not necessarily those of the committee. Nevertheless, the committee will be glad to receive such corrections of fact or such general criticism as may appear to be deserved.

CONSTITUTION OF THE ILLINOIS STATE HISTORICAL SOCIETY

ARTICLE I—NAME AND OBJECTS

SECTION 1. The name of this Society shall be the Illinois State Historical Society.

§ 2. The objects for which it is formed are to excite and stimulate a general interest in the history of Illinois; to encourage historical research and investigation and secure its promulgation; to collect and preserve all forms of data in any way bearing upon the history of Illinois and its peoples.

ARTICLE II—OFFICERS OF THE SOCIETY—THEIR ELECTION AND DUTIES

SECTION 1. The management of the affairs of this Society shall be vested in a board of fifteen directors of which Board the president of the Society shall be ex-officio a member.

§ 2. There shall be a President and as many Vice-Presidents, not less than three, as the Society may determine at the annual meetings. The Board of Directors, five of whom shall constitute a quorum, shall elect its own presiding officer, a secretary and treasurer, and shall have power to appoint from time to time such officers, agents and committees as they may deem advisable, and to remove the same at pleasure.

§ 3. The Directors shall be elected at the annual meetings and the mode of election shall be by ballot, unless by a vote of a majority of members present and entitled to vote, some other method may be adopted.

§ 4. It shall be the duty of the Board of Directors diligently to promote the objects for which this Society has been formed and to this end they shall have power:—

(1) To search out and preserve in permanent form for the use of the people of the State of Illinois, facts and data in the history of the State and of each county thereof, including the pre-historic periods and the history of the aboriginal inhabitants together with biographies of distinguished persons who have rendered services to the people of the State.

(2) To accumulate and preserve for like use, books, pamphlets, newspapers and documents bearing upon the foregoing topics.

(3) To publish from time to time for like uses its own transactions as well as such facts and documents bearing upon its objects as it may secure.

(4) To accumulate for like use such articles of historic interest as may bear upon the history of persons and places within the State.

(5) To receive by gift, grant, devise, bequest or purchase, books, prints, paintings, manuscripts, libraries, museums, moneys and other property, real or personal in aid of the above objects.

(6) They shall have general charge and control under the direction of the Board of Trustees of the Illinois State Historical Library, of all property so received and hold the same for the uses aforesaid in accordance with an Act of the Legislature approved May 16, 1903, entitled "An Act to add a new section to an Act entitled an Act to establish the Illinois State Historical Library and to provide for its care and maintenance, and to make appropriations therefor," approved May 25, 1889, and in force July 1, 1889; they shall make and approve all contracts, audit all acounts and order their payment, and in general see to the carrying out of the orders of the Society. They may adopt by-laws not inconsistent with this Constitution, for the management of the affairs of the Society; they shall fix the times and places for their meetings; keep a record of their proceedings, and make report to the Society at its annual meeting.

§ 5. Vacancies in the Board of Directors may be filled by election by the remaining members, the persons so elected to continue in office until the next annual meeting.

§ 6. The President shall preside at all meetings of the Society, and in case of his absence or inability to act, one of the Vice-Presidents shall preside in his stead, and in case neither president nor vice-president shall be in attendance, the Society may choose a president pro-tempore.

§ 7. The officers shall perform the duties usually devolving upon such offices, and such others as may from time to time be prescribed by the Society or the Board of Directors. The treasurer shall keep a strict account of all receipts and expenditures and pay out money from the treasury only as directed by the Board of Directors; he shall submit an annual report of the finance of the Society and such other matters as may be committed to his custody to the Board of Directors within such time prior to the annual meeting as they shall direct, and after auditing the same the said Board shall submit said report to the Society at its annual meeting.

ARTICLE III—MEMBERSHIP

Section 1. The membership of this Society shall consist of five classes to-wit: Active, Life, Affiliated, Corresponding and Honorary.

§ 2. Any person may become an active member of this Society upon payment of such initiation fee not less than one dollar, as shall from time to time be prescribed by the Board of Directors.

§ 3. Any person entitled to be an active member may upon payment of twenty-five dollars be admitted as a life member with all the privileges of an active member and shall thereafter be exempt from annual dues.

§ 4. County and other historical societies, and other societies engaged in historical or archaeological research or in the preservation of the knowledge of historic events, may upon the recommendation of the Board of Directors be admitted as affiliated members of this Society

upon the same terms as to the payment of initiation fees and annual dues as active and life members. Every society so admitted shall be entitled to one duly accredited representative at each meeting of the Society who shall during the period of his appointment be entitled as such representative to all the privileges of an active member except that of being elected to office; but nothing herein shall prevent such representative becoming an active or life member upon like conditions as other persons.

§ 5. Persons not active nor life members but who are willing to lend their assistance and encouragement to the promotion of the objects of this Society, may, upon recommendation of the Board of Directors, be admitted as corresponding members.

§ 6. Honorary membership may be conferred at any meeting of the Society upon the recommendation of the Board of Directors upon persons who have distinguished themselves by eminent services or contributions to the cause of history.

§ 7. Honorary and corresponding members shall have the privilege of attending and participating in the meetings of the Society.

ARTICLE IV—MEETINGS AND QUORUM

Section 1. There shall be an annual meeting of this Society for the election of officers, the hearing of reports, addresses and historical papers and the transaction of business at such time and place in the month of May in each year as may be designated by the Board of Directors, for which meeting it shall be the duty of said Board to prepare and publish a suitable program and procure the services of persons well versed in history to deliver addresses or read essays upon subjects germane to the objects of this organization.

§ 2. Special meetings of the Society may be called by the Board of Directors. Special meetings of the Board of Directors may be called by the President or any two members of the Board.

§ 3. At any meeting of the Society the attendance of ten members entitled to vote shall be necessary to a quorum.

ARTICLE V—AMENDMENTS

Section 1. The Constitution may be amended by a two-thirds vote of the members present and entitled to vote, at any annual meeting; Provided, that the proposed amendment shall have first been submitted to the Board of Directors, and at least thirty days prior to such annual meeting notice of proposed action upon the same, sent by the Secretary to all the members of the Society.

AN APPEAL TO THE HISTORICAL SOCIETY AND THE GENERAL PUBLIC

OBJECTS OF COLLECTION DESIRED BY THE ILLINOIS STATE HISTORICAL LIBRARY AND SOCIETY

(Members please read this circular letter.)

Books and pamphlets on American History, Biography, and Genealogy, particulary those relating to the West; works on Indian Tribes, and American Archaeology and Ethnology; Reports of Societies and Institutions of every kind, Educational, Economic, Social, Political, Co-operative, Fraternal, Statistical, Industrial, Charitable; Scientific Publications of States or Societies; Books or Pamphlets relating to the Great Rebellion, and the wars with the Indians; privately printed Works; Newspapers; Maps and Charts; Engravings; Photographs; Autographs; Coins; Antiquities; Encyclopedias, Dictionaries, and Bibliographical Works. Especially do we desire

EVERYTHING RELATING TO ILLINOIS

1. Every book or pamphlet on any subject relating to Illinois, or any part of it; also every book or pamphlet written by an Illinois citizen, whether published in Illinois or elsewhere; Materials for Illinois History; old Letters, Journals.

2. Manuscripts; Narratives of the Pioneers of Illinois; Original Papers on the Early History and Settlement of the Territory; Adventures and Conflicts during the early settlement, the Indian troubles, or the great Rebellion, or other wars; Biographies of the Pioneers, prominent citizens and public men of every County either living or deceased, together with their portraits and autographs; a sketch of the settlement of every Township, Village, and the Neighborhood in the State, with the names of the first settlers. We solicit articles on every subject connected with Illinois History.

3. City Ordinances, proceedings of Mayor and Council; Reports of Committees of Council; Pamphlets or Papers of any kind printed by authority of the City; Reports of Boards of Trade; Maps of cities and Plats of town sites or of additions thereto.

4. Pamphlets of all kinds; Annual Reports of Societies; Sermons and Addresses delivered in the State; Minutes of Church Conventions, Synods, or other Ecclesiastical Bodies of Illinois; Political Addresses; Railroad Reports; all such, whether published in pamphlet or newspaper.

5. Catalogues and reports of Colleges and other Institutions of Learning; Annual or other Reports of School Boards, School Superin-

tendents, School Committees, Educational Pamphlets, Programs and Papers of every kind, no matter how small or apparently unimportant.

6. Copies of the earlier Laws; Journals and Reports of our Territorial and State Legislatures; earlier Governors' Messages and Reports of State Officers; Reports of State Charitable and other State Institutions.

7. Files of Illinois Newspapers and Magazines, especially complete volumes of past years, or single numbers even. Publishers are earnestly requested to contribute their publications regularly, all of which will be carefully preserved and bound.

8. Maps of the State, or of Counties or Townships, of any date; Views and Engravings of buildings or historic places; Drawings or Photographs of scenery; Paintings; Portraits, etc., connected with Illinois History.

9. Curiosities of all kinds; Coins; Medals; Paintings; Portraits; Engravings; Statuary; War Relics; Autograph Letters of distinguished persons, etc.

10. Facts illustrative of our Indian Tribes—their History, Characteristics, Religion, etc.; Sketches of prominent Chiefs, Orators and Warriors, together with contributions of Indian Weapons, Costumes, Ornaments, Curiosities, and Implements; also Stone Axes, Spears, Arrow Heads, Pottery, or other relics. It is important that the work of collecting historical material in regard to the part taken by Illinois in the great war be done immediately, before important local material be lost or destroyed.

In brief, everything that, by the most liberal construction, can illustrate the history of Illinois, its early settlement, its progress, or present condition. All will be of interest to succeeding generations. Contributions will be credited to the donors in the published reports of the Library and Society, and will be carefully preserved in the Historical Library as the property of the State, for the use and benefit of the people for all time.

Communications or gifts may be addressed to the Librarian and Secretary.

GEORGIA L. OSBORNE

PART I

Record of Official Proceedings

1928

MINUTES OF THE MEETING OF THE BOARD OF DIRECTORS OF THE ILLINOIS STATE HISTORICAL SOCIETY 1928

The annual meeting of the Board of Directors of the Illinois State Historical Society was held in the Lincoln Room of the Library at 9:00 o'clock A. M., May 11, 1928.

Present: Dr. Charles H. Rammelkamp, Mr. John H. Hauberg, Dr. Theodore C. Pease, Mr. Ira W. Allen, Mr. Geo. W. Smith, Mr. Logan Hay and Miss Georgia L. Osborne.

On account of the absence of the President, Dr. Otto L. Schmidt, Dr. Rammelkamp presided at the request of the other directors present.

The reading of the minutes of the previous meeting (1927) was dispensed with on motion of Mr. Allen on account of the same having been published in book form, and that they be approved as printed. The motion was seconded by Dr. Pease and carried.

The report of the Secretary, Miss Osborne, was then read and Mr. Hauberg moved that same be received and filed. It was seconded by Dr. Pease, after which there was a discussion in regard to the method of obtaining articles for the museum. Miss Osborne described how it was handled from her department. Mr. Geo. W. Smith stated there was a valuable collection in White Hall in possession of the Russell family that would be an asset to the museum.

Dr. Rammelkamp spoke a word of praise in regard to the staff in the library and how they handled all inquiries so readily.

Mr. Logan Hay brought up the question concerning a letter from the Secretary of the Indiana Historical Society in regard to an appropriation of $1,750,000 for the George Rogers Clark Memorial at Vincennes, Indiana, and asked for the endorsement of the Illinois State Historical Society to such a bill. He also discussed the question of a Lincoln Highway from Hodgenville, Kentucky, Lincoln's birth-place, up through his Indiana home and Vincennes, Indiana, to New Salem and Springfield, and told of the story that Mr. L. A. Warren, of the National Life Insurance Company was writing concerning the Lincoln period in Indiana, and that Dr. Blunt of Virden, Illinois, who took the trip from Hodgenville through Indiana to Illinois, made the suggestion that the 100th Anniversary of the "Coming of the Lincolns to Illinois" should be noted in the way of having the Lincolns in pageant coming from their place in Kentucky to New Salem. There was quite a discussion among the members in regard to such a pageant and Mr. Hay suggested that a committee be appointed to consider this question and take it up with the Association with a view of at least considering the proposition.

The directors then referred back to the action which should be taken on the Bill which is in process of going through Congress for

the George Rogers Clark Memorial in Vincennes and it was further explained by Mr. Hay.

Mr. Hay then suggested that the Directors pass a resolution in regard to such a Bill and ask Dr. Christopher B. Coleman to prepare it subject to revision by Dr. Rammelkamp or by Dr. Schmidt.

It was then moved by Mr. Allen and seconded by Mr. Smith that a committee of two be appointed, namely, Dr. Rammelkamp and Mr. Hay, to prepare a general resolution in regard to the Bill before Congress. Same was carried.

Then the Chairman took up the matter of the pageant to commemorate the Coming of the Lincolns from Kentucky through Indiana to Illinois, the same to take place in March, 1930. There followed more discussion between Mr. Hay and Mr. Smith concerning such a proposition. It was suggested that Mr. Hay prepare a resolution asking the Society, at its next meeting, to appoint a committee, refer to other Societies and see what they think of the matter.

The motion was made by Mr. Allen that the committee of three be appointed and a motion by Mr. Smith that the presiding Chairman bring the matter before the Society. The motion of Mr. Smith was seconded by Mr. Allen and Mr. Allen's motion dropped. Same was carried.

The question of raising the annual dues was again brought before the Directors and an amendment to the constitution to that effect. Miss Osborne, the Secretary, made a statement concerning the subject and read that part of the Constitution in regard to amendments, stating that the matter could not be taken up by the Society until the proposed amendment is submitted to the Board of Directors and at least thirty days prior to such annual meeting, notice of proposed action upon the same sent by the Secretary to all members of the Society. The presiding president then quoted Section 2 of Article 3 in regard to Membership and a discussion followed. He then suggested an amendment to said section by striking out the word "one" in the second line and substituting the word "two" or "three" which ever was decided upon.

It was finally moved by Mr. Allen and seconded by Mr. Hauberg that the amount of the annual dues be $2. The motion was carried.

The Chairman then read the section as amended:

"Any person may become an active member of this society upon payment of an initiation fee of not less than $2; and the payment thereafter of annual dues of not less than $2 as shall from time to time be prescribed by the Board of Directors."

It was moved by Mr. Allen and seconded by Mr. Hauberg that the whole amendment be adopted as corrected. Motion was carried.

A suggestion was made by the presiding President that a telegram be sent to Dr. Schmidt of greetings and best wishes of the Society. Mr. Hauberg then read the telegram which he prepared and Mr. Allen suggested that he introduce it before the Society for acceptance.

Mr. Smith suggested that it might be advisable for the Society to appoint first, second, third and fourth vice presidents so that in case of a real need there would be some one available to preside over the meetings.

Mr. Allen stated that that was a matter which was to be taken up at the meeting of the Society and that a new Vice President would then be appointed. Miss Osborne, also, stated that the Constitution provided for such emergencies under Section 5 of Article 2. It was stated by the President that Section 5 related more particularly to the filling of temporary vacancies and Mr. Allen stated that he had looked up the Constitution and a Nominating Committee was read to be appointed.

There being no further business to come before the Directors, the meeting adjourned.

ANNUAL BUSINESS MEETING OF THE ILLINOIS STATE HISTORICAL SOCIETY, MAY 11, 1928, AT 10:00 A. M., AUDITORIUM, ILLINOIS CENTENNIAL BUILDING

The annual business meeting of the Illinois State Historical Society was called to order at 10:00 A. M. in the auditorium of the Centennial Building at Springfield, Illinois, and on account of the illness of the President, Dr. Otto L. Schmidt, Rev. Ira W. Allen was appointed by the Board of Directors to preside.

It was suggested by the President that the reading of the Secretary's report for 1927 be dispensed with as Miss Osborne had previously read the same to the Board of Directors and it was approved by them and will appear in published form. It was moved by Mr. Oakleaf and seconded by Mr. Armstrong that the same be dispensed with. The motion carried.

The next order of business to come before the Society was the appointment of members of the Nominating Committee, as follows: Mrs. I. G. Miller Chairman, Dr. Theodore C. Pease, Mr. George W. Smith, and Mrs. Isabel Jamison. They were asked to retire and prepare their report. It was suggested by the presiding President, Mr. Allen, that the Nominating Committee consider the election of an additional vice president and three new directors.

While the Nominating Committee was out of the room Mr. Hauberg presented the telegram that he had prepared to be sent to Dr. Otto L. Schmidt, which was as follows:

"Dear Dr. Schmidt: The members of the Illinois State Historical Society, assembled in our 29th Annual Meeting, miss the leadership, the inspiration and fellowship which you have brought us in such full measure in days gone by. We hope and pray that you may be restored to your health and to us.

Cordially and sympathetically,"

and moved that it be adopted and sent to Dr. Schmidt. The motion was seconded and President Allen suggested that Mr. Hauberg sign the same and send it.

The President then suggested that all members from the various Historical Societies who had reports to make, make them as brief as possible in order to give each one an opportunity to be heard.

It was first suggested by Dr. Rammelkamp that all business be attended to before the reports of the Societies and that the matters which came up in the Board of Directors' meeting be taken up at this time. He presented the proposition of the Pageant for 1930 of the Coming of the Lincolns from Kentucky through Indiana to Illinois, which would be the 100th Anniversary, and stated that Mr. Logan Hay, in the Directors' meeting brought the matter up, and it was suggested at that time that our Society authorize the appointment of a committee of two or three to investigate the matter and communicate with the

other societies in Indiana and Kentucky in regard to the same. It was moved by Dr. Rammelkamp and seconded by Mr. Hauberg that a committee of two be appointed by the President of the Society at his convenience, to look into the matter and report back to the society. Motion carried.

Mr. Corr of E. St. Louis, Secretary of the Northwest Territory Commission, asked the Society for their cooperation in the Celebration of the 150th Anniversary of Ft. Gage and Ft. Kaskaskia. He stated Dr. Schmidt had promised he would appoint a committee and named Professor James to head the same. He then described the Celebration which would take place on the 4th of July at Ft. Gage and asked for a large attendance.

Mr. Spence, representing the Chamber of Commerce at Metropolis, presented a brief description of the celebration which is to take place in that town beginning June 28, 29, 30 and July 1 at Ft. Massac, June 28th being the day George Rogers Clark unfurled the American flag first over Illinois, and he asked for the cooperation of the Society in such a celebration.

Then followed a discussion in regard to the two celebrations and how they were related.

It was suggested by Dr. Rammelkamp that a resolution be passed in general terms so as to insure the cooperation of the Society with all such celebrations. Mr. Hauberg made a motion that the Illinois State Historical Society offer its services or its cooperation to both these projects—that of Metropolis and that of the Northwest Territory Commission. Same was seconded by Dr. Rammelkamp.

Mr. Spence then proceeded to describe the celebration which would take place at Ft. Massac near Metropolis. Acting President Allen asked for the name of the celebration and Mr. Corr advised it was the 150th Anniversary of the Captivity of Ft. Massac.

President Allen then re-stated the motion as follows:

"The Society offers its service and cooperation to the celebration at Metropolis celebrating the 150th Anniversary of the Captivity of Ft. Massac by George Rogers Clark and offers cooperation in the work of the Northwest Territory Commission, June 28 to July 1st, inclusive."

Motion carried.

Mr. Smith objected to the word "captivity" in the motion and there followed some discussion in regard to the same. It was finally decided to change the word "captivity" to "arrived at that point."

There being no further business the Nominating Committee was asked to report. Mrs. I. G. Miller, Chairman, reported that the following officers had been nominated and asked that the report of the Nominating Committee be adopted:

President.

Dr. O. L. Schmidt.....Chicago

Vice-Presidents.

George A. Lawrence.....Galesburg
L. Y. Sherman.....Daytona Beach, Florida
Richard Yates.....Springfield
Ensley Moore.....Jacksonville
Evarts Boutell Greene.....New York City
John McAuley Palmer.....Washington, D. C.
John H. Hauberg.....Rock Island

Board of Directors.

Charles H. Rammelkamp.....Jacksonville
George W. Smith.....Carbondale
Andrew Russel.....Jacksonville
J. A. James.....Evanston
Ira W. Allen.....LaGrange
Laurence M. Larson.....Urbana
Theodore Calvin Pease.....Urbana
H. J. Patten.....Evanston
Logan Hay.....Springfield
George C. Dixon.....Dixon
Lincoln Weldon.....Bloomington
Thomas Rees.....Springfield
C. J. Doyle.....Springfield
J. B. Oakleaf.....Rock Island
Georgia L. Osborne.....Springfield

Secretary and Treasurer.

Georgia L. Osborne.....Springfield

Honorary Vice-Presidents.

The Presidents of Local Historical Societies in Illinois.

Mrs. Bender made a motion that this report be adopted and it was seconded and carried.

Acting President Allen then asked for the report of Dr. Rammelkamp in regard to the change in dues. Dr. Rammelkamp stated that it was just to be brought before the Society at this time but not to be acted upon until the next meeting, and that an amendment to Section 2 of Article 3 of the Constitution was suggested as follows:

"Any person may become an active member of this Society upon payment of an initiation fee of not less than $2; and the payment thereafter of annual dues of not less than $2 as shall from time to time be prescribed by the Board of Directors."

He stated this was just a formal notice to the Society of this amendment and that notice would be sent to all members thirty days before the next annual meeting.

President Allen then asked for the reports of the different Historical Societies of the State which were represented at the meeting and they were given as follows:

Professor W. D. Armstrong, Madison County.

Mrs. E. O. Laughlin, Edgar County.

Mr. T. C. Kerrick, McLean County.

Floyd Simmons, son of Terry Simmons, LaSalle County.

Dr. Wallace N. Stearns, Morgan County.

J. B. Oakleaf, Rock Island County,

J. Nick Perrin, St. Clair County,

Prof. Geo. W. Smith, Greene County.

Acting President Allen spoke of the miniature portraits of Lincoln which Mr. Oakleaf of Rock Island has loaned to the Lincoln collection for a while and stated they were on display in the Lincoln Room.

He then asked for questions from any of the members and a general discussion followed. A representative from Winnebago County asked how to start a Historical Society in her town and was given advice from several members.

There being no further business to come before the Society a motion to adjourn was in order.

ADAMS COUNTY HISTORICAL SOCIETY

By Mary B. Bull

The Historical Society of Quincy and Adams County, Illinois, was founded in 1896 by Rev. S. H. Emery of Taunton, Mass., who was for many years pastor of the First Congregational Church of this city.

The most important achievement of the Historical Society has been the purchase and restoration of the Governor Wood residence erected in 1835 by Quincy's first settler. This home was the immediate successor of the log cabin built by John Wood in 1822.

After the death of the owner the home which had changed hands was offered for sale to be torn down.

To preserve this dignified mansion with its many associations the Historical Society decided to purchase it with the adjoining land and to restore the building. To accomplish this $12,000.00 was required. Part of this sum was subscribed by citizens and the balance raised by the unique and original plan of erecting Memorial Tablets bearing the names of pioneer citizens, one hundred dollars to be paid for each tablet. By this method the entire sum needed was raised.

The same plan was followed by the D. A. R. of Jacksonville, Illinois, in the purchase of the Governor Duncan residence.

In 1923 a bronze tablet bearing the names of the men of Quincy and Adams county who fell in the World War was erected by the Historical Society in the Memorial Room. This is the only public memorial to these heroes in Adams County.

Following is a list of the officers of the Quincy and Adams County Society:

President—Joseph W. Emery,
1st Vice-President—W. H. Sinnock,
2nd Vice-President—Mrs. E. J. Parker,
Secretary—Mrs. Georgie B. Barlow,
Corresponding Secretary—Miss Mary B. Bull,
Treasurer and Librarian—Miss Carrie Somerville,
Historiographer—Charles F. Eichenauer,
Auditor—Julius Kespohl.

EDGAR COUNTY HISTORICAL SOCIETY

By Mrs. E. O. Laughlin

The Edgar County Historical Society was organized March 8, 1922, with 41 charter members. Since its organization regular quarterly meetings have been held and suitable programs presented.

The present active membership is 133.

The Society's most outstanding achievement was the celebration of the one hundredth anniversary of Edgar county in 1923. The county's centennial was observed by a series of historical programs in the schools and churches April 15th to 19th, and by an elaborate and quite successful pageant and home coming in August. Hundreds of former citizens and their descendants came from coast to coast to attend the celebration. During this time, many interesting relics were brought to light and publicly displayed, and these formed the nucleus of a permanent museum in our public library in Paris.

Among relics of special value, the Society's collection contains the bell that hung in the tower of the old Edgar county court house when Lincoln practiced law there; the desk used by Lincoln at the time; his favorite chair and an autographed letter. Scarcely less prized is an ancient horn used in the old Paris Brass Band, celebrated by James Whitcomb Riley in the poem, "I Want to Hear the Old Band Play." Rare maps, books, pictures, implements and costumes used by pioneers complete the collection.

Throughout the year of our county's centennial, a great deal of historical matter was published in the local press. Early settlers were encouraged to record their recollections, and a profound interest was aroused on the part of the public which still persists. Personal reminiscences and historic data continue to appear in our papers at frequent intervals.

From the mass of material thus gathered, our society has compiled a scrap book. We hope some day to be able to use this material in an accurate and exhaustive history of Edgar county.

Recently our society erected an unique monument in the court house park, in the form of two enormous old millstones, which for many years served the pioneers in a water mill in the southern part of the county. On April 14th, 1928, the county's anniversary was observed by the unveiling of a bronze tablet placed upon these stones.

By the celebration of the county's centennial and other important events, by the collection and preservation of relics, and especially by persistent newspaper agitation, our society feels that it has established a consciousness and appreciation of the history of our county, state and nation which will continue to bear the fruit of patriotism and good citizenship.

GRUNDY COUNTY HISTORICAL SOCIETY
CONSTITUTION AND BY-LAWS

President—Dr. W. E. Walsh, Morris, Illinois,

Secretary-Treasurer—Harry L. Hough, Mazon, Illinois,

Directors—Mrs. Frank Fey, Mrs. Frank Hayes, Mr. Theodore Bergen.

ORGANIZATION PROCEEDINGS

Morris, Illinois, May 31, 1923.

A preliminary meeting for the purpose of forming a Historical Society in Grundy County, was held on the above date at the Public Library with the following persons present: Mr. and Mrs. H. L. Hough of Mazon, Dr. W. E. Walsh, Mr. and Mrs. Theodore Bergen, Misses Ida and Florence Gore, Mrs. Frank Hayes and Mrs. A. G. Harrison of Morris.

Mr. Bergen was elected temporary chairman and Mrs. A. G. Harrison, Secretary pro-tem.

Dr. Walsh and Mr. Hough both spoke on the object of the meeting and stressed the urgent need of such an organization in Grundy County. Moved by Dr. Walsh that the chairman appoint a preliminary committee of three to draw up a code of by-laws and regulations and make organization suggestions, and that said committee be empowered to call a meeting at the proper time, and also be empowered to form a larger committee from different communities in the county. Motion carried.

Mrs. Bergen spoke on behalf of the D. A. R. and announced their willingness to co-operate in the preservation of beauty spots and places and things of historical value.

The chair appointed Dr. Walsh, Mr. H. L. Hough and Mrs. Hayes as the preliminary committee of three. On motion of Mr. Hough, the meeting adjourned subject to call of said committee.

Edith S. Harrison,
Secretary pro-tem

Morris, Illinois, August 17, 1923.

On call of the committee on constitution and by-laws, the following people met at the Public Library on the above date: Dr. W. E. Walsh, A. H. Hilliker, J. H. Francis, T. L. Bergen, Misses Thena Gifford, Lillie Kaye, Ida Gore, Florence Gore, Frances Jones, Mesdames L. S. Holderman, John McGrath, Frank Fey, J. C. Horrie, Leo Baker, C. H. Root, Edith Harrison of Morris and Mrs. E. C. Shields, H. L. Hough and Miss Julia C. Pomeroy of Mazon.

Mr. T. L. Bergen presided as temporary chairman.

Dr. Walsh read and commented upon the report of the committee on constitution and by-laws and read the constitution and by-laws as follows:

CONSTITUTION AND BY-LAWS OF THE GRUNDY COUNTY HISTORICAL SOCIETY

ARTICLE I—NAME AND OBJECTS

SECTION 1. The name of this society shall be the Grundy County Historical Society.

§ 2. The object for which it is formed, is to collect and preserve for the public, everything in any way bearing upon the History of Grundy County and its people.

ARTICLE II

SECTION 1. The management of this society shall be directed by a board of five members, consisting of the President, Secretary-Treasurer and three directors. There shall be a Vice-President for each township in Grundy County.

The above officers shall be elected at the annual meeting and the mode of election shall be by ballot.

The board shall have power to appoint from time to time such officers, agents and committees as they may deem advisable and discharge the same at pleasure. Three will constitute a quorum. The Vice-Presidents shall have charge of the committees in each township.

§ 2. It shall be the duty for this Board to search out all facts and data pertaining to the County, ancient and modern.

(2) To accumulate and preserve for the people of Grundy County, all books, pamphlets, papers and documents of value and interest.

(3) Collect and preserve all articles pertaining to ancient and modern history of persons and places within the County or bearing upon it. To collect all pioneer implements and articles. To collect all things and data pertaining to our wars, the Soldiers and the Indians.

(4) It shall be the duty of the directors to secure a place controlled or owned by the Supervisors of Grundy County where all articles approved of by the Society may be preserved and catalogued and the description filed with the County Clerk.

(5) It shall be the duty of the Directors to make an exhibit for the public at least once in two years.

(6) To receive gifts of money and of all things of historical interest and to keep an accurate account and description of the same.

(7) To render a report once a year to the Supervisors, of all transactions of the Society, financial and otherwise, and have the same preserved by the County Clerk.

(8) It shall be the duty of the Directors to appoint committees to preserve and develop all points of historic interest and of scenic beauty and have them made accessible to the Public. To take photographs of historical buildings of any kind, and of all things and points of interest and to preserve the same. To appoint committees for any and all subjects relating to the Historical and Artistic life of the Community.

(9) The board shall use all moneys donated or received as membership for the purchase of any historical article and such expense as the society may incur in the discharge of its business. No elective officers shall receive a salary.

ARTICLE III—MEMBERSHIP

SECTION 1. Any person over the age of sixteen shall be eligible to membership. All dues shall be voluntary subscriptions.

ARTICLE IV

SECTION 1. The annual meeting for election of officers, hearing reports, papers and transaction of business shall be in the month of May. Eight members shall constitute a quorum.

ARTICLE V

SECTION 1. This constitution may be amended by two thirds vote. Notice of proposed amendments being made part of the notice of the annual meeting, three weeks in advance of the meeting.

Moved by Mrs. Hough and seconded by Mrs. J. C. Horrie that the constitution and by-laws be adopted as read. Motion carried.

Meeting proceeded to the election of officers.

Moved by Mrs. Hough, seconded by Mrs. Shields that Dr. Walsh be elected President of the Grundy County Historical Society. Motion carried.

Moved by J. H. Francis and seconded by Mrs. Shields that the following be the Vice-Presidents of the Grundy County Historical Society:

Aux Sable.....William Lutzow
Saratoga.....Mrs. Arthur Gore
Nettle Creek.....Edgar Hoge
Erienna.....Sam Hoge
Norman.....E. B. Reeves
Wauponsee.....Roy Johnson
Goose Lake.....Wm. Osburn
Highland.....Mrs. John H. McMillian
Good Farm.....Frank Gantzert
Vienna.....Mrs. Fred Harford
Mazon.....Clarence Finch
Felix (Coal City).....John Trotter
Garfield (Gardner).....Guy Germain
Braceville.....Geo. Barton
Greenfield.....Wm. McAllister
Maine.....Fred Adams
Morris.....Albert E. Hoge

Moved by Dr. Walsh and seconded by Miss Ida Gore that Mr. H. L. Hough be elected Secretary-Treasurer. Motion carried.

Moved by Mrs. Fey, seconded by Mrs. Horrie that Mr. Bergen be elected a member of the Board of Directors. Motion carried.

Moved by Mrs. Horrie, seconded by Miss Florence Gore that Mrs. Frank Fey be elected a member of the Board of Directors. Motion carried.

Moved by Mrs. Leo Baker, seconded by Mrs. Hough, that Mrs. Frank Hayes be a member of the Board of Directors. Motion carried.

Remarks were made by Messrs. Francis, Bergen and Dr. Walsh concerning the preservation of a log house in Maine Township and by Miss Frances Jones about the Indian Pole on Wauponsee Street.

On motion of Mr. Bergen, the meeting then adjourned subject to call.

Edith S. Harrison,
Secretary Pro-tem.

REPORT OF HANCOCK COUNTY HISTORICAL SOCIETY

Hancock County, Illinois

Hamilton, Ill., April 21, 1928.

Miss Georgia L. Osborne, Secretary.

Dear Miss Osborne:

I am very sorry that I cannot attend the meeting May 11th. I am sending as requested a few items which may be of interest. It rained during almost the entire period of our Centennial celebration three years ago, which left us in debt. However, a few good friends are helping and we hope to have our financial affairs in good shape shortly. While we have not been active as a society of late, individual members most interested have been busy. We have been able to do some research work. I have a large room entirely filled with historical savings of three generations. The Hamilton Press has kindly given me a column for the past four years into which I am working this matter. I endeavor to alternate the earliest history with matter of 30 to 40 years ago, which will more interest the younger generation. My files of County papers contain letters from all the towns in the County, which I am sending to local Township historians. We are asking that scrap books be started and this matter saved. My grandparents came here in 1830, among the earliest settlers. I think I have inherited interest in historic work from both sides of the family. On my father's side, the family historian of the Smith family at Peterborough, New Hampshire, Jonathan Smith, after fully covering the history of the family and Town from date of emigration to America in 1736, made a trip to Ireland, and in the old Scotch-Irish town of Moneymore, was able by research in church records and turning over fallen stones in the cemetery, to trace the history of this Scotch-Irish family back several generations.

On my mother's side, the Alvord family, the family history has been traced back to the fourteenth century in England. Clarence Walworth Alvord is of this family, our lines separating in the eighth generation. When Mrs. Weber was in Keokuk, I called on her and asked her to stop on her way east, which she did, for a short time. Mr. Edgar R. Harlan and Mr. Mott, of the Historical Department of Iowa have called. Asked by Mr. Harlan what was to become of the historical matter when I was through with it, I answered that I thought every County was entitled to a local collection of its history, of easy access to those interested—that if well cared for it would assist in keeping up the interest in local history—if the work in the past would not create an interest which would be permanent, I would feel it little worth while.

Sincerely yours,

J. A. Gordon.

A VISIT TO THE SMITHS AT NAUVOO

Our search for anything relating to the early history of our County, has recently brought in a volume entitled "Figures of the Past" by Josiah Quincy. One chapter is devoted to "Joseph Smith at Nauvoo." On the 14th day of May, 1844, the author, with the Hon. Charles Francis Adams, visited Nauvoo. They were entertained by Joseph Smith, and given every opportunity to study the Mormon settlement. This visit was made 43 days before the tragedy at Carthage, when the Smiths were killed by a mob. The author deals with the Mormon question in a searching but open minded manner. It gives us many new angles to this interesting part of our County history. It will be written into our scrap book history.

OLD MONTEBELLO

The first settlement in Hancock County was the Village of Montebello, platted in 1832. Here was located the log cabin of Hazen Bedell, in which several sessions of the County Commissioners Court were held. The Hon. Orville H. Browning practiced in this Court. In 1832, Luther Whitney, proprietor of the log hotel, built a frame addition. This building is still standing. It is the first frame building erected in the County. During the summer we obtained the services of County Surveyor and located Northeast and Southeast corner stones. Western corners are under waters of the lake, formed by building of the dam. From various sources we have obtained names and location of the cabins in the village and made up a newspaper cut which has been used in our local history column.

THE OLD CLARK CEMETERY

Down in the southwest corner of the County, is an old cemetery, which contains the grave of Abraham Clark, born in 1793. Interest in this old cemetery was created by a letter from Ann Clark Hart of California, saying they were trying to trace the history of a grandson of Abraham Clark of New Jersey, a signer of the Declaration of Independence, who came west and was lost track of. Matter was taken up with descendants here and a trip made to the cemetery. Inscriptions were taken from the stones, which with all information obtained, were sent to Mrs. Hart, who later sent a representative to New Jersey and to this place. While not entirely established, it would seem that we have in this old cemetery, a grandson of the Signer.

OLD MILITARY FORTS

Hancock County has within her borders, the sites of three military forts. Of the earliest, located two miles north of La Harpe, we have little record. It was established by Bernard de La Harpe. Something of its history was found by John Peyron, Sr., a member of the Icarian Community of Nauvoo. We have not as yet been able to locate this book. Mr. Peyron spent considerable time while visiting the exposition at St. Louis in 1904, in search for the history of this Fort and is understood to have found something there. The search is continued.

Last summer we visited the site of this old Fort. It is easily found, being in woods which has never been broken. The trench still remains, a narrow oval, 200 feet long. Pictures were taken and a sketch made of surroundings. We called at the home of John Peyron Jr., where we were told of the father having borrowed a book from a friend in Nauvoo. We were shown the family tree of La Harpe family, brought from France by the father.

Of Fort Johnson, built on the present site of Warsaw in 1814 and abandoned and burned in October of same year we have reference through old newspaper files. To this has been added some very interesting and authentic information contained in an article published in the October issue of the Missouri Society Collections and written by Edgar B. Wesley. The article contains two letters written by Capt. Calloway from the Fort. Also a sketch of the Fort and surroundings. Permission was obtained and the article published in our local history column. Fort Edwards was built the same year and abandoned ten years later. The black walnut logs of which this Fort was built, were in part rescued by Mr. George Egley and converted into a grainery on his farm about two miles east of the site of the Fort. He has consented through the efforts of our society to turn them over to the City of Warsaw whenever a suitable place can be found for them. Warsaw does not want them on original site of the Fort, which has been taken over by the State and a fine monument erected. Our efforts to find a suitable resting place for these old historic logs will continue. They are in a good state of preservation.

ATHENS, MISSOURI

Last August we made a trip over to Athens, Mo., where on August 5th, 1861, was fought the farthest north engagement of the Civil War. Visited the old Benning residence, which was shot through with a cannon ball during the battle. We were fortunate in finding in the house Mrs. Lucy Benning Gordon, who as a child was in the house when the ball passed through. She consented to stand in the doorway beside the hole in the wall and have her picture taken. This picture was copied and sent to a great many interested parties.

ST. FRANCISVILLE, MISSOURI

Learning from our County history that Isaac R. Campbell, our first Treasurer and a member of the first Grand Jury, was buried at this place, we made a trip over there last August. Stating our errand to the first man we met, he informed us that he was a grandson of the man whose history we were seeking. He took us down to the cemetery where inscriptions were taken. Mr. Campbell's marriage license was the ninth issued in the County. Here we found the stone of George Reading. It states that he died in 1846 in the 85th year of age. That he was a soldier in the Revolution. Also the stone of W. R. C. Sullivan, a soldier of the war of 1812, who fell in the battle of Athens. Our guide then took us to the home of his mother, where we were shown a lithographed copy of the sketch of Iowa's first school house, located at

Gallaland, Iowa, across the river from old Montebello. The picture was sent to our guide, Judge Roy H. Campbell, by his great-uncle Capt. J. W. Campbell. This school was taught by Berryman Jennings in 1830. With the picture was an interesting letter from Capt. Campbell, who commanded that it be placed in back of frame and handed down to future generations. Mr. Campbell kindly loaned us the picture and letter. I had copies made and gave one of each to the Keokuk chapter D. A. R. who has undertaken the care of a monument to this, Iowa's first school house.

REPORT OF THE KANKAKEE COUNTY HISTORICAL SOCIETY.

Kankakee, Illinois, April 12, 1928.

Georgia L. Osborne, Secretary,
Illinois State Historical Society,
Springfield, Illinois.

Dear Madam:

In reply to yours of the 12th inst. will state that it is my intention to attend your session May 11th next. We have a membership of about 40 members, who are quite interested in the work. Outside of this but few are interested and take but very little part in work. We have a wonderful field to work in as this was the site of the largest Pot-ta-wat-ta-mi village of the Tribe, and was the home of Shau-wa-nas-see the real Chief of the Tribe for many years.

This was known as the Village of Shau-wa-nas-see or "The Little Rock" in our language, and was their Tribal Capitol as it were. This chief's remains were left here on the banks of Little Rock Creek, within a log shack where it was visited every Autumn season for many years, where they held their wierd incantations day and night for several days.

His remains were in this inclosure for several years when his head and hands dropped off, his buckskin shirt, leggings and moccasins, his blankets and chieftain's regalia keeping the body intact.

The mounted skeleton that hung in the office of the great Chicago surgeon, Dr. Daniel Brainard, was the skeleton of this chief, without any question. It was destroyed in the great fire of 1871. Hope to be able to give you a little sketch of some of these historical facts.

Yours, very truly, &c.,
B. F. Uran,
President Kankakee County Historical Society.

REPORT OF THE LaSALLE COUNTY HISTORICAL SOCIETY

By TERRY SIMMONS

of Marseilles, President

The LaSalle County Historical Society was organized January 26, 1907, at Ottawa, and like all historical societies has had its active and inactive periods, accomplishing at times some very good and lasting results. A few years ago it was merged with the Manlius-Rutland Township Historical Society, under the county name. A little later, September 15, 1924, it was incorporated. The writer of this report has been its president for several recent years and is at present. A short time ago the secretary, Peter M. MacArthur, and treasurer, John L. Barber, died. Other active and faithful members have passed away or moved from the county and some are now physically unable to attend sessions, so it is planned to seek this summer to enlarge the existing membership and elect new officers to go ahead with the worthy work so far recorded.

A detailed account of accomplishments of the society would take up more time than listeners to this report can spare so that I shall confine myself instead to brief mention of the main matter that is being considered at this time.

When the subject of history is considered in connection with LaSalle county, there is one outstanding spot to be thought of, Starved Rock. Not so very many years ago this scenic and historical spot was held by private owners and the public was catered to mainly with one purpose in view, the financial enrichment of the owners. The importance of its being made a state park, open without charge to the public, became constantly more apparent. The project attracted increased attention but never got beyond the talking stage until the LaSalle County Historical Society was formed and resolved to present the matter to the state legislature. The writer can remember, as a member of that society, being appointed on a committee of three to prepare a description of Starved Rock and an appeal to our legislators to take action to make it a state park. Other members of this committee were U. J. Hoffman, former superintendent of schools for the county of LaSalle and at that time an assistant of State Superintendent of Public Instruction, Francis G. Blair, a position he still holds, and M. N. Armstrong, of Ottawa, now deceased. Each state representative was provided with a copy and that the time was ripe for such action was evidenced by the favorable action taken upon the matter.

Since that time it has been common talk that not enough of a historical nature is provided at the Rock, that as a natural adjunct of the park there should be a large museum filled with Indian relics, photos or paintings of Indians or pioneers famous in the history of Illinois and particularly of that portion of the state. There are many who visit the

Rock frequently or spend several days there who have time to spare, to whom a reading room provided with books in regard to Illinois history would prove welcome. Geological and natural history study in connection with Starved Rock could be made more interesting by appropriate exhibits and descriptive matter.

It is difficult to estimate the tremendous crowd that visits Starved Rock each summer, the figures running up into the thousands sometimes even in a single day. Scenery and amusement are the two drawing cards, but historical and educational exhibits in connection therewith would be of more lasting value.

Members of the LaSalle County Historical Society are unanimous in the belief that some organization should start the movement to obtain such a museum and collection of exhibits. The county society expects, during the eight months intervening between now and the time the legislature to be elected this fall will meet, to look into the matter thoroughly with the hope of securing definite action toward this end on the part of the Fifty-sixth General Assembly. The approval of the Illinois State Historical Society or any of its members would most certainly be appreciated. Suggestions from anyone interested, or who knows of any collection of Indian relics that might be available, will be thankfully received.

Longer delay is dangerous from the standpoint that it may result in the scattering or entire loss of many of these early day relics. The action hinges on the getting of a museum at once. No doubt there are many not only in LaSalle County but throughout the state who will realize the value to the state as a whole and gladly cooperate in the movement.

REPORT OF THE MACON COUNTY HISTORICAL SOCIETY.

R. R. 7, Decatur, Ill., Apr. 25, 1928.

Miss Georgia L. Osborne,
Secretary, Ill. State Hist. Soc.,
Springfield, Ill.

Dear Miss Osborne:

Your letter of April 21 and package of books were received. Thank you for both and for your kindness in this matter of county history. It looks now like the Macon County Centennial will become worth while. The Chamber of Commerce, the Macon County Bar Association, the City Commissioners and the Macon County Old Settlers Association have endorsed and promised aid in a fitting celebration and if it looks as good in June as it does now I will introduce a resolution to the Board of Supervisors for endorsement and financial assistance.

Yours very sincerely,

Frank E. Sawyer.

REPORT OF THE LIVINGSTON COUNTY HISTORICAL SOCIETY.

Illinois State Reformatory,

Pontiac, Feb. 4, 1928.

Miss Georgia L. Osborne,
Illinois State Historical Society,
Springfield, Ill.

Dear Miss Osborne:

Answering your letter of inquiry respecting the Livingston County Historic Society, I regret to announce that we have not been able to go farther than to organize. I am still president, and went before the Board of Supervisors to get a room in the Court House but the one they offered us is used freely by people in the court house, and we did not feel justified in taking chances of losing our material by the kind of supervision we could get.

We hope to enlarge our library quarters, including provision for this work, trusting that we may get some help from the Hummiston estate. This would assure us safety and a custodian without extra expense. We hope this may be consummated but until it is we are just holding our organization.

Sincerely yours,

John H. Ryan,
Chaplain Ill. State Ref.

REPORT OF McDONOUGH COUNTY HISTORICAL SOCIETY

Macomb, Ill., Feb. 16, 1928.

Miss Georgia L. Osborne,
Springfield, Ill.

My dear Miss Osborne:

Your letter of recent date, directed to Rev. A. G. Stewart of Bardolph, as president of our Historical Society, has been forwarded to me, as the postmaster at Bardolph happens to be an acquaintance of mine, and did not know our president at this time. Rev. Mr. Stewart moved away from Bardolph some three or four years ago, and I might remark that his leaving the county has proven to be a serious blow to the work of our Society.

Our present officers and their addresses are:
Quincy Hainline—President.
W. A. Compton—Vice-President,
Cora B. Harris—Secretary,
Albert Bailey—Treasurer.

I think your plan for the symposium at the May meeting would be fine, but I do not know whether it will be possible for our Society to send a representative or not. And as to what we are doing—! I can tell you that in very few words—just about nothing! I will try to get into communication with the other officers and see that some kind of a report is sent you before May, if possible, but I fear it will not be a very brilliant one.

As it appears to me, our greatest trouble is the lack of competent leadership. The Rev. Stewart who was formerly president was a large factor in the organization of our society a few years ago, and its president for several years. He was a born organizer, and had the happy faculty of inspiring others to work. Although not a native of this county, nor a resident here for many years, he saw the historical possibilities of our community, and with the assistance of Prof. James C. Burns of the State Normal School, did a lot of constructive work. But, as is so frequently the case with many organizations, the people who are the most interested are not the most competent, and many who are competent and should be interested, are not.

Take, for instance, our present officers. Mr. Hainline is an old resident, has lived in this county about eighty years or so; but he is a retired farmer with only a common school education, and while a very intelligent man and a great reader, has not the qualities needed for an executive officer. Mr. Compton is a lawyer, former state senator, a brilliant orator and finely qualified for leadership, but so busy with personal and business affairs that he has little time to give to the work of the society. Mr. Bailey is a young man, about thirty-five, Knox col-

lege graduate, but is second officer of the largest bank in our county, interested in several of our manufacturing concerns, chamber of commerce, etc., etc., and the days are not long enough for all he has to do. I am a clerk in the county clerk's office, not even a high school graduate, have little time and less ability as an executive, and was only selected as secretary because I am fairly good at reporting what happens (used to be newspaper reporter) and can write it in the book! Not a flattering outlook for the work to be done.

Some two years ago, largely through the efforts of Prof Burns, we had a little flare of enthusiasm, and in January, 1926, put on a two-day celebration of the 100th anniversary of the establishment of our county. We rented a vacant store room on the public square and had some of the leaders of our women's clubs take charge of an exhibit of old relics—furnished the room with pioneer furniture, dishes, patchwork, etc., and displayed all sorts of things from Indian arrows to a real spinning wheel presided over by an old grandmother who knows how to use it. We had programs two evenings at the court house, with a number of addresses on various phases of pioneer life. Prof. Burns had some of the typewriting students at the Normal copy the addresses and had them bound, and we sent a copy to you something like a year ago. At that time we hoped the interest created by our celebration (it was really good and attracted a lot of attention) would lead to a largely increased membership and more enthusiasm for the work of our society, but our hopes were not realized. The ladies who helped in the exhibit were already interested in their own clubs (some of them belong to two or three) to an extent they felt they could not take on any more, and we gained, I think, only seven new members to add to a roll then numbering only about fifteen.

At that time we planned, and some of us have not even yet entirely abandoned the idea, to have a more extensive observance in 1930, of the 100th anniversary of the organization of our county. When established in 1826 it was attached to Schuyler for judicial purposes, and did not accumulate a sufficient population to elect officers and "go it alone" until 1830. We are still hoping and working to have 100 active members in our society by our 100th anniversary as an independent county, and to observe the occasion in some fitting way during the summer of 1930.

If Prof. Burns had a little more leisure, he could do a lot of good work for us. But he is a teacher at the Normal and with the rapidly increasing enrollment there, is a very busy man. He, also, is getting along in years, being now about 75, and cannot do as much outside work as formerly without injustice to his regular duties. So many of our younger people do not seem to be interested in the work.

Hoping I may be able to give you a more encouraging report in time for the May symposium, I remain

Very truly yours,

Cora B. Harris,
Secretary,
Box 167, Macomb, Ill.

MADISON COUNTY HISTORICAL SOCIETY

W. D. ARMSTRONG,

Alton, President

The Madison County Historical Society has a membership of nearly one hundred. Among them three nonagenarians—Mr. Gaius Paddock of Moro, ninety-two, Mrs. C. B. Gonterman of Edwardsville, ninety-one and Mr. Homer Stanford of Alton, ninety-three are our most priceless possessions.

The present officers are:

Mr. W. D. Armstrong, Alton, President,
Mr. Gaius Paddock, Moro, Vice-President,
Mr. C. S. Gillespie, Edwardsville, Secretary,
Miss Laura Gonterman, Edwardsville, Treasurer,
Mrs. Annie C. W. Burton, Edwardsville, Historian.

We meet twice a year. The Mid-Summer session is social in character and, the weather permitting, we have a basket picnic and more informal program. This month we will visit Cahokia Mound and be the guests of the Ramey family, the original owners. Owing to the fact that it is the first meeting to be held at the Mound since the State of Illinois purchased it, particular attention will be directed to its historical aspects. The Daughters of The American Revolution and the Alton Women's Council have been asked to participate in the exercises.

In the past we have been entertained at the home of the late Benjamin Godfrey, the founder of Monticello Seminary at Godfrey and one of the builders of the Chicago and Alton Railroad. His old residence has many historic items.

We have enjoyed the hospitality of the Paddock estate in Moro. This is located near the farm of Senator Norman G. Flagg, whose grandfather was one of the early settlers. There are many interesting things to see at "Paddock Wood." The old cemetery where several Revolutionary soldiers have been buried, the slippers worn at Lafayette's ball in St. Louis by one of the family and a bedroom one hundred years old with its original furnishings.

Last summer we were on the Governor Coles' farm east of Edwardsville and had a most enjoyable program which included an address by our State President Dr. Otto L. Schmidt.

The County Museum in the Court House in Edwardsville is ably sustained by our Board of Supervisors and a committee from our Society. The rooms are open at all times to members and visitors. There are many valuable books and relics pertaining to the County. These are added to from time to time. We have much data in regard to Elijah P. Lovejoy, his life and career, also the gun by which he was assassinated. The society has inaugurated a Madison County Day in the schools, whereby the pupils are taught history close at home. They

have special programs and make pilgrimages to the different historic places. This has been most successfully tried out and we think it a most worthwhile piece of work.

This locality is rich in Indian Folk-lore. So far we have every book written and published by a citizen of this county in our library.

We are now more especially working on the Lewis and Clark Memorial at Wood River. From this point on May 4th, 1804, these men started on their expedition to explore the great Northwest. All along the route, suitable markings have been erected but nothing has been done to mark their starting place. We can secure from the town of East Alton, without cost, the old Milton Cemetery, which adjoins the Lewis and Clark camp. We are considering ways and means to turn this into a park. There are about four acres and it is appropriate that it become public property, as it is said that several of the men in the party died during the severe winter and were buried in the place.

Some five years ago the city hall in Alton, where Lincoln and Douglas held one of their memorable debates, burned. On the corner of this building was a beautiful bronze tablet commemorating the event. Happily it was saved. We want to replace it on a granite stone.

Alton has a new bridge across the Mississippi, shortening the distance to St. Louis and western points. Our society has been influential in having it named the Lewis and Clark bridge.

With the completion of the Governor Coles memorial in Edwardsville, the society is pleased to add it to the following list of historic places and events in Madison County which includes:

June, 1637—Joliet and Marquette first white men to see what is now Madison County.

1783—Jean Baptiste Cardinal, a Frenchman, first white man to settle here.

Coal discovered—1807.
Madison County formed September 14, 1812.
Territorial officers appointed September 19, 1812.
Madison County Centennial—1812-1912.
Governor Edwards appointed over Illinois Territory.
Mounted Rangers organized for protection from Indians.
Wood River tragedy—July 10, 1814.
First improved farms—1818.
Edwardsville library—1819.
State school law—1825.
Alton penitentiary—1826-27.
Black Hawk War with 8,000 county volunteers.
First railroad—1837, East St. Louis to Madison.
Elijah P. Lovejoy killed—November 7, 1837.
Daniel Webster in Alton—1840.
Lincoln-Douglas debate—October 15, 1858.
Monks Mound, near Collinsville.
The Castellated Rocks, on the Mississippi River.
Indian Pottery Burial Grounds.

Lovejoy Monument in Alton.

Centennial Monument in Edwardsville.

Confederate Shaft in northern part of Alton.

Moore Massacre Monument east of Alton.

Remnant of Lovejoy Press, also Tablet and Stone on the Sparks Milling premises in Alton.

The Rufus Easton Memorial in Alton.

New Court House in Edwardsville.

Wood River, the starting point of the Lewis-Clark Expedition, May 4th, 1804.

Site of old City Hall, Alton, scene of Lincoln-Douglas debate.

State Hospital, east of Alton.

Catholic Orphanage, State Street, Alton.

Piasa Bird—restored, October 5, 1924, Alton Bluffs.

MORGAN COUNTY HISTORICAL SOCIETY
PRESIDENT'S REPORT

WALLACE N. STEARNS.

Another year has been added to the record of the Morgan County Historical Society. Quietly through the years the members have worked and progress, though slow, has been certain:

1. Material already collected is being put into condition for use. The Journal of the State Historical Society has been bound and missing numbers replaced. This valuable record will now be accessible for reference.

2. A list of missing volumes in the historical series has been prepared, and, thanks to friends and help of Miss Osborne of the State Society, and others, our files are being filled out.

3. Steps are being taken to have the collection, though still small, properly catalogued. This catalog, as well as the collection itself, will be in the care of Miss Nordyke, city librarian, and her able assistants, who are giving generously of time and skill. It must be borne in mind that we have and offer for service a reference and not a loan library.

4. A collection of books and pamphlets by Morgan County authors is being made; thanks are due Dr. Carl E. Black, Miss Bertha Mason and other friends and members. We are indebted also to Mr. Wood, who has devoted much time to arranging and shelving material. Our thanks are due to Miss Edith Askew for the gift of her father's diploma from Jefferson Medical College, given in 1843. The appearance of a man with such training in that early day was a notable occurrence.

5. Considerable collections have been made of photographs and clippings. To this beginning additions are solicited. Miss Bertha Mason is placing in the care of the society a valuable collection of correspondence, papers, and other material—altogether as fine a collection as could be found in the middle West. Negotiations are under way to secure at least the loan of another, we believe, valuable series of letters. Mr. Otto Spieth has arranged to place in the care of the society the film commemorative of the Jacksonville Centennial. This film cost over six hundred dollars to make and will be increasingly valuable as time passes.

6. Already actual work has been done. A history of Holy Trinity Church has been prepared by Mrs. English and the manuscript is in the society's file. Numerous other manuscripts appear, poems by Mrs. Capps Oliver, as also an anthology including several poems from her own pen. Several Old Settler lists from abandoned cemeteries have been begun by Dr. Black, Mr. Vaught and Mrs. English, and have been added to our collection.

Dr. Fish of Illinois Woman's College, as a seminary study with her history majors has drafted a map of Morgan County, a most valuable addition to our small map-collection, this to accompany a study of the physical and human geography of the country. Political, geological and commercial maps and atlases of the country or the original Morgan County—Morgan, Scott, Cass, will greatly help us and would constitute priceless donations. Professor Busey of Illinois College, is on a study of the German element in Morgan County, and Professor Wolff is planning a study of a phase of the Economic development. Dr. Black has written a sketch of Dr. Miner, pioneer physician of Winchester, and a reprint will be furnished the society as soon as the article appears in the Illinois Medical Journal. The biography of two Connecticut pioneers, also a "Sketch of two Illinois Senators," have been written by W. D. Wood; also Mr. Heinl has prepared an extended paper on county records. We trust these manuscripts or reprints of the same may be added to our files.

We may add here that a research committee, President Rammelkamp, Mr. Wood and Mr. Heinl, has been appointed. These gentlemen are thoroughly familiar with Illinois history and will be only too glad to help prospective workers in the selection of topics and materials.

Loyalty to and love for Illinois would be helped by careful study of Illinois history. Professor Smith of Illinois College is contemplating such a course. We would like to see such courses in the colleges and high schools of Morgan County, and to this end the State and County Historical Societies should be able and willing to help in materials and counsel. A beginning has been made in the schools of Jacksonville.

For us, as individual members of the Morgan County Historical Society, there are numerous services we can render to further the interests of the organization. Whether it be little or much, let us each and every one do what we can.

It is the custom of the society each year, on the anniversary date of the settling of the county seat, to hold an anniversary dinner, on which occasion some distinguished guest addresses the company on some theme generally of local interest.

The present year, April 26, Judge James M. Riggs of Winchester spoke on the subject, "Stephen A. Douglas." This was also the sixty-first anniversary of Judge Rigg's first political address, in Morgan County. The judge was accorded an ovation and his address was notable and copies of the same have been requested; it also appears in the society's files.

It is further planned that when notable persons are guests in the city, informal gatherings shall be called that members and friends shall have opportunity to meet these distinguished visitors.

We may say in conclusion that the local press has been more than usually courteous and generous in the matter of publicity.

REPORT OF ROCK ISLAND COUNTY HISTORICAL SOCIETY.

By J. B. Oakleaf.

To the Twenty-Ninth Annual Meeting of the Illinois State Historical Society:

The records of our society do not disclose its entire activity, for the reason that we do most of our work individually, collectively and spasmodically.

We have no membership list. When we have our meeting for election of officers, we call in those interested and they constitute the membership, for if a person does not care to attend an annual meeting he does not count with the officers of the society. We work in connection with the chapters of the D. A. R. in Moline and Rock Island and with the Old Settlers' Association, which of itself is quite a live association.

We are fortunate in having as our Secretary, Grace R. Sweeney, who is not only Secretary of the Rock Island County Historical Society, but of the Old Settlers' Association; also Chairman of the local committee of Conservation and Thrift, Fort Armstrong, and member of the State Board of Conservation and Thrift. Thus we get the benefit of her knowledge gleaned from different sources and to the society she is priceless, yet she works without renumeration.

It is not necessary for me to give you the names of the officers and directors, as you have that information.

We have no special room for our society. We are hoping that we will be able to get the rooms in the fourth story of the court house set apart for the G. A. R., but so many minor organizations other than the Woman's Relief Corps have attached themselves to the rooms that it will be difficult to dislodge them. We are in hopes, however, that the county will see the wisdom of giving us a room in the court house, and as soon as we procure that, we will be able to install therein a great many relics of historical value, as they are now in the hands of private persons who are only waiting for a place to put them so that they will be kept secure "forever and a day."

Through the munificence of John H. Hauberg, our curator, and his good wife, we have a very respectable showing of relics of historical value now in cases which they have had built around the rotunda on the first floor of the court house and which command the attention of people who view the relics there who would not go to a separate room.

The cases are under lock and key, and they are admirable for the use to which they are put. These cases will not be disturbed if we get a room, and other cases will be put in on the other floors of the building, as they can be so readily seen by people coming into the court house.

The greater portion of these relics have been turned over to Mr. Hauberg by friends, and a great many are his own property. People have also lent him valuable relics for display.

We are doing as much work collectively and individually as if we had meetings monthly and passed resolutions and made suggestions, which, as a rule, are never carried out. In this way, we attend to matters right on the spot.

By reason of the fact that Mr. Hauberg is so well known in our county in furthering historical matters, things are turned over to him that we were not aware existed, so that the Rock Island County Historical Society functions every day in the year.

The Rock Island County Historical Society is now searching for evidence to prove to the State Historical Society that our State song is incorrect: in the verse referring to Abraham Lincoln, Grant, Logan and our "tears", we maintain that "tears" is wrong, and that it was first written " 'teers", referring to our volunteers, who appear on the record of our years with Lincoln, Grant and Logan; but we will come to you with evidence some day, showing you that we are right and that the State song as now written, should be corrected.

In the old days, when a pioneer was asked how his health was, or how things were going for him, or "How's everything?", he would answer, "All is well and the goose honks high." In the Spring and Fall when the geese are on their annual pilgrimage, and the weather is fine they fly high, and therefore "The goose honks high." In these days we say, "The goose hangs high." We want to correct the young people and call their attention to the fact that it cannot be "The goose hangs high," but "The goose honks high."

We can assure you that the Rock Island County Historical Society is a live organization. It has no dues and it has no roll-call, and the expenses of the society are met by those who are interested.

Respectfully submitted for your edification, indignation and information.

ST. CLAIR COUNTY HISTORICAL ASSOCIATION.

REPORT TO THE ILLINOIS STATE HISTORICAL SOCIETY.

Greeting: Whilst, as individuals, we may attempt to make history, yet, as an Historical Association we were organized to preserve history by guarding our precious old official documents which have been transmitted to us from away back as far as 1737. We do not meet very often except to see that no act of vandalism shall remove any of the evidence which goes to preserve the history of the halcyon period of Illinois. These meetings are subject to the call of the President. I have been President continuously for twenty-five years, ever since the organization has been in existence. Of course I would call meetings if any of the members would suggest an urgent necessity. Our Constitution is the shortest and hence most sensible on record. It simply provides a name for the society—its officers—meetings subject to call and to be conducted according to parliamentary practice.

We have about thirty members. The officers are:
President, J. Nick Perrin,
Vice-President, Dr. E. A. Woelk,
Secretary, Prof. E. W. Plegge,
Treasurer, Prof. W. A. Hough.

Our latest activity was a participation in the reception of the Art Extension and Better Community movement of the University of Illinois when a delegation visited Belleville on October 10th.

J. Nick Perrin, President,

St. Clair County Historical Association.

WHITE HALL HISTORICAL SOCIETY.

By R. B. Pearce.

Report to the Illinois State Historical Society, in annual session at Springfield, Illinois, May 11, 1928:

The White Hall Historical Society was organized August 1, 1922, by E. L. Wendell, C. A. Whiteside and R. B. Pearce. Prior to that date much individual effort had been carried forward in the accumulation of historical facts in the form of manuscripts, pictures, relics and printed matter. It was found that a more organized system for further accumulations and caring for them was the essential thing to do. From the date of organization plans were laid for the observance of historical events. The results have been of current practical value to the community, as well as an inspiration to the citizens and former citizens that has played a part in better citizenship. The results, too, have been of influence upon other communities the size of White Hall, for it was generally realized that such matters as local history had suffered neglect for so long that without some kind of effort valuable historical matters would soon become extinct with the passing of the older residents.

White Hall possesses much that is of general historical interest, and without the organized effort here outlined not so much would have been accomplished. Emphasis is placed upon the extent of the records of the soldiery buried in White Hall and vicinity, embracing soldiers of all wars from the Revolutionary to date. We have been given credit for having the most complete roll of honor of deceased soldiers than any other community in Illinois.

An event of outstanding importance in this connection was sponsored by the White Hall Historical Society on July 4, 1923, when there were dedicated twelve government markers in memory of veterans of the War of the Revolution buried in Greene County, in the presence of a gathering of people that marks a high spot in attendance at public events in the history of Greene County. The address on that occasion was delivered by Hon. Floyd E. Thompson, then Chief Justice of the Illinois Supreme Court, who is a descendant of one of the Revolutionary veterans whose grave was included in the dedicatory exercises on that occasion. Three weeks later the Illinois State Journal of Springfield, Illinois, called attention editorially to the importance and significance of the White Hall Fourth of July observance. So widespread were the news items and comment that there was set in motion a wave of interest in historical pageants, celebrations and centennials that was noted in many states during 1923 and the ensuing two years.

A handsome soldiers' monument, valued at $15,000, marks the entrance to the White Hall cemetery, and at this monument are erected half a dozen government markers in memory of Revolutionary veterans

whose graves are located in such isolated places as to render the placing of markers over the graves impractical. In this cemetery and in the abandoned old cemetery almost in the heart of town there have been erected permanent flag holders over the grave of every soldier, for the reason that in some cases it was impossible to obtain the complete service record necessary in applying for a government marker. The marking of soldier graves with government markers has been carried to every cemetery in Northern Greene County, including Roodhouse and White Hall.

In the latter part of July, 1925, C. A. Whiteside and Lynn C. Smth visited the grave of Josiah Lamborn in the old cemetery in town. They reported on the neglect of this spot where is buried a former Attorney General of Illinois and a man who debated with Lincoln, and who became the foil of Stephen A. Douglas, in the latter's support of Andrew Jackson in a notable political gathering at Jacksonville, which gave Douglas his opportunity to rise in political favor. From this report on the condition of the grave of Lamborn, was started a movement to restore the spot, which was done in a neat manner with funds in the hands of the White Hall Historical Society. Henry Polk Lowenstein of Kansas City, author of a history of Lamborn, was interested, and he in turn interested Judge Thomas Henshaw, president of the Greene County Bar, Carrollton, Illinois. In carrying out suitable dedicatory exercises on Decoration Day, 1927, an address was delivered at the grave by Mr. Lowenstein, and a much larger gathering was addressed in the theater building by Hon. Cornelius J. Doyle of Springfield, Illinois, whose address appears in the Quarterly Journal of the Illinois State Historical Society for July, 1927. Copies of the proceedings in pamphlet form are also available from the White Hall Historical Society.

An enlarged portrait of Julia A. Fletcher, known to White Hall people as Mrs. Thomas Carney, the family having resided here, has been prepared by Parke W. Jackson, of East Moline, Illinois, for the White Hall Society. She was the author of the poem "Little Things," the lines of her poem running "Little drops of water, little grains of sand," etc., and a number of hymns.

At the beginning of each year it has been the practice to issue a bulletin of historical events planned for the year. The year 1926 started out with emphasis on it being the centennial of clay products manufactured in White Hall, disclosing that Illinois' first stoneware was made at White Hall. Our literature on that event was scattered abroad in many ways throughout the country.

The Baptist Centennial and the Semi-Centennial of the White Hall Library Association were also introduced by our 1926 bulletin, and the loyal response in building up important observances was almost startling. The dedication of Whiteside-Griswold Memorial Library was by General H. D. Hamilton, president of the Providence News, who also participated in the Baptist Centennial, donating a check for $1,000 to the church. The Library dedication enabled a complete history of the benefactions of Mr. and Mrs. Seth N. Griswold to be presented, and it has been the desire to put the Griswold matter in printed form.

Our first 1927 bulletined event was the White Hall program at Station KMOX, St. Louis, April 25, embracing an address by Edward C. Pearce and numbers by the White Hall Community Chorus under Robert V. Shaw.

On May 1, 1927, the Illinois State Dental Society dedicated in Whiteside Park a memorial to the late Dr. Thomas W. Pritchett, who had served as president of the society and as president of the Illinois State Board of Dental Examiners, and had a prominent part in shaping Illinois dental laws as to make them a model for the country. Dr. Pritchett was a veteran of the Civil War, and was a much beloved citizen and professional man.

The White Hall Post Office Centennial on July 12, 1927, had a suitable observance in the provision of the finest postal quarters in this section of the State. The name of every postmaster and his tenure was procured by the White Hall Historical Society.

Following the heroic death of Annie Louise Keller on April 19, 1927, the White Hall Society first suggested and worked for a memorial in her honor, practically exhausting its financial resources in promoting it. The first step was made in impressing the idea upon Mr. L. C. Murphy of the Associated Press, who came over from Springfield to view the storm scenes. At the same time Editor V. Y. Dallman, of the Springfield Register, was a visitor to White Hall, and his editorial forms one of the most valued contributions to the unparalleled act of Miss Keller in saving the lives of all the pupils of her school, but lost her own. Francis G. Blair, State Superintendent of Public Instruction, became interested, and so did Hon. Thomas D. Masters of Springfield, men of large affairs, and they have since co-operated with the local committee appointed by Mayor J. H. Piper. The sum of $5,000 is now on hand for the purposes of a memorial.

Since August 1, 1908, a chapter devoted to the meteorological history of White Hall has been carried forward without a break, this work being lately taken over by H. R. Fry, superintendent of the city waterworks, who is greatly devoted to it. This work is under government supervision, and during the years since its writing was begun a special record has been maintained of storms and special phenomena. This record embraces daily readings of high and low temperatures, rainfall and snowfall, character of the day and miscellaneous phenomena. The character of the work as it has been carried on at White Hall has recently received high praise for accuracy, extent and value from several sources, including a communication direct from Charles F. Marvin, Chief of the United States Weather Bureau, Washington.

These form a summary of some of the more important lines of work that have engaged the attention of the White Hall Historical Society. There are chapters of local history that have not been touched on, one of which has so far failed to be prepared. That pertains to the old mills at White Hall, Belltown, Schutz Mill and Seely's Mill, and was promised by Mrs. Guy Lowenstein early in the spring of 1925.

The centennial of the first laying out of the town of White Hall will occur in January, 1932, but it was a settlement long before, as the

post office was named White Hall on July 12, 1827. Before the final adoption of the name White Hall, derived from a small white business building that housed the first post office, the settlement was also known as Loafers' Grove, because of the excellent shaded areas and pleasant surroundings. It now possesses a variety of industrial enterprises.

REPORT OF WOODFORD COUNTY HISTORICAL SOCIETY.

By L. J. Freese.

Since the organization of our Woodford County Historical Society we have held annual meetings with occasionally a midyear meeting. The programs have always been full of interest. Some of the annual meetings were held in different parts of the county with an exhibit of relics. The public has invariably been interested in these displays of relics, time always being provided for the high school and grammar grade pupils to inspect and study the exhibits.

The society has endeavored to gather and preserve the early history of the county as well as passing events with the hope, some day, to place it in publication form. In this connection the society has gathered many pictures of early settlers. We also have pictures of some of the early dwellings and business houses.

Marking historic sites in the county has received careful attention. The society at an expense of $212.00 placed a twelve thousand pound granite bowlder suitably inscribed in the old locust grove near Metamora where Lincoln and Douglas spoke on separate days in 1858. Lincoln spoke in Eureka in 1856. Here too the society marked the site with a four thousand pound red granite egg-shaped bowlder. Suitable markers were placed on the sites of old Bowling Green and Versailles, two promising settlements in the early history of the county. Both are extinct. Versailles was the first county seat for two years. Here Lincoln practiced law in the small frame court house which now forms a part of a barn in the vicinity. The society assisted the Lincoln Circuit Marking Association in tracing and marking the public highway in the county over which Lincoln traveled in making his appointments as a lawyer in the eighth judicial district. A county line marker stands about three miles south of Metamora where the public highway left Tazewell county and entered Woodford county. It is the public highway at present. In front of the old brick court house in Metamora stands a more pretentious marker which indicates that Metamora was the county seat at the time Lincoln frequently appeared as a lawyer in some of the most prominent lawsuits ever held in the court house here. Then where the Lincoln trail leaves Woodford county and enters McLean county stands another county line marker.

There are several groups of Indian mounds in the county. The society has taken steps to preserve them. Some of these mounds are being obliterated by the cultivation of land surrounding them.

The old court house in Metamora was taken over by the state a few years ago at the suggestion of Ex-Governor Fifer. It has been repaired and the upper room, which was the circuit court room in Lincoln's time, has been given our society for its collection. The state

also gave us some old cases. At little expense they have been placed in condition to use. These cases are now on the second floor of the court house and are being used to store our relics. The society has a wonderful collection of relics. This old court house is now known as the Lincoln Memorial Court House and Historical Museum. As time passes it will become nationally known as such. Many observing tourists passing through Metamora, attracted by the old appearance of the building and, too, by the Lincoln marker in front of the court house, stop to inspect the building, and express surprise at the collection of relics.

Just at present the society is planning to have its proceedings, with lists of books, pamphlets, papers, and relics put in printed form. A committee has been appointed to prepare the material in manuscript form for publication later in Journal No. 1.

We extend greeting to the officers and the societies represented in the Symposium of County Historical Societies, Friday the 11th.

Very respectfully,

L. J. FREESE,

President Woodford County Historical Society.

ANNUAL REPORT OF THE SECRETARY, ILLINOIS STATE HISTORICAL SOCIETY, MAY 11th, 1928.

To the Directors of the Illinois State Historical Society:
Gentlemen:

I beg to present to you my report as Secretary of the Illinois State Historical Society from May 12, 1927 to May 11, 1928.

BOOKS AND MANUSCRIPTS PURCHASED.

We still continue our search for books on early western history and keep a vigilant eye on all the catalogs along this line. Our Lincolniana has been increased by 133 volumes, all the new books on Lincoln and earlier items that could be obtained. Newhall of New York, Briggs of Chicago and all dealers in Lincolniana have our want list, which mainly consists of early sermons and addresses on Lincoln, and notify us when they have obtained any of the items desired for our collection.

In the way of purchases of original manuscripts and letters I quote a number as follows:

Lincoln address by W. J. Bryan, delivered in Springfield, February, 1909. Four Douglas letters covering the period 1851, 1852, 1854 and 1859 all addressed to George N. Saunders. A Douglas letter addressed to Lewis W. Ross, dated March 17, 1828, and another to the same party, dated June 27, 1840. A collection of letters from N. H. Purple to Lewis W. Ross, dated February 16, 1841 and June 13, 1845. Letter from Lewis W. Ross to Stephen A. Douglas, dated Havana, March 13, 1837; letter T. W. Nash to L. W. Ross, dated Jacksonville, August 2, 1838; three letters Richard Yates, Sr., to L. W. Ross dated respectively December 21, 1835, June 4, 1837, August 18, 1838. A very interesting letter from Robert G. Ingersoll to Williston Walker under date of September 24, 1891; James Buchanan to Gustave Koerner, June 5, 1848; George McClellan to Charles Biddle, October 12, 1863; Harman Blennerhassett to George Trotter, April 11, 1814; collection of material from the 3d Congressional District, 1834; letter David Davis to Anthony Thornton, Shelbyville, May 7, 1843; General J. B. McPherson letter written on bottom of a letter to Daniel Ryan, Alton, Illinois, January 15, 1861. Original draft of a letter of General McPherson, being a report on the suitability, cost, etc., of the old prison at Alton, Illinois, addressed to General Cullum, Chief Engineer. Letter of Jesse Grant, father of General U. S. Grant, to Erastus Brainerd dated November 27, 1867. Letter of President Grover Cleveland dated Buzzard's Bay, July 20, 1895 to "My dear Wilson" with regard to appointment of Post Master at Fulton, Illinois. Manuscript of the 1860 platform of Stephen A. Douglas. Letter of Ward Lamon to P. W. Browning and others of a committee, denounc-

ing the majority in Congress, The Tenure of Office Act, the election of Negroes to office, etc.

We have also added to our Crown Collection of Maps, Volume 6, New Series 4, and have purchased a rare old item "American Atlas" by Thomas Jeffreys, published in 1776, London, England, Sawyer & Bennett, Publishers.

OUR PUBLICATIONS.

There is now in the hands of the printer and will soon be ready for distribution Volume 21 of the Illinois Historical Collections. This is Volume 2 of the Law Series and is entitled "Laws of Indiana Territory, 1801-1809." Publication 34, Transactions of the Illinois State Historical Society for 1927, is ready for distribution. The Journal of the Society is now in its 21st volume. All our publications are in constant demand and after our regular distribution we try to meet all requests.

NEWSPAPER FILES.

As I reported last year the crying need is for more room for our newspaper files. As it is now, we are shifting and changing from time to time to try and make room for the increasing files. The newspaper room needs a constant attendant as the earlier as well as the more recent files of the newspapers are in daily use. We have recently had returned to us from the Hertzberg Company of Chicago the file of the Illinois State Journal for January 2, 1854-December 30, 1854, which had been sent to them to repair and rebind. The work was very satisfactory. The next file to be repaired will be the Sangamo Journal November 10, 1831-December 27, 1834.

Beginning with the January 1928 issue; the Chicago Tribune decided to print a limited edition on rag paper. We subscribed for this and the month's paper is held and forwarded to us at one time so that not a single copy might be lost.

GENEALOGICAL DEPARTMENT.

This Department and the Lincolniana have constant workers—students from all parts of the State and other States of the Union are among our most interested patrons. Most of them are seeking information on the pioneers of the State—their ancestors—and we are able to be of great service to them. The only difficulty, as I have often said, is to be found in the Southern States where the records have been destroyed. Each mail brings us many inquiries. Mrs. Edna Macpherson has charge of this Department and devotes nearly all her time to answering all these inquiries with what information we can give them and offering suggestions as to how they can continue their research. A genealogical report showing our accessions has been prepared but as it is quite lengthy I beg leave to have it printed and not read at this time.

CATALOGING.

We have secured the services of Miss Gertrude M. Moller, an experienced librarian and cataloger, who has been with us since last September. Her work is proving very satisfactory and the cataloging is kept as nearly as possible up to date.

MENDING OF LINCOLN MANUSCRIPTS AND OTHER DOCUMENTS.

Through the kindness and interest of Miss Margaret C. Norton, State Archivist, three of the members of our staff, namely Miss Edith Withey, Mrs. Emma B. Scott and Miss Etta Mueller, have been taught the art of mending and repairing old letters, rare documents, newspapers, etc. This includes the original records of Sangamon County which are rich in Lincoln material. This work will be carried on from time to time until I hope all our most prized and valuable records will be carefully preserved.

MANUSCRIPT MATERIAL BEING CATALOGED.

We are securing from time to time through the various collectors some valuable manuscripts which together with our original letters are being carefully and painstakingly cataloged by Miss Juliet G. Sager, our assistant librarian. This will be of great help to our students and workers.

MEMBERSHIP.

The Society has lost by death during the past year many of its earlier and valued members. Some have left the State but still continue their membership. During the past year we have added about one hundred and fifteen members, one being a life member—Dr. W. A. Evans of Chicago. We have also received a new member, Joseph DuVivier, of Paris, France. The total of our mailing list is 2,461. Of this number we have

224 members in Chicago
121 members in Springfield
19 members in Aurora
19 members in Evanston
19 members in Jacksonville
21 members in Moline
15 members in Peoria
22 members in Rockford
23 members in Rock Island
617 members in miscellaneous Illinois towns.

Our total Illinois membership is 1,100. Our total membership outside of the State 139, of which 2 are in France, two in England and one in Canada. The total membership of the Society is 1,239.

We send our publications to 454 libraries in Illinois; 231 to libraries outside of the State; to 8 libraries in England and 9 in Canada; to the 102 county superintendents of schools in Illinois and 231 newspapers of the State. Every member of the General Assembly also is mailed a copy of each publication as issued.

DECEASED MEMBERS.

Philip Lincoln Barker, Chicago, September 6, 1927.
Mrs. Ella Brainerd, Lincoln, April 20, 1928.
Charles L. Capen, Bloomington, May 21, 1927.
H. W. Clendenin, Springfield, July 18, 1927.
Rev. M. G. Coleman, Windsor, June, 1927.
Walter Colyer, Albion, November 14, 1927.
E. P. DeWolf, Waukegan, 1927.
Mrs. Charles E. Dickson, Springfield, December 27, 1927.
Mrs. E. F. Gehlmann, Springfield, October 19, 1927.
John M. Glenn, Chicago, April 22, 1928.
Edmund Jackson, Fulton, July 9, 1927.
Mrs. John N. Kennedy, Jacksonville, November, 1927.
William McAdams, Sr., Kansas, 1927.
Lewis T. Moore, Chicago, July 15, 1927.
Mrs. John M. Palmer, Springfield, August 21, 1927.
R. H. Parkinson, Chicago, December 26, 1927.
Mrs. S. V. Roosa, Springfield, May 20, 1927.
Joseph Stoner, Perry, January 12, 1928.
Mrs. Rebecca Swan, Waynesville, 1927.
Miss Elizabeth Duncan Putnam, Davenport, Iowa, May 5, 1928.

OUR WORK WITH CLUBS AND STUDY CLASSES.

We are called upon each year to help study clubs in the preparation of their programs for the ensuing year. The Springfield Chapter, Daughters of the American Revolution, selected for their topic this year "The George Rogers Clark Sesqui-Centennial" which proved a very interesting subject. Your secretary being on the program committee the Library proved a valuable source of information on this topic. Other clubs will take this same subject for next year's program.

Your secretary was called on by the Lion's Club of Springfield to make an outline for the study of Springfield, which they have followed closely and found most interesting. She also took part in the unveiling of the Paddock tablet in Paddock Cemetery near Alton, Illinois, last September, to the Revolutionary soldier, Gaius Paddock and his descendants. This important and interesting family played a prominent part in the early history of Illinois. Mr. Gaius Paddock, one of our older and most honored members, now nearing his 92nd birthday, gave an address on this occasion also, which was published in one of our late issues of the Journal.

GIFTS TO THE LIBRARY.

Among the important gifts to the Library the past year was a collection of Menard manuscripts which were given to the Department by our President, Dr. Otto L. Schmidt. The Chicago Daily News presented us with 52 reels of moving picture films of sports, ceremonies, personalities, etc., events in Chicago 1926-1927.

Original pictures of pioneers of Illinois, Mrs. Henry W. English of Jacksonville; historical map of Pekin, Illinois, by William H. Bates of that city; a rare daguerreotype of Senator Cullom taken in his youth, presented by Mrs. Minnie Louise Ferguson, Waukomis, Oklahoma; a gold watch bearing the inscription on the inside of the case "The men and non commissioned officers of Company A, 10th Reg. Vet. R. Corps, United States Army, to their honored and beloved Captain Hamilton Lieber, in the month and year of the Great and Good Election." Captain Lieber was an Illinoisan and this watch was sent to us by his daughter, Miss Mary Lieber of Newport, Rhode Island. She also presented a picture of Company B, 9th Ill. Volunteer Infantry formed in Springfield and mustered into service of the United States at Cairo, Illinois, July 25, 1861, stating that her father had been connected with this organization. Miss Amelia DeMotte of Jacksonville presented a cane the top of which was made from wood of the Lincoln log cabin in Kentucky. Through the generosity of F. W. Schaub, Business Manager of the Review Publishing Company of Decatur we have received the Decatur Herald for the period 1900-1919 (69 volumes); the Daily Republican, 1894-1898, ten volumes; the Decatur Herald-Despatch 1897-1898, 2 volumes. Another generous contributor of a valuable file of newspapers was Mr. August Semmelroth of the Record Printing Company of Belleville, Illinois, who presented to the Library a file of the Belleville Post & Zeitung from 1847-1910. Miss Nell Moore of Salem sent an original picture of Mrs. Lincoln.

Mrs. Henry W. English of Jacksonville has given much time and done much research work in copying inscriptions of some of the earlier and many of the abandoned cemeteries in Morgan and other counties in Illinois. These lists she has turned over to the Library to be typewritten and they will be cataloged and made available to our workers.

VISITORS FROM CLUBS AND SCHOOLS OUTSIDE OF SPRINGFIELD.

One of the largest delegations was from the Illinois State Normal School on June 18, 1927. On October 21, 1927 over one hundred children came from Bement, Piatt County. On May 1st of this year we had a large delegation from the Lane Technical High School of Chicago; on May 3d a number from Lewistown; May 4th Bardolph and Merritt and on the 8th a number from the St. Charles School for Boys.

PRIZE ESSAY CONTEST.

Interest in the prize essay contest which the Society conducts with the cooperation of the Illinois Society, D. A. R. is increasing. The topic this past year (1926-1927) was "Early Taverns and Inns in Illinois" and the gold medal or State prize was awarded to Paul W. Elder of Princeton, Illinois, at the Illinois Day meeting of the Illinois State Historical Society. Nineteen counties were represented in the contest. The winners of the silver or county medals were very appre-

ciative and many will try again for the award of the gold medal or State prize.

The topic for the current year is "Historic Churches in Illinois."

"THE MARY TODD CANNON."

There has been deposited with us by Colonel Miller, Director of the Department of Public Works and Buildings, "The Mary Todd Cannon" which for many years stood on the lawn of the Lincoln homestead in Springfield. We have had it placed in this building at the entrance of Mammal Hall where it can be seen by the general public. When Mr. O. H. Oldroyd had charge of the Lincoln Home at the time of the flag raising October 16, 1889, he solicited a 72 foot flag staff and wrote to the War Department at Washington for a cannon and the Mary Todd cannon was sent to him. I have written the War Department asking for a full history of this cannon.

I cannot close this report without calling the attention of the members of the Society to its indebtedness to Miss Anne C. Flaherty who keeps a faithful and accurate account of the records of the Society as well as aiding your secretary in planning and carrying into effect the success of its annual meeting.

Respectfully submitted,

GEORGIA L. OSBORNE,
Secretary, Illinois State Historical Society.

REPORT OF THE COMMITTEE ON GENEALOGY.

To the officers and members of the Illinois State Historical Society:

Each year we have to report increased interest in this department. We are adding to the collection such material as we can find that will be of the most help to our students. Some of our workers from other parts of the State who have worked in the Newberry Library, Chicago, tell us that they receive more help from our collection than any other place.

Mrs. Sara John English of Jacksonville has added to our collection her research work on the early church records of the State; has copied, in old cemeteries, the headstone inscriptions—many of these in now abandoned cemeteries. She has also compiled a volume of Bible and family records which we have in our collection.

Mrs. Electa Ball Spangler, former Registrar of the State Daughters of the American Revolution, has compiled Early Marriage Records of the State, also some Family Bible Records, which we have added to our collection. This material is eagerly sought after and the work along this line should be continued until each county in the State has some record to be consulted.

We will follow our usual form in making this report and showing our accessions, namely, by states: family histories, periodicals and general works.

LIST OF ACQUISITIONS, COMPILED BY STATES.

Alabama State. Our State, Alabama. By Mrs. Marie B. Owen. 745 p. Pub. Montgomery, Ala., State Historical Society. 1927.

Connecticut State. History of Bridgeport, Conn. By Rev. Samuel Orcutt. 536 p. Pub. New Haven, Conn. Fairfield County Historical Assn. 1887.

Connecticut State. History of Ridgefield, Connecticut. By George L. Rockwell. 583 p. Pub. Ridgefield, Conn. by author. 1927.

Georgia State. History of Baldwin County, Georgia. By Anna Maria Green Cook. 484 p. Pub. Anderson, S. C. Keys-Hearn. 1925.

Georgia State. Jackson County. Early History of Jackson County, Georgia. By A. J. N. Wilson. 343 p. Pub. Atlanta, Ga. W. E. White. 1914.

Illinois State. Bureau Co. Beautiful Bureau. By G. W. Skilling and C. H. Masters. 211 p. Pub. Princeton, Ill. 1894.

Illinois State. English, Sara John, Church and Cemetery records of Morgan County, compiled by. Typewritten copies.

Illinois State. Franklin County History. H. M. Aiken. 159 p. Pub. by Centennial Commission. 1918.

Illinois State. Galena, Ill. Our Ancestors. By Florence G. Bale. 6 p. Pub. Galena, Illinois. Bales Drug Co. 1927.

Illinois State. Greene County, Illinois, in War of the Revolution. By Chief Justice F. E. Thompson. 16 p. Pub. White Hall, Ill., by Board of Supervisors. 1923.

Illinois State. Hancock Co. Illustrated Historical Atlas of Hancock County, Illinois. 115 p. Pub. Chicago, Ill. A. T. Andrus. 1874.

Illinois State. Logan Co. Atlas of Logan County, Illinois with biographies. 95 p. Pub. Chicago, Ill., Warren Higgins Beers. 1873.

Illinois State. Monmouth Co. Historical and Biographical Record of Monmouth and Warren Counties, Illinois. By Luther E. Robinson. 565 p. Pub. Chicago, Ill. Munsell Pub. Co. 1927.

Illinois Records. Unpublished Family Bible Records and Genealogical Notes and other unpublished data. Compiled by Electa Ball Spangler, for the Illinois State Daughters of the American Revolution. 161 p. Typed copies. 1927.

Illinois State. Warren County. *See* under Monmouth Co., Ill.

Indiana State. History of Crawford County, Indiana. By Hazen Hayes Pleasant. 644 p. Pub. Greenfield, Ind. William Mitchell. 1926.

Indiana State. Year Book of the Indiana Pioneer Society. 81 p. Pub. Indianapolis, Ind. 1926.

Kentucky State. Biographical Index to Perrin's History of Bourbon, Scott and Harrison Counties, Kentucky. By Julia Spencer Ardery. 20 p. Pub. by author. No date.

Kentucky State. Danville, Kentucky Quarterly Review. 713 p. Pub. Danville, Ky. Moore, Wilslack and Keys. 1862.

Kentucky State. Register of the Kentucky State Historical Society, Vol. 25, 1927. Pub. Frankfort, Ky. Kentucky State Historical Society. 1927.

Maine State. Hancock Co. A History of Ellsworth, Maine. By Albert H. Davis. 244 p. Pub. Lewiston, Maine, The Journal Printing Shop. 1927.

Maryland State. Orderly Book of Maryland Loyalist Regiment. By Paul Leicester Ford. 111 p. Pub. Brooklyn, N. Y. Historical Printing Co. 1891.

Massachusetts State. Colonial Society of Massachusetts. Publication Vol. 15. 402 p. Pub. Boston, Mass. by the Society. 1925.

Massachusetts State. Essex Co. History of Essex County, Mass. By D. Hamilton Hurd. 2130 p. Pub. Philadelphia, Pa. J. W. Lewis & Co. 1888.

Massachusetts State. Hadley, Mass., History of. By Sylvester Judd. 636 p. Pub. Northampton, Mass. Metcalf and Co. 1866.

Massachusetts State. New Ipswich, History of. 488 p. Pub. Boston, Mass. Gould and Lincoln. 1852.

Massachusetts State. Plymouth Co. Records of the town of Plymouth. Vols. 1-3. 347, 365, 481 p. Pub. Plymouth, Mass. Avery and Dolen. 1889-1903.

Massachusetts State. Quincy, Norfolk Co. Three Hundred Years of Quincy, 1625-1925. By Daniel Munro Wilson. 455 p. Pub. by City of Quincy, Mass. 1926.

Massachusetts State. Register of Massachusetts Society of Colonial Dames. 496 p. Pub. Boston, Mass. by the Society. 1927.

Massachusetts State. Salem, Essex Co. Salem, Massachusetts, A History. By Sidney Perley. 526 p. Pub. Salem, Mass. 1926.

Massachusetts State. Sutton, Worcester Co. History of the Town of Sutton, Mass. By W. H. Benedict and W. H. Tracy. 837 p. Pub. Worcester, Mass. Sanford and Co. 1878.

Massachusetts State. Vital Records of New Salem, Mass. 283 p. Pub. Salem, Mass. Essex Institute. 1927.

Mississippi State. Mississippi Provincial Archives, 1729-1740. By Dunbar Rowland and A. G. Sanders. 488 p. Pub. Jackson, Miss. Dept. of Archives. 1927.

Nebraska State. Nebraska and Midwest Genealogical Record. Vol. 5. 1927. Pub. Lincoln, Nebraska. Nebraska Genealogical Society.

New Hampshire State. History of Cheshire and Sullivan Counties, New Hampshire. By D. Hamilton Hurd. 585, 409 p. Pub. Philadelphia, Pa. J. W. Lewis Pub. Company. 1886.

New Hampshire State. Hollis, Hillsboro Co., N. H. History of the Town of Hollis, Hillsboro Co., N. H. By Samuel T. Worcester. 393 p. Pub. Nashua, N. H. O. C. Moore, Pub. 1879.

New Hampshire State. Jefferson, New Hampshire, History of. By George C. Evans. 320 p. Pub. Manchester, N. H. Granite State Press. 1927.

New Hampshire State. Merrimack Co. History of Canterbury, New Hampshire. By James Otis Lyford. 2 vols. 488, 449 p. Pub. Concord, N. H. Rumford Press. 1912.

New Hampshire State. Rockingham Co. Contributions to the History of Old Derryfield. By William Ellery Moore. 128 p. Pub. Derryfield, N. H. by author. 1896.

New Hampshire State. Sullivan County. *See* History of Cheshire and Sullivan Counties.

New Jersey State. Bergen County. *See* under Hudson Co.

New Jersey State. Essex Co. Old Caldwell, A Retrospect. By Benjamin Robert Norwood. 284 p. Pub. Caldwell, N. J. Progress Pub. Co. 1927.

New Jersey State. Genealogical Magazine of New Jersey. Vol. 3. 1927-28. Pub. by The Genealogical Society of New Jersey. Newark, N. J.

New Jersey State. Hudson Co. Genealogical History of Hudson and Bergen Counties, New Jersey. By Cornelius B. Harvey. 617 p. New York City. New Jersey Genealogical Pub. Company. 1900.

New York State. Albany Co. History of Albany County, N. Y. By Howell and Tenney. Part 1, 997 p. Part 2, 217 p. Pub. New York City, W. W. Munsell. 1886.

New York State. Cortland Co. Dutch Church Records, Cortlandtown, New York. By Mrs. W. A. Barber. Typed copy. 1927.

New York State. Long Island. Huntington Town and Babylon Records. Vols. 2-3. 572, 628 p. Pub. Huntington, L. I. Long Islander Press. 1888-1889.

New York State. New York Genealogical and Biographical Record. Vol. 58, 1927. Pub. New York City. By New York Genealogical and Biographical Society.

New York State. Orange Co. Presbyterian Church Record, Goshen, Orange County, N. Y. By Mrs. W. A. Barber. 148 p. Typed copy. 1927.

New York State. Orange Co. History of Town of Newburgh, N. Y. By E. M. Ruttener. 303 p. Pub. Newburgh, N. Y. Minton Balch Company. 1927.

New York State. Steuben Co. History of Settlement of Steuben Co., N. Y. By Guy H. McMaster. 318 p. Pub. Bath, N. Y. R. S. Underhill Company. 1853.

New York State. First Congregational Church of Westmoreland, Oneida County, N. Y. By M. Sawyer. 33 p. Typed copy. 1927.

New York State. Yates Co. History of Yates County, N. Y. By Stafford C. Cleveland. Vol. I. 766 p. Pub. Penn Yan, N. Y. by author. 1873.

North Carolina State. Buncombe Co. Asheville and Buncombe County. By Theodore Davidson. 306 p. Pub. Chapel Hill, N. C. University of N. C. Press. 1925.

North Carolina State. Davidson Co. Centennial History of Davidson County, North Carolina. 522 p. Pub. Raleigh, N. C. Edwards & Broughton. 1927.

North Carolina State. Records. North and South Carolina Marriage Records. By William M. Clemens. 295 p. Pub. New York. By E. P. Dutton Company. 1927.

Ohio State. Logan County, Ohio. 840 p. Pub. Chicago, Ill. By O. L. Basken. 1880.

Pennsylvania State. Historical Sketches of Plymouth, Luzerne County, Pa. By Hendrick B. Wright. Pub. Philadelphia, Pa. T. B. Peterson. 1873.

Pennsylvania State. Pennsylvania Magazine of History and Biography. Vol. 51. 1927. Pub. by the Historical Society of Pennsylvania. Philadelphia, Pa.

Pennsylvania State. Susquehanna Co. History of Susquehanna County, Pa. By Emily C. Blackman. 690 p. Pub. Philadelphia, Pa. Claxton, Remsen Co. 1873.

Pennsylvania State. Warren Co. Revolutionary Soldiers of Warren County, Pennsylvania. By Lucy M. D. Cowan. 97 p. Pub. New York. Frederick H. Hitchcock. 1926.

Rhode Island State. Kent Co. Early Records of the Town of Warwick. By Howard Chapin. 362 p. Pub. Providence, R. I. E. A. Johnson Company. 1926.

South Carolina State. Historical and Genealogical Magazine. Vol. 28. 1927. Pub. Charleston, S. C. by the South Carolina Historical Society.

South Carolina State. Huguenots of Colonial South Carolina. By Arthur H. Husch. 338 p. Pub. Durham, N. C. Duke University Press. 1928.

South Carolina State. Marion Co. History of Marion County, South Carolina. By W. W. Sellers. 647 p. Pub. Columbia, S. C. R. L. Bryan. 1902.

South Carolina State. Marriage Records. *See* under North Carolina.

South Carolina State. Spartanburg Co. History of Spartanburg County, South Carolina. By J. B. O. Landrum. 739 p. Pub. Atlanta, Ga. Franklin Press. 1900.

Tennessee State. Roane Co. History of Roane County. By Emma Middleton Wells. 308 p. Pub. Chattanooga, Tenn. Lookout Pub. Co. 1927.

Utah State. Utah Genealogical and Historical Magazine. Vol. 18. 1927. Pub. by Genealogical Society of Utah. Salt Lake City, Utah.

Virginia State. Accomac Co. Marriage License Bonds of Accomac, Virginia. By Stratton Nottingham. 47 p. Pub. Onancock, Va. by the author. 1927.

Virginia State. Accomac County. Revolutionary Soldiers and Sailors from Accomac County, Virginia. By Stratton Nottingham. 101 p. Pub. Onancock, Va. by the author. 1927.

Virginia State. Fauquier County. Fauquier under the Proprietorship. By H. C. Groome. 255 p. Pub. Richmond, Virginia. Old Dominion Press. 1927.

Virginia State. Madison Co. History of Madison County, Virginia. By Claude Lindsay Yowell. 203 p. Pub. Strasburg, Va. Shenandoah Pub. Co. 1926.

Virginia State. Middlesex Co. Vestry Book of Christ Church Parish. By C. G. Chamberlayne. 379 p. Pub. Richmond, Va. Old Dominion Press. 1927.

Virginia State. Lunenburg Co. Old Free State. History of Lunenburg County, Virginia. By Landon C. Bell. Vols. 1-2. 623, 644 p. Pub. Richmond, Va. William Byrd Press. 1927.

Virginia State. Shenandoah Co. History of Shenandoah County, Virginia. By John W. Wayland. 874 p. Pub. Strasburg, Va. Shenandoah Pub. Co. 1927.

Virginia State. Virginia Soldiers of 1776. By Louis A. Burgess. 2 vols. 992 p. Pub. Richmond, Va. Richmond Press. 1927.

Virginia State. Spotsylvania Co. History of City of Fredericksburg, Virginia. 349 p. Pub. Richmond, Va. Hermitage Press. 1908.

Virginia State. Frederick Co. Winchester, Virginia and its Beginnings. By Katherine Glass Greene. 441 p. Pub. Strasburg, Va. Shenandoah Pub. Co. 1926.

Virginia State. Virginia Magazine of History and Biography. Vol. 35. 1927. Pub. Richmond, Va. by the Virginia Historical Society.

Virginia State. William and Mary College Quarterly. Vol. 7. 2nd Series. Pub. Williamsburg, Va. by the College.

Vermont State. The Birthplace of Vermont. By Henry Steele Wardner. 562 p. Pub. New York City. Charles Scribners. 1927.

Vermont State. Rutland Co. History of Ira, Vermont. By S. L. Peck. 83 p. Pub. Rutland, Vt. by the author. 1926.

Vermont State. Washington Co. Town of Roxbury, Vermont. By Francis S. Drake. 475 p. Pub. Roxbury, Vt. by the author. 1878.

West Virginia State. Roane Co. History of Roane County, West Virginia. By William H. Bishop. 711 p. Pub. Spencer, W. Va. 1927.

West Virginia State. Sons of the Revolution of West Virginia. Vol. 7. 234 p. Pub. Parkersburg, W. Va. W. V. Scholl Pub. Co. 1925.

Wisconsin State. History of Grant County, Wisconsin. 1046 p. Pub. Chicago, Ill. Western Historical Assn. 1881.

FAMILY HISTORIES.

Adams Family. *See* Peck family.

Boydstun Family. Boydstun Family. By Gustine Courson Weaver. Pub. Cincinnati, Ohio. Powell and White. 1927.

Bromwell Family. "Genealogy" by Henrietta E. Bromwell. 243 p. Pub. Denver, Colo. by author. 1927.

Congdon Family. Congdon Chronicle. Vol. 15. 1927. Pub. by G. E. Congdon, Concord, N. H.

Corley Family. Genealogy of the Corleys. By D. C. Corley. 201 p. Pub. Decatur, Ill. By author. 1927.

Crawford Family. Crawford Family Records. By William M. Clemens. 30 p. Pub. New York City, by Wm. M. Clemens. 1914.

Cummings Family. Descendants of William Cummings and Lydia Porter. By George H. Cummings. Pub. Sioux City, Iowa, by the author. 1916.

Davis Family in Wales and America. By Harry Alexander Davis. 445 p. Pub. Washington, D. C., by the author. 1927.

Dillon Family. Ancestors of Arthur Orison Dillon. By Arthur Orison Dillon. 111 p. Pub. Ontario, Calif., by A. O. Dillon. 1927.

Fishback Family. Genealogy of the Fishback Family. By Reuben DeWitt Fishback. 60 p. Pub. Cincinnati, O., by the author. 1926.

Guthrie Family. Record of the Descendants of James Guthrie. 32 p. Privately printed. 1921.

Hoffman Family. Our Kin. By L. Miles Hoffman. 592 p. Pub. Charlotte, N. C. Queen City Press. 1915.

Holloway Family. Genealogy of the Holloway Family. By Olin E. Holloway. 462 p. Privately printed. No date.

Lawlass Family. History of the Family of John and Margaret Lawlass. 89 p. Pub. Quincy, Ill. Jos. T. Kiefer Printing Co. 1927.

Mather Family. Lineage of Rev. Richard Mather. By Horace E. Mather. 540 p. Pub. Hartford, Conn. Case, Lockwood Press. 1920.

Mathews Family. Mathews Family in America. By I. C. Van Deventer. 105 p. Pub. Kansas City, Mo. Alexander Press. 1926.

McPike Family. McPike Family Notes. By Eugene F. McPike. Pub. Danville, Ill. Reprint from Illinois State Historical Society. 1928.

Peck Family. Peck, Adams and Allied Families. By Rebecca P. Dusenbery. 163 p. Pub. New York, N. Y. American Historical Society. 1925.

Pike Family. Pike and McPike Families. By Eugene F. McPike. 6 p. Pub. Aberdeen. Milna and Hutchison. No date.

Rucker Family. The Ruckers and Their Connections. By Edythe J. Rucker Whitley. 308 p. Pub. Nashville, Tenn. The Hermitage Printing Co. 1927.

Savage Family. The Savage, Tisdale and Allied Families. By Mary Tisdale Savage. 101 p. Pub. New York City. American Historical Society. 1926. (One of our handsomely bound family histories.)

Shreve Family. Genealogy. History of the Shreve Family. By L. P. Allen. 664 p. Pub. Greenfield, Ill. by the author. 1901.

Smedley Family. Genealogy of the Smedley Family, 1682-1901. By Gilbert Cope. Pub. Lancaster, Pa. Wickersham Press. 1901.

Stetson Family. Stetson Kindred of America. By Nelson M. Stetson. Pub. Rockland, Mass. A. F. Randall. 1918.

Stewart Family. Stewart Clan Magazine. Vol. 6, 1927-1928. Pub. New Haven, Conn., by Horace W. Dickerman.

Taintor Family. The Taintor Genealogy. By Charles Taintor. 53 p. Typed copy. 1927.

Talbott Family. Descendants of Richard and Elizabeth (Ewen) Talbott. By Ida Morrison Murphy Shirk. 569 p. Pub. Baltimore, Md. Day Printing Co., 1927.

Tisdale Family. *See* Savage Family.

Tilton Family. History of the Tilton family in America. 6 nos. By Francis Theodore Tilton. Pub. Clifton, New Jersey, by author.

Wallace Family. Wallace Genealogical Data. By Georgia Selden Wallace. 275 p. Pub. Charlottsville, Va. Mitchie Co. 1927.

Welles Family. Welles and Allied Families. By Catherine Francis Welles. 232 p. Pub. New York, N. Y. American Historical Society. 1927.

Winston Family. Winstons of Virginia and Allied Families. By Clayton Torrence. 458 p. Pub. Richmond. Va. Whittel and Shepperson. 1927.

GENERAL WORKS.

American Armory. By Charles Knowles Bolton. 223 p. Pub. Boston, Mass. F. W. Faxon. 1927.

American Biography. A New Cyclopedia. Vol. 33. 388 p. Pub. New York City. American Historical Society. 1927.

Americana. Vol. 22, Nos. 1-3, 1927-28. Pub. by American Historical Society.

Chaplains and Clergy of the Revolution. 402 p. Pub. Springfield, Mass. G. and F. Bill. 1861.

The County Court Note-Book. Vol. 6, 1927. Pub. Bethesda, Md. By Milnor Ljungstedt.

Daughters of the American Revolution. Index to Rolls of Honor in Lineage Books, D. A. R. Vols. 91-99. Washington, D. C. By the Society. 1927-1928.

Daughters of American Revolution Magazine, May, 1927-May, 1928. Pub. Washington, D. C. by the Society.

Genealogy Magazine. Vol. 13, 1927. Pub. Pompton Lakes, N. J. by the Biblio Company.

Irish Pedigrees. By John O. Hart. 912, 948 p. Pub. New York City. Murphy and McCarthy, 1923. Vols. 1-2.

The Minute Man. Vol. 24, 1927-28. Pub. Washington, D. C. by the National Society Sons of American Revolution.

National Genealogical Society Quarterly. Vol. 15, 1927. Pub. Washington, D. C. by the Society.

New England Historical and Genealogical Register, Vol. 81, 1927. Pub. Boston, Mass. by the Society.

The Researcher. Magazine of History and Genealogical Exchange. Vol. 1, 1927. Pub. Richmond, Va.. by The Researcher.

Swedish Settlements on the Delaware. By Amandus Johnson. 879 p. Pub. Philadelphia, Pa., by Swedish Society, 1911.

Tyler's Quarterly Historical and Genealogical Magazine, Vol. 9, 1927-28. Pub. Richmond, Va., by Lyon G. Tyler.

We appreciate the co-operation of our members and if you learn of any family histories of Illinois families being compiled and will put us in touch with them we will try and secure them for our collection.

We watch the library of Congress lists and in this way often secure valuable material.

Respectfully submitted,

GEORGIA L. OSBORNE,
Chairman Genealogical Committee, Illinois State Historical Society.

Program Twenty-ninth Annual meeting Illinois State Historical Society, Auditorium, Centennial Memorial Building, Springfield, Illinois, May 10-11, 1928.

ORDER OF EXERCISES

THURSDAY AFTERNOON, MAY 10, 1928—2:30 O'CLOCK

Dr. Otto L. Schmidt, President of the Society, presiding.*

Address—The German Conference in the Deutsches Haus, Chicago, May 14-15, 1860, and the Candidacy of Edward Bates and Abraham Lincoln in the ensuant National Republican Convention. Professor F. I. Herriott, Drake University, Des Moines, Iowa.

Address—George Rogers Clark, Civilian. Professor J. A. James, Dean of the Graduate School, Northwestern University, Evanston.

Songs—Mrs. Ruth Beckett Denney, Springfield.

Address—Some of the Aftermath of the Presidential Election of 1860. Dr. Charles B. Johnson, Champaign.

THURSDAY EVENING SESSION, 8:15 O'CLOCK.

Invocation—Rev. C. W. Cummings, Springfield.

Annual Address—The Recreation of the West to the Burr Conspiracy. Professor Isaac Joslin Cox, Northwestern University, Evanston.

Songs—Miss Diamond Vadakin, Springfield.

Reception in the Illinois State Historical Library. Public invited.

*Dr. Charles H. Rammelkamp presided in the place of the President, Dr. Otto L. Schmidt, who was unable to be present.

FRIDAY MORNING, MAY 11, 1928.

9:00—Directors' Meeting in the Office of the Secretary.

10:00—Business Meeting of the Society in the Auditorium of the Centennial Memorial Building.

Symposium of County Historical Societies—

Reports from—

Chicago Historical Society—Dr. Otto L. Schmidt.
Edgar County—Mrs. E. O. Laughlin.
Hancock County—J. A. Gordon.
Henry County—Charles G. Davis.
Kankakee County—Dr. B. F. Uran.
La Salle County—Terry Simmons.
Lee County—George C. Dixon.
Livingston County—Rev. John H. Ryan.
McDonough County—Cora B. Harris.
McLean County—T. C. Kerrick.

Madison County—W. D. Armstrong.
Morgan County—Dr. Wallace N. Stearns.
Rock Island County—J. B. Oakleaf.
St. Clair County—J. Nick Perrin.
Will County—Mrs. Hattie Adams Keith.
Woodford County—L. J. Freese.

FRIDAY AFTERNOON, MAY 11, 1928, 2:30 O'CLOCK.

Address—The Establishment of Lotteries in Illinois for the purpose of raising funds to improve the Public Health.
Dr. Gottfried Koehler, Commissioner,
Health Department of Chicago.

Songs—Miss Emma Scheffler, Springfield.

Address—Forts of Old Kaskaskia—Elbert Waller, Tamaroa.

Adjournment.

PART II

Papers Read at the Annual Meeting

May 10-11, 1928

WESTERN REACTION TO THE BURR CONSPIRACY.

By Professor Isaac Joslin Cox,
Northwestern University, Evanston.

Aaron Burr is one of the most fascinating figures in American History—fascinating but baffling. In ancestry and in personal endowment he represents the best traditions of early national life; in character and in performance some of the worst. He was intimately associated with the leading events of our formative period, but upon none of them did he leave enduring marks of his genius. He has provoked perplexed surmise or adverse comment more than any of his contemporaries, but he has influenced our national development less than any other who gained equal public reputation.

Burr first connected himself with the West in typical fashion—through land speculation. As a member of the New York Assembly he began to speculate in the frontier lands of that state and of Pennsylvania. While he held membership in the United States Senate or presided over its sessions he became intimate with those who represented the Trans-Allegheny settlements. His southern connections brought him into touch with the border regions of Georgia and the Floridas. The Louisiana Purchase helped him enlarge his horizon. Therefore when in middle life, party ostracism overtook him, he naturally turned westward to recover political and pecuniary prestige.

In furthering his purpose he conceived a varied program. He closely associated himself with those who were speculating in lands north of the Ohio. He gave ear to flattering projects for developing the resources of that region. He contemplated a political career in Kentucky or Tennessee; or, in the default of opportunity there, in Louisiana or Indiana. These possibilities and still others spread themselves before him when in 1805 he started on his western wanderings.

For the time this proved a remarkable journey. In a period of eight months he visited every important settlement that lined the Ohio and the Mississippi and in addition coursed the principal wilderness trails that connected these scattered inland communities. At many of his stopping places he met with elaborate entertainment. With most of the western leaders he held intimate converse. His movements were duly reported in the scattered papers of the region and as might be expected, led to curious surmise. At this late day we cannot hope to answer the editorial queries thus provoked but they may serve as a text for still further comment on Burr's mysterious hegira.

First let us consider the scene of his wanderings. The Trans-Allegheny region at the beginning of the nineteenth century represented more than a series of Anglo-American outposts. Its clearings, indeed, marked the spread of English-speaking pioneers, but they also suggested convenient stepping-stones to Spanish territory. Before the Revolution western hunters had reached New Orleans, and during that struggle profitable exchange linked the Ohio Valley with the mouth of the Mis-

sissippi. Following the war the Spaniard for a time tried to break up this trade, but after a decade of ineffectual effort to that end abandoned his illiberal policy. In the interim, however, he had aroused a western resentment that Burr knew of and was ready to use on a more alluring field.

By 1800 the more venturesome westerners were beginning to threaten both Mexico and Louisiana. Their presence beyond the Mississippi betokened danger to the Spaniards magnetic strong box. Their reports encouraged the contingent close behind to look upon the Mexican mines as their chosen spoil, guarded only by the motley but fascinating population of New Orleans and the Floridas. Burr was aware of their temper and proposed to utilize it in his own cherished project—the independence of the Spanish colonies.

The West was to furnish the means for its own emancipation as well as that of its oppressed neighbors. The moment for initiating this crusade for economic and political freedom was to be determined by the outbreak of hostilities between the United States and Spain. Such a clash had been expected in 1798-99, during our imbroglio with France with whom Spain was allied. Alexander Hamilton, as well as Burr, then hoped to win fame as the prospective deliverer of the Spanish dependencies. As second in command of our army, Hamilton was able to defeat Burr's military ambitions; John Adams, in turn, destroyed Hamilton's by making peace with France. The kindred ambition of this restive pair may serve to explain some of the bitterness that led to the fatal duel at Weehawken, when the acquisition of Louisiana revived the prospect of hostilities with Spain.

As early as 1803 Burr wrote to his daughter that he proposed shortly to visit the West. This was before the consummation of the Louisiana purchase—an act which gave an additional impulse to that visit. After the stirring political events of 1804 he prepared more definitely for his western tour. The preparation, indeed, may have started before the duel occurred. In the latter part of May, 1804, General Wilkinson reached New York City after a tumultuous passage by sea from New Orleans. He immediately sought out Burr and during the weeks that preceded and followed the duel with Hamilton he was evidently concerting with the former some project that affected our relations with Spain. In August Burr sailed southward with the intention of visiting Spanish Florida. Much to the relief of the puzzled authorities in St. Augustine, a series of destructive hurricanes kept him from reaching that place, but he evidently saw enough to convince him that the way to the heart of the Spanish possessions did not lie through the Floridas.

Burr returned to Washington for the ensuing session of Congress—his last as vice president—and there met with Wilkinson who was likewise condemned to pass the winter at the seat of government. The two cronies spent a great deal of time at each other's lodgings and seemed much occupied with maps of the Spanish border. Hence we may infer that Mexico was much in their minds. This inference becomes almost a certainty when we note the closing paragraph of a letter from John Adair to Wilkinson. Writing from Kentucky under date

of December 10, 1804, he mentions with disgust the tangled land titles that he is trying to unravel and adds:

"Would his Catholic Majesty only give us an opportunity to visit Mexico I should hope for some more agreeable employment at least—but that I suppose is all over. I have made the necessary inquiries to enable me to answer the Queries in your last letter but suppose it would now be useless. However be assured, the Kentuckians are full of enterprise and altho' not poor are as greedy after plunder as ever the old Romans were. Mexico glitters in our Eyes—the word is all we wait for."

Doubtless Wilkinson, Adair, and a host of Western worthies had waited this word for more than a decade. The General's own statements both before and after this winter of incubation show that he was ready to double-cross the Spaniards should such betrayal promise better returns than the substantial pension they gave him. Adair was not one of these suspected pensioners, but his frank letter breathes a spirit that we may believe was common in the West. He and Wilkinson had evidently discussed the possibility of gold and glory over many a friendly bottle and Burr, we may be sure, was not unmindful of these alluring prospects.

But definite action depended upon the outcome of Monroe's negotiations at Aranjuéz. Should that unready diplomat unexpectedly achieve success there Burr must seek to recoup his fortunes in some less distant field than Mexico. Perhaps he might recover political standing by being returned to Congress from Kentucky or Tennessee. Wilkinson suggested this and a common friend, Matthew Lyon, who had recently moved from Vermont to western Kentucky and had promptly been returned to Congress from that region, predicted his success if he went west at once. Burr, however, was unable to take advantage of Lyon's offer of assistance. A variant of this scheme was the possibility of settling in the new territory of Orleans, the southern part of the Louisiana Purchase. Burr at least had interviews with those who represented the disgruntled elements of the territory and who opposed the methods already taken by Jefferson for its organization and development. Still later a similar proposal was suggested for the new territory of Indiana; but that proved merely a belated afterthought.

One of the projects entertained and considerably furthered by these skillful promoters was the construction of a canal around the Falls of the Ohio. Among those who were connected with the scheme were John Brown, senator from Kentucky, Johnathan Dayton, senator from New Jersey and one or two leading land speculators from New York. Burr, as Vice President, and Dayton, as the chairman of an important committee in the Senate, and Brown as member, were expected to do much in advancing this project. An attempt to secure a large land grant from Congress proved fruitless, even with the aid of this intimate lobby. The attempt aroused bitter controversy in Kentucky, where Brown was accused by those who backed another project of betraying the interests of his state. Ultimately some of the promoters used the proposal to obtain charter and grant from the Indiana legislature, under which they organized and carried on a banking business. Years before Burr had induced the legislature of New York to charter the Manhattan Company for the alleged purpose of supplying New York City with "pure water." Later his Federalist enemies discovered that they had

empowered him and his party associates to carry on a banking business. The similarity of procedure suggests Burr's fine hand in both projects.

Thus numerous rumors became current in the West as to Burr's purpose in journeying thither. To these, as was his wont, he paid no attention. He was apparently satisfied with the publicity his movements aroused and may have had an eye to the effect thereby produced on the hostile administration behind him. If he could but persuade Jefferson and his advisers of his continued political importance, his wanderings would not have been in vain.

Early in May, 1805, Burr began his Trans-Allegheny journey at Pittsburgh. The upper settlements on the Ohio, past which he floated in company with Matthew Lyon, did not long detain him. Below Marietta he made a passing but fateful visit to Blennerhassett's Island. He paused for a brief visit at Cincinnati, where John Smith, senator from Ohio, was his host and where he encountered Dayton. At Frankfort, which he reached by an overland journey from the Falls, Senator John Brown entertained him. Here also he should have presented Adair, later senator-elect in the place of John Breckenridge, with a letter of introduction from Wilkinson. Through some accident the General failed to give Burr this letter but in penning his regrets to Adair he wrote: "Burr understands your merits, and reckons on you. Prepare to visit me and I will tell you all. We must have a peep at the unknown world beyond me." This missive, which fits in with Adair's of the preceding December, helps to explain the purpose of Burr's mysterious journey.

His reception at Nashville, where Jackson was his admiring sponsor, also contributes to the same end. The Tennesseean remembered Burr's earlier courtesies, when they were fellow senators, and now as host repaid them with interest. Nor did Burr find Jackson less satisfactory as prospective associate in the Mexican project. From Nashville he floated down the Cumberland River and on the north bank of the Ohio, at Fort Massac met his tardy fellow conspirator, Wilkinson. The General now made up for his failure to overtake Burr sooner, and to introduce him to Adair, by furnishing him with a barge and a detail of soldiers to propel it and with letters to friends in New Orleans. Early in July Burr reached that city. Here he seems to have neglected the Spanish boundary commissioner, to whom Wilkinson heartily commended him, and to have paid scant attention to the routine civilities of Governor Claiborne and the official group. Rather he was intimate with the coterie known as the Mexican Association, a choice collection of adventurers who talked much about the invasion of Mexico. Perhaps they confirmed Burr in his main purpose. At any rate he left for the overland journey to Nashville, with horses provided by Daniel Clark, after conversing with him, as Wilkinson's note of introduction had intimated, about many "things improper to letter."

On his way northward Burr passed to the eastward of Baton Rouge by way of Lake Pontchartrain. This enabled him to see more of the strategic West Florida border and also saved him from annoyance at the hands of the authorities, whom the Spanish minister had warned to look out for him. After a brief stay in Natchez he completed the circle to Nashville and thence retraced his steps to Lexington, Frank-

fort and Louisville. From the latter point he journeyed on to St. Louis via Vincennes, and there found his friend, Wilkinson, uneasily tethered to the governorship of the region immediately surrounding that post.

Wilkinson was to find his double post as political executive and military commander a trying one. Perhaps he increased the difficulties of the situation by planning as usual to add some shady side lines to his official duties. He had a project for engaging in the fur trade as silent partner to Captain John McClellan, of the United States army, and subsequently there was some question as to whether the stock of goods brought to St. Louis for the enterprise paid the customary freight charges. The General, it appears, enjoyed an extensive baggage allowance. During the summer Wilkinson sent two subordinates, Lieutenant George Peter, of the Artillerists, and Lieutenant Zebulon Montgomery Pike, on expeditions up the Osage and the Mississippi. Their movements, we may believe, were designed by the General to further his projected trading enterprise. In Pike's case, at least, the expedition also served as a preliminary training for the more significant journey to Santa Fé, a year later.

This last enterprise, although occurring a twelve month after Burr's visit to St. Louis, undoubtedly had some bearing on the Wilkinson-Burr program. It is true that Pike afterwards indignantly repelled the insinuation that his journey had any relation whatever with Burr, but the General, under whose instructions he immediately acted, evidently did not choose to give his subordinate too much information. Hints that he himself let drop during the next few months serve to establish the assumption that the General was now about to take up the long projected Mexican enterprise, in which Burr was to be his intimate associate.

At this point it may be well to consider the question of relationship between these two men and to indicate what it meant in the subsequent career of both. Wilkinson and Burr had known each other from the time of the Revolution, although they were not associated in the campaign against Canada as is sometimes wrongfully stated. They evidently had kept in touch with each other by correspondence and occasionally, as in the early part of 1800, had met for personal conferences. In the early days of Jefferson's administration Burr had evidently been of help to Wilkinson in keeping his command of the army and as we have mentioned, in 1804, Wilkinson promptly sought out Burr as soon as he reached New York from New Orleans, and in the following winter the pair concerted measures for their further alliance. Their plan to journey westward together had been frustrated but they had conferred, as we have seen, at Fort Massac in June and now Burr came on to St. Louis to report his impressions of the southern country and to plan for his further movements.

We may infer, although not wholly from the statements or acts of the principals that communion on this occasion was satisfactory to neither. Burr was persuaded, so Wilkinson reported, that the western people were intensely disaffected toward the national government—were even ripe for revolt. The General chided his friend for journeying so far in vain. "Surely, my friend," said I, (the other at least so reports himself), "no person was ever more mistaken! The Western

people disaffected to the Government! They are bigoted to Jefferson and democracy."

This was true enough, as contemporary newsprint shows, and perhaps Wilkinson believed it, but it is hardly likely he told Burr so. Nor was he later able to produce as further evidence of his patriotic vigilance the letter which warned the Secretary of the Navy to keep an eye on the Ex-Vice President. These *ex parte* statements, for Burr, as usual, is silent, come too late to be convincing. It is extremely difficult to determine just when Wilkinson began to cool in his friendship for Burr, or rather when he first made up his mind to betray him. Certainly the early autumn of 1805, when hostilities with Spain seemed most likely, was not an auspicious time.

Another and more potent reason must be adduced to account for the break a year later in their dubious relations. It may possibly be found in Wilkinson's inappeasable need for money. That had led him into traitorous relations with the Spaniards. He naturally did not wish Burr to intrigue in the same direction for that was his own special preserve, but he would not object if his impecunious companion wished to test the latent possibilities of corruption in the British exchequer. In the summer of 1804 Burr laid before the British minister, Anthony Merry, his request for financial assistance. It was an offer to work for the separation of the West in return for a substantial subsidy and suggests promptings from Wilkinson. England, like Spain, ought to welcome disunion and in furthering that object might even finance the invasion of Mexico.

This combination was the basis of Burr's first appeal to the British minister. He repeated his plea in March, 1805, and reinforced it by dwelling upon the acute discontent that then prevailed among the French inhabitants of Louisiana. Unfortunately for him the watchful Spanish minister, the Marqués de Casa Yrujo, shortly learned of the project and immediately took precautions to defeat it. He not only warned the Spanish frontier authorities to be on their guard against the dangerous visitor but published in the *Gazette of the United States* a series of questions that speedily aroused public apprehension as to Burr's purpose. This was the surest method to protect the interests of his royal master. The questions, widely quoted in the West, wrought much mischief there and condemned the arch-conspirator to everlasting infamy. They appeared in the *Kentucky Gazette* of Lexington, in its issue of August 31, 1805, just as Burr was leaving for St. Louis and thither they speedily followed him. Wilkinson certainly knew of them before Burr left St. Louis and he realized how dangerous such public questioning might prove to their joint projects. The queries were so worded as to excite the jealousy of the eastern states and to revive among his western critics a discussion of the damning but erstwhile lucrative Spanish Conspiracy. Burr would prove an unwelcome visitor if his coming provoked a new airing of this "ancient history."

"How long will it be," began the troublesome queries, "before we shall hear of Colonel Burr being at the head of a revolutionary party on the Western waters? Is it a fact that Colonel Burr has formed a plan to engage the adventurous and enterprising young men from the Atlantic States to

Louisiana? Is it one of the inducements that an immediate convention will be called from the States bordering on the Ohio and Mississippi to form a separate government? Is it another that all the public lands are to be seized and partitioned among these States, except what is reserved for the warlike friends and followers of Burr in the revolution? Is it part of the plan for the new States to grant the new lands in bounties to entice inhabitants from the Atlantic States? How soon will the forts and magazines and all the military posts at New Orleans and on the Mississippi be in the hands of Colonel Burr's revolutionary party? How soon will Colonel Burr engage in the reduction of Mexico by granting liberty to its inhabitants, and seizing on its treasures, aided by British ships and forces? What difficulty can there be in completing a revolution in one summer, among the Western States, when they will gain the Congress lands, will throw off the public debt, will seize their own revenues, and enjoy the plunder of Spain?"

Casa Yrujo had but to point out the peril to prevent it. The Kentucky editor who republished the damaging queries prefaced them by saying that if Burr "calculated on withdrawing the affections of the people of the Western States from their government, he will find himself deceived, if he has not already made the discovery." This, it seems, was the general reaction of Trans-Allegheny opinion to any suggestions of separatism. Nevertheless there is evidence to show that the divergence of interests between the East and the West was a frequent topic of conversation at gatherings where Burr was present, and that he seemed to encourage such discussion. This, we may infer, was more to learn the opinion of his auditors than to disclose his own and possibly to reflect this opinion in further appeals for British patronage. Wilkinson, of course, could not openly encourage conversations of this sort in order to influence Spanish susceptibilities but he could safely leave the combined task to his foot-loose associate. But the wily Casa Yrujo beat them at their own game. His prompt publication called attention to a possible phase of their program upon which they least wished to arouse comment. Western separation might serve as a magnet to draw gold from Spanish or British coffers, but it would prove, as was speedily demonstrated, a poor safety valve for sporadic discontent. The conspirators knew this and avoided public discussion of the dangerous topic; Casa Yrujo was equally aware of it and forced the issue into the open. Thus at the same time he served most effectually the interests of the Spanish King and of Thomas Jefferson.

These queries were published in Lexington late in August. They were known in New Orleans almost at the same time, where they gave rise to "many absurd and wild reports" of which Daniel Clark at once warned Wilkinson. This personal warning did not reach the General until after Burr's departure, but he doubtless had equally disturbing versions of the tale from other sources.

Wilkinson wished above all else to avoid a review of his past relations with the Spaniards and may have regarded the swiftly-moving Burr, whose name was constantly mentioned with his own, as altogether too energetic for a permanent associate. Even if the other were in no way responsible for the recurrent discussion of the separatist intrigue, it would be well for them to slow up on their Mexican project and await diplomatic developments at Washington and abroad. Wilkinson found himself amply supplied with extra tasks in arranging for the preliminaries of his fur-trading schemes and in meeting the

machinations of his numerous local enemies. As for Burr, something might be found for him in the neighboring territory of Indiana. There he would less likely provoke malicious comment.

This decision to await the turn of events may explain why Burr did not return to New Orleans that fall, as he had originally intended. It will also explain why in a letter to Governor William Henry Harrison, Wilkinson asked the latter to "return the bearer Burr to the councils of our country, where his talents and abilities are all important at the present moment." Perhaps Wilkinson wanted Harrison to keep Burr at Vincennnes for some time—not too far away in case of a sudden emergency, and near enough for casual observation. The General was not any too sure of a partner who so easily provoked publicity. Whatever their separate purposes in going back to the plan of seeking political preferment, it proved illusory.

"I have had no conversation," wrote Burr from Vincennes on September 26, "on the subject you mentioned (tho' I suspect you wrote of it), but we have gone round about and there is every evidence of good will in which I have entire belief. There is probably some secret embarrassment of which you and I are ignorant."

Burr goes on to speak of Wilkinson's local political situation and incidentally seeming to chide his associate for some indiscretion on the part of a subordinate, adds,

"Governor H. with whom I am more and more pleased, will tell you of a letter I have received from Dayton. This Harrison is fit for other things."

Burr thus puts the Indiana governor in the swelling list of his prospective dupes. Possibly he does so in a double sense for the reference to Dayton may mean that Burr was also lobbying for the Canal project, to which reference has been made. There was evidently no political opening for him in the territory, so he passed on to Cincinnati, which he reached October 1, and thence by way of Chillicothe and Marietta to Pittsburgh, where on October 20, the indefatigable traveler completed his double circuit through the Trans-Allegheny Region. He now had a personal knowledge of that section and of its leaders that might subsequently prove useful but which offered little prospect of immediate gain. Perhaps he hoped to impress the administration with the publicity that he had aroused, but such notoriety also had its unfortunate aspects, as the Spanish minister had demonstrated.

During the winter of 1805-06, which Burr spent in Washington and Philadelphia, he frequently met Jefferson, who entertained him at the White House, and the members of his Cabinet, but he was unable to obtain from the President any mark of executive favor. He had, as the latter assured him, lost the confidence of the public. Nor were his followers in New York able to secure political favor for him in that locality.

With these repeated rebuffs, made more poignant by the continued silence of the British ministry in respect to his financial proposals, the bankrupt adventurer took a desperate course. He approached the Spanish minister with a specious confession and a promise of other secrets that Dayton, who presented the revelations, thought ought to be worth $40,000. Casa Yrujo professed to believe that they were important, but his superior pointed out that Dayton seemed more anxious to sell his secrets than to keep them. When, finally, Burr joined his

agent in Philadelphia and, in person, unfolded his views to the skeptical minister, the latter discovered that his government was being asked to finance the rejuvenated separatist intrigue, together with certain fantastic additions such as a hare-brained scheme to capture Washington, seize the President and other high officials, loot the banks and burn the vessels of the navy, before declaring the independence of the West. Casa Yrujo knew, as we have stated, that a somewhat similar plan had been presented to the British minister. He should also have inferred that it was a mere ruse to gain money. The fact that he was being regaled with a second-hand plot was highly suspicious. Yet for a time his judgment wavered and he seemed to favor a subsidy for the conspirators. In the end, however, Dayton received only a small fraction of what he had asked for and Burr nothing. Action, the conspirators concluded, must await the results of negotiations at Paris, under the so-called "Two-Million Act." This was the dubious piece of legislation by which the President, with the help of Bonaparte's agents, hoped to settle all outstanding grievances against Spain.

Burr had early notice of the administration's peace policy and had told Wilkinson of it. In this letter of December 12, he also warned Wilkinson that in case of war Henry Lee of Virginia was to command the army. This warning may be regarded as an attempt to clinch Wilkinson's loyalty to the conspiracy, now become a triumvirate, or perhaps a "Big Four," for Adair was mentioned as a possible companion of Dayton in a mission to Wilkinson that was projected for the following February. It is hard to imagine, however, how the Kentuckian, who was now in the Senate could venture to absent himself from Congress at that date. There was further mention of "a certain speculation," about which Burr would not write until he could communicate the whole, and an inquiry about the ready forces that might be found in Wilkinson's vicinity.

These obvious references may have been designed to lull Wilkinson's suspicions, should he hear of Burr's approaches to the Spanish minister. For in taking that step Burr was coming uncomfortably close to a preserve that Wilkinson regarded as exclusively his own. Perhaps Burr had learned something while in New Orleans that encouraged him thus to draw near to the financial sanctum, although his own dire needs may seem sufficient to explain it. He may have learned about the $12,000 that the Spanish boundary commissioner had paid Wilkinson, shortly after the transfer of Louisiana—a transaction of which Wilkinson was strongly suspected at the time, but of which his enemies could not obtain clear proof. If Burr knew of this he might reason that the Spaniard would be equally generous to him. While the latter's watchful superiors might not be persuaded to finance the invasion of Mexico, as he had hoped to persuade Merry's government to do, the minister in Philadelphia might afford him a welcome *douceur* for contingent expenses. Dayton, at least, proved that. Yet in that test case he and Burr were virtually double-crossing Wilkinson and woe betide them, if the shifty General ever should learn of their indiscretion.

There is another possible explanation of this petty intrigue. Wilkinson may have encouraged Burr to undertake it, in order to involve him more completely in his own intricate toils. We may, perhaps, get a truer picture of the relations between these two men, if we regard them as pawns whom fate had temporarily thrown together in an extremely doubtful but fascinating enterprise. Each needed the other to insure success but was unwilling to follow his leadership. Each was willing to divide prospective gain and glory but wanted to insure his own share first. Wilkinson enjoyed the advantage of position; Burr excelled in personal prestige; neither was likely under the pressure of self interest to resist the temptation to betray the other.

Thus for the time being Wilkinson continued to sit uneasily in his politico-military governorship while Burr fell back upon land speculation as a forlorn hope. His plan was to develop the Bastrop grant on the Washita River. Late in the spring and summer of 1806 Burr proceeded to organize his friends in behalf of this last resource. Some of his New York supporters agreed to back him financially and he also secured the aid of his son-in-law, Alston, and of the ever-willing Blennerhasset. His ally and messenger, Erick Bollman, also gave his services to promote the speculation. The project offered a means of immediate action with some prospect of financial return, and if Burr succeeded in establishing a colony on the Louisiana frontier he would be in a favorable position to move against Mexico should circumstances bring about a clash with the Spaniards. It was a forlorn hope but one that Burr could not pass by.

In August, 1806, Burr again started westward and reached Pittsburgh on the 22nd of that month. He travelled incognito and usually had little to say to such chance travellers as he fell in with. His silence, however, did not stay conjectures as to his movements. In one case, at least, he became too loquacious for his own good. This was when he passed the night in the home of Colonel George Morgan near Cannonsburg, Pennsylvania. As a former land speculator, Burr evidently expected Morgan to be in sympathy with his immediate plan. The two men had served in the Revolution and Morgan had had some dealings with the Spaniards and also had suffered repudiation at the hands of the government. Morgan's reception threw Burr off his guard or he may have experienced one of those mental aberrations to which he was subject, for he criticized the administration more freely than was his wont. What he said, or is reported to have said, was detailed in a letter which Morgan, after consulting with some friends, wrote immediately to Jefferson.

Possibly it was somewhere near Pittsburgh that Burr received news that caused him to revive his hope of invading Mexico. In July of that year, 1806, a large Spanish force advanced east of the Sabine River. This movement was regarded by the authorities of the vicinity and by the people at large as an invasion of American territory. Measures were forthwith taken to repel the movement, which were expected to bring on a clash with the Spaniards. When Burr heard of the prospect he may have regarded it as favorable to his main purpose. As he descended the Ohio River he stopped at Blennerhasset

Island, which, for the next few months, was to be his headquarters. Here his followers were to assemble—recruits that were drawn from Pennsylvania and New York as well as the immediate vicinity. Here the proposed expedition was to be provisioned and on the nearby Muskingum River boats were to be constructed to transport his contingent to the Bastrop grant, or wherever fate might call him. Burr himself, meanwhile, crossed and re-crossed Ohio, Kentucky and Tennessee, stimulating his prospective followers and making the financial arrangements necessary to secure his option on the Bastrop purchase.

About this same time Burr's most enthusiastic supporter committed the indiscretion that did more than anything else to arouse public concern. In the *Ohio Gazette,* published at Marietta, there appeared a series of articles under the signature "Querist." These articles, which were attributed to Blennerhasset, discussed the probability of a separation of the western states from the Union and the desirability of such a step. Coming from his active partner, the articles were attributed to Burr's encouragement and served to fix upon him a traitor's stigma. Burr apparently ignored these publications and journeyed to Cincinnati, where he stopped briefly with his friend, Senator Smith, and then to Lexington and Nashville.

Visits to these places occupied the month of September. Evidently Burr's interest had at this time reverted to the prospect of a clash with the Spaniards. As a consequence of his visit to Nashville Andrew Jackson, on the fourth of October, issued a proclamation to the militia of Tennessee, bidding them prepare for an expedition to the threatened frontier. Burr then retraced his steps to Lexington, from which place he wrote to William Henry Harrison, on October 24, suggesting that the latter take similar action for Indiana territory and closed his letter with the statement: "All reflecting men consider a war with Spain inevitable; in such an event I think you would not be at ease as an idle spectator. If it should be my lot to be employed which there is reason to expect, it would be my highest gratification to be associated with you." Evidently Burr expected Wilkinson, who had been ordered to the threatened frontier, to take the necessary steps to make war certain, even though the Spanish commander by withdrawing from his advanced position should make an immediate clash improbable. During his stay in Lexington the concluding steps were taken for the purchase of the Bastrop lands. Alston, who with Theodosia had joined Burr at this place, and Blennerhasset, contributed the larger part of the preliminary funds necessary for the transaction. Preparations, as already noted, were under way at the island and on the Muskingum. Comfort Tyler was bringing together at Beaver on the Allegheny recruits from New York and Pennsylvania. Davis Floyd was similarly occupied at Jeffersonville, Indiana. Burr was apparently ready to become a colonizer on the frontier or the leader of its cohorts against the Spaniards. But at this juncture occurred a series of events that were destined to bring to failure all of his projects.

Some weeks before Burr started westward there was issued at Frankfort, Kentucky, a new paper, the *Western World.* One of the editors of this sheet was a John Wood with whom Burr had already had one unfortunate connection. The paper evidently owed its origin

to a small group of Federalists, who sensed the opportunity to make political capital for themselves. The moving spirit of this group was Humphrey Marshall, a cousin of the Chief Justice, and a bitter opponent of most of the Kentuckians then holding public office. Associated with him was the federal district attorney, Joseph Hamilton Daviess. The two evidently hoped, through their paper, to revive earlier feuds growing out of the relations of certain Kentuckians with the Spaniards, and Burr's movements served to give point to the charges which they now brought forth. In a series of articles that were widely copied in other papers they reviewed the events of the earlier conspiracy and by this means endangered Republican success in the coming state and national elections. Such a use of past charges should be connected with the movement then on east of the mountains to replace Madison with Monroe as Jefferson's successor. There was, of course, little prospect of electing a Federalist as president in 1808 but by putting Monroe in the chair instead of Madison the enemies of the administration might inflict a crushing blow upon Jefferson.

The movement was strongly under way when Burr reached Kentucky and he was speedily involved in the charges and counter-charges that it excited. Daviess had reported his movements to Jefferson early in the year and had surmised that his activities betokened a revival of the old separatist plot. He definitely connected Burr with Wilkinson and in the spring of 1806 journeyed to St. Louis in search of evidence to substantiate this connection. He did not find this in full measure but continued to lay upon the President an epistolary barrage that awoke no response. On November 5, therefore, in order to give point to his charges he made a formal presentment against Burr in the Federal District Court. Judge Harry Innes who presided was implicated along with John Brown, Burr's friend, and others in the Spanish conspiracy. Naturally he found no legal evidence to authorize the arrest of Burr. Then Daviess asked for the summoning of a grand jury. Before this body Burr appeared, accompanied by Henry Clay as counsel, and made ready for the hearing. Proceedings were interrupted on the statement by Daviess that his chief witness, Davis Floyd, was absent. In a second hearing, early in the month of December, Daviess again failed to establish a case against Burr. The latter's action in volunteering to face the grand jury and his general frank conduct gained him great popularity and made him the man of the hour, but naturally did not contribute to the success of his projects.

The most important of these, the invasion of Mexico, was frustrated through the withdrawal of the Spaniards west of the Sabine. Whatever hope Burr still entertained of hostilities with the Spaniards was finally destroyed when early in November, on the very day Burr was first arraigned at Frankfort, the General made his celebrated "Neutral Ground Treaty" with the Spanish commander. The pact, by withdrawing their respective troops from immediate contact, removed the possibility of accidental clash. When Burr knew of this he realized that this meant the indefinite postponement of the Mexican project. He could not surmise that his associate was also taking steps to stamp the traitor's stigma irrevocably upon him.

The leaven inserted in the press by the Spanish minister the year before had done its work and public opinion was ready to put the worst interpretation upon Burr's activities. The publication of the *Querist* and the answers evoked by it, the airing by Daviess of serious charges, even if he could not prove them, the operations of Miranda with whom Burr seemed to have some sort of tenuous connection—these helped to deepen the impression of mystery that always surrounded him. Two events of this fateful year also proved insuperable obstacles to Burr's far-reaching plan: the "two Million Act," which prevented hostilities with the Spaniards and the death of the younger Pitt, which removed the possibility of British assistance for his nebulous undertaking. But the final blow was the one administered by Burr's self-seeking associate, Wilkinson, who not only made an equivocal agreement, contrary to expectation, with the Spaniards but at the same time by his dark insinuations fired the mind of the President against his proscribed partner. These measures were welcome to Jefferson and in part necessary for Wilkinson's own safety, but they were designed to meet his material rather than his moral needs. Burr had invited such action by his own approach to the Spanish minister but that does not relieve Wilkinson from his own crushing burden of duplicity.

It was now high time for the administration to act. Its procedure was cautious as befitted the occasion. Above all else the President must not make himself ridiculous by moving hastily or by going too far. Early in November John Graham, a former attaché of the State Department, was leaving Washington for Orleans territory. Madison instructed him to journey to New Orleans by way of the Ohio valley and to ascertain what truth there was in the rumors of Burr's movements that kept pouring in from the West. If he discovered that these were of sufficient importance to warrant it, he might take measures, through local authorities, to arrest the conspirator and his followers. In the course of the month Graham reached Marietta, where he had an unsatisfactory interview with Blennerhasset. Then he went on to Chillicothe where he persuaded the state legislature and the Governor to take action against Burr's followers. In carrying out this purpose the Governor ordered the seizure of the boats that were being constructed on the Muskingum. In the same month Burr's former supporter, Senator John Smith, became suspicious and through a letter, brought from Burr a definite denial of any treasonable project in his plans. Burr also wrote to William Henry Harrison denying that he had any desire to bring about the separation of the West from the Union. But his protests proved unavailing. His whilom friend Wilkinson finally convinced even the skeptical President that something serious was afoot. Accordingly on November 27, the Chief Executive issued the proclamation that gave Burr his final credential for infamy. He did not name his former rival and colleague. In the excited state of public opinion such specific mention was unnecessary.

Meanwhile, the situation at Blennerhassett's Island became so threatening that its master fled and Comfort Tyler and Israel Smith and others who had reached that spot also were forced to leave. The Ohio authorities took precautions to stop the expedition at Cincinnati but did not succeed in doing so. Measures subsequently taken by the militia

of Kentucky met with like results. The militia of Wood County, Virginia, in which Blennerhasset's Island was situated, were more successful. At least they plundered the establishment there after the master had left and subjected Mrs. Blennerhasset and the children to considerable annoyance, but they all got away safely, found the others, and as we have noted, succeeded in passing the barriers prepared for them at Cincinnati and at Louisville.

Burr, meanwhile, after the court procedure in Frankfort, had been feasted and feted by the people of Frankfort and Lexington and had hurriedly taken his departure for Nashville, where he succeeded in reinstating himself in the confidence of Jackson. With the aid of the latter he secured two boats for his journey down the Cumberland and on the Ohio, near its mouth, joined the ill-equipped group of some three score individuals who made up his well advertised "expedition." These, he claimed, were only settlers on their peaceful way to the Washita, whose unwarlike array offered no peril whatever to the safety of the Union.

Burr, therefore, was more to be pitied than feared as he and his ill-assorted company floated southward on the wintry Mississippi. If his project ever contemplated danger to the Union, it had utterly failed in its purpose. The safest thing for the government to do was to permit events to take their course and let the elements administer the final stroke to the disappointed but not despondent conspirator. But nature proved far more lenient than his enemies. Wilkinson, who had now become chief of these, put forth supreme efforts to realize his desperate game of greed and glory. This required him to apprehend Burr, to strengthen the alarm which he had aroused among the Spaniards, to continue his deception of Jefferson, and to impress the people with his thorough measures for their safety. In such motives we find the key to his Neutral Ground Agreement, to the transfer of his troops to New Orleans and the establishment of martial law there. Thus the scene of interest in this miserable drama shifted from the Ohio Valley to the lower Mississippi and Wilkinson was enabled to play successfully his vain-glorious but villainous part. He was surrounded by troops, screened by the mystery with which both he and Burr had hitherto enveloped their movements, and for the time secure in the feeling of uncertainty that prevailed on each side of the border. For this, too, he was responsible and especially for the exaggerated fears that the Spaniards entertained of immediate invasion. From their fears, indeed, he had planned to reap his most substantial reward. While he took such precautions, therefore, as would augment the terror that he excited in New Orleans and still further mystify the authorities at Washington, he sent the aide-de-camp who had proved so helpful in arranging the Neutral Ground Agreement to Mexico City, there to demand of the Viceroy a reward that should far overtop all previous largesses.

In this surpassing exhibit of greed he overreached himself, for the Viceroy repudiated his insolent demand. He also pushed too far the striking proofs of his determination to preserve the Union. In addition to the unwarranted arrest of suspicious characters at New Orleans (who, we may add, were promptly released when they had a chance to present their case to the courts) he wished to lay hands on him, whom he termed chief of them all—his former associate, Burr. It is easy to

imagine the other's fate had he then fallen into the General's clutches.

The final scene on the western stage in this exotic drama was a distinct fizzle. Before the Burr expedition reached Natchez its leader learned of the toils into which he was about to thrust himself. He landed in Mississippi Territory, submitted himself to the authorities there, and underwent another fruitless examination in the Federal District Court. As had happened in Kentucky, his accusers were unable to connect him with any overt act that might be regarded as treasonable or even classed as a misdemeanor. The federal judge, nevertheless, refused to release him from the jurisdiction of the Court. While thus technically detained he learned that Wilkinson was taking measures virtually to kidnap him and carry him to New Orleans. Preferring almost any other fate Burr attempted to flee to Spanish territory. When a few miles above the line, near Mobile, he was recognized, apprehended, and shortly on his way northward, thankful at any rate to be beyond the reach of Wilkinson. The two faced each other, however, in the final act of the drama at Richmond, and in the trial there more than one observer bore witness to his feeling that the role of chief witness and of criminal should be reversed and that the pompous General, despite the shield of executive favor, should be made to play the ignoble part that belonged to him.

For the time being, however, he was successful in shifting the onus of their ill-starred intimacy upon the luckless Burr and in conveying the impression that the latter seriously intended to involve the West in treason. Thus he placed upon Burr's shoulders the weight of separatism that had so long rested on his own. Not only the General but many other prominent Westerners who for twenty years had been under suspicion because of possible relations with the Spaniards, welcomed this chance to clear their tarnished reputations. Others who were wholly innocent of such dangerous complicity voiced a desire to express for their section a loyalty to the Union that would once for all overcome the impression of earlier loose attachment. Accordingly in the critical year 1806 and in the years following, they led their communities through public speech, occasional toast, and floods of letters to make effective declarations of unquestioned loyalty to the Nation that Burr had seemed to threaten and Wilkinson had pretended to save. They repudiated the latter scarcely less emphatically than Burr. The abhorrence they expressed of traitorous plans, whether attributed to the General or to his enigmatic dupe was a heartfelt offering of allegiance. In this we may read the chief significance of the Burr Conspiracy in the West.

GEORGE ROGERS CLARK—CIVILIAN.*

By James Alton James, *William Smith Mason Professor of American History, Northwestern University, Evanston, Illinois.*

As we approach the time for the celebration, suitable in character of the Sesqui-centennial of the American Revolution west of the Alleghany mountains, the one name that stands out before all others is that of George Rogers Clark, leader of those intrepid little bands of men who accomplished the seemingly impossible in the capture of Kaskaskia and of Vincennes. On July 4 of this year and February 25 of next year, we lay stress, as it should be done, upon the significant military events connected with those days of 1778 and 1779 which effected the conquest of the Northwest and led to the addition of this great area to the territory of the United States. As recently stated by Dr. J. Franklin Jameson, one of America's leading historians—"But if the Northwest had not been acquired by the heroic action of George Rogers Clark, all the territory to the westward, which the map shows to be more than half of the United States, would never have been acquired; but if the 'cribs and cabins' of the United States, to use an old phrase, had been confined to the Alleghany mountains, it could never have had that career of imperial greatness that we see before us now."[1]

But today, it is my purpose to call attention to some phases of his career which have been subordinated, in our thinking, to those years in which he was engaged as a leader of western troops. After all, his military life by generous interpretation did not consume more than eleven years of the sixty-six years of his life.

In the first place, I am of the opinion that he thought of himself as a surveyor. One wonders in what respect the turn of his life came when his Scotch school-master, despairing of teaching him the classics, advised that he should be called home. From eleven to eighteen years of age he was evidently engaged in helping his father to win from a Virginia farm a living for a family of six sons and four daughters, in which he was the second oldest.

At eighteen, under the instruction of his grandfather who taught him the elements of surveying, he was to find the opening for a career. Two years later, he crossed the Alleghanies with a single companion, and proceeded on a journey of exploration which was to take them three hundred miles down the Ohio from Fort Pitt. While locating

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*Professor James was unable to be present and his paper was ably read by Rev. Ira W. Allen.

In this paper, I have used freely material to be found in my *Life of George Rogers Clark*, published by the University of Chicago Press, 1928.

(1) This statement was made before a Congressional committee in favor of a resolution that a suitable memorial to Clark should be erected at Vincennes. One million dollars were appropriated by Congress for this purpose.

land in his own name, he gave much attention to surveying the farms of other pioneers who were pushing down the Ohio Valley before the opening of Dunmore's War (1774) and the first days of the Revolution.

As a Captain in Dunmore's army and as a General in the Revolution his name is primarily linked with military affairs. But even in those years, his influence was sought in carrying out a program connected with civic life in Kentucky and in the Illinois country. In both, he was a leader in the setting up of government and seeing that the laws were strictly enforced.

A study of the plan, submitted by him to the surveyors engaged in laying out the town of Louisville, confirms the statement that if it had been adopted, "Louisville would have become the most beautiful city on the continent." It provided for a reservation of land along the river front as a public park. Connected with the court-house lot, which was to contain two whole squares, was to be a park half a square in breadth extending the entire length of the town.

Clark, himself, proceeded to construct a new house in Louisville which was notable at the time for a large room built of hewn logs on the inside and which had a good plank floor. Its completion was evidently a significant event, for men and women, upon invitation, journeyed from the other settlements to take part in the ball and other festivities which marked the house-warming. The thrills incident to attendance upon such a social function were vividly portrayed by one who was present. Trabue wrote:

"Some of us went from Logan's Fort, we went by Harrodsburg stayd all night. In the morning Col. Harrod & his Lady Col. McGarry & several other jentlemen & ladys started about 20 men & about 6 Ladys when he had got about one mile from the Fort I discovered Indians in the woods and running to get before us. I told McGarry of it. He halted the company and went to examine the sign. He came back said he saw the Indians and said he was not able to fight them while we had these women. We retreated to the Fort a party of men went from the fort and found the Indians had gone away. The next morning we set out again we had about 15 men & 3 ladies....we got safe to the falls..... He (Clark) made a ball a number of Jentlemen & Ladies attended to it and when these Fort Ladys came to be dressed up they did not look like the same every thing looked anew. We enjoyed ourselves very much Col. Harrod & his lady opened the ball by Dancing the first jig. We had plenty of rum Toddy to Drink we stayed their some few Days."

After the Revolution, having passed an examination which was satisfactory to the faculty of William and Mary College, Clark was granted a certificate which enabled him to become one of the surveyors of the 150,000 acres in the Illinois Grant. These lands in Southern Indiana were set aside by Virginia for the soldiers who had accompanied Clark on his expeditions. While his duties, as chief surveyor, were to continue until 1788, the leading event so far as he was concerned was connected with the making of a treaty at Ft. McIntosh with the Indians of the Northwest. Together with his two associates,

Arthur Lee and Richard Butler, accompanied by a guard of artillery under Colonel Harmar, they proceeded to Fort McIntosh in November 1784.

Very slowly the chiefs and warriors of the Chippewa, Ottawa, Wyandotte, and Delaware tribes, accompanied by their women and children, gathered for the conference. With difficulty, their demands for provisions, ammunition, kettles, blankets, and rum were complied with. The commissioners and soldiers themselves, housed in a dilapidated fort in the depth of winter, suffered for want of sufficient clothing. On January 21, 1785, agreement was reached, the first in a long series of treaties, by which the United States gained the territory northwest of the Ohio River. In exchange for the goods to be distributed among the tribes, the Indians surrendered their title to the lands, retaining possession of an area in the northwestern portion of the present state of Ohio. The boundary line of this reservation ran from Lake Erie up the Cuyahoga River and down the Tuscarawas to a spot above Fort Laurens. It then extended west to the portage between the Big Miami and a branch of the Maumee, then along the latter river to Lake Erie, and thence to the starting-point. This cession of territory, estimated at 30,000,000 acres, was far greater than had been anticipated. Certain places within this territory which were to be under the control of the United States were reserved for the establishment of trading posts.

The Shawnee, the most warlike of the Ohio tribes, were not present at Fort McIntosh. Because of their ascendancy over the other tribes, no agreement could be lasting without their assent. At this time there were clear signs of the neutralization of the efforts of the American commissioners on the part of the British agents. In fact, the leading features of the British policy relative to the Northwest which obtained during the succeeding ten years were then becoming manifest.

The critical conditions in the West at the time were emphasized by Clark and his associates in an appeal to Congress. They reported that British emissaries among the Shawnee and other tribes were stirring up antagonism between the Indians and the Americans.

"The Wabash and other Indian nations in that quarter," they wrote, "are more hostilely than peaceably disposed towards the United States and particularly against the settlement of the lower parts of Kentucky. It is to be feared, that unless Congress interfere, mutual and repeated ill-offices will continue between the parties and be the means of spreading war to the nations already at peace with the United States and thereby involve not only these too much distressed settlements, but the whole frontier, in its dreadful effects."

Americans residing at Vincennes petitioned Congress for relief against hostile savages whose antipathy to Americans exposed them to daily danger and frequent deaths. The Illinois towns were pictured as being without law or government and in greatest confusion. Unless the authority of Congress should be extended to them, Clark held, they were destined to become the victims of savage violence. Meantime, he recommended that they should resume their former customs and appoint temporary officers until the pleasure of Congress should be

known. But relief seemed distant with a Congress paralyzed through lack of a quorum and with a secretary of war powerless.

After numerous appeals from the Americans at Vincennes, Clark was induced to lead an expedition for their defense against the Indians of the Wabash (1786). Because of the mutiny of some of his troops, the expedition proved a failure and it marks the turning point in his career. Time does not suffice to even outline events connected with this disaster.

In retirement at Mulberry Hill, the home of his father, (1789), Clark devoted his time, as he wrote, to reading, hunting, fishing, fowling, and corresponding with a few chosen friends. While his family, as he expressed it, was "by far the best settled of any persons in this part of the country," he was himself, like many others, burdened with lands for which there was no market. He had lost interest in public affairs. "As for the Politicks of this country," he writes, "first suppose a swarm of Hungary persons gaping for bread you may conclude that their ideas are not Genly Virtuous but as I don't meddle in their affairs I know but little about them." Very little of his correspondence during the ensuing four years has been preserved. He had, it was said, "grown temperate." At any rate this was the period when he took up with enthusiasm the writing of his memoir, a document so essential to the complete understanding of the conquest of the Northwest.

At that time, descriptions by travelers of the mounds in the Ohio and Mississippi valleys prompted inquiry as to their origin. Noah Webster, in response to a question submitted to him on this subject by Ezra Stiles, president of Yale College, advanced views which furnished the basis for extended discussion. President Stiles had himself ventured the opinion that the mounds were constructed by the followers of Madoc, a Welsh prince of the twelfth century. This theory was not wholly rejected by Webster, for, as he wrote: "There is such a surprising affinity between the Indian mounds and the barrows or cemeteries which remain in England but particularly in Wales and Anglesey the last retreats of the original Britons." His preference was for the theory that the mounds were constructed by the followers of Ferdinand DeSoto—a view also advanced by Benjamin Franklin. Two years later, September 3, 1789, Webster acknowledged his error in this conclusion and developed the theory which was generally accepted for many years. The Indians of Mexico and Peru, he stated, whose ancestors had lived in the territory beyond the Alleghany Mountains were descendants of the Carthaginians or other Mediterranean nations. At an unknown date, possibly in the thirteenth century, the Siberian Tartars, "Goths and Vandals" of North America, found their way to the northwest parts of this continent and pushed on until they met the southern and more ancient settlers. In the warfare which ensued the more civilized tribes were driven into Mexico, but in the conflict "between these different tribes or races of men were constituted the numerous fortifications discovered on the Ohio and in all parts of the western territory."

On this question, Clark, with good reason, thought himself an authority. As he wrote to the editor of the *American Museum*: "I

think the world ought to be undeceived in this point, so great a stranger to the western countrey as Mr. Webster appears to be ought to have informed himself better before he ventured to have pamed (palmed) his conjectures on the world. I don't suppose there is a person living that knows the Geography and Natural History of the back countrey better if so well as I do myself, it hath been my study for many years." He then developed a theory which, unknown for three-fourths of a century, is now universally accepted by archaeologists, namely, that the builders of the mounds were the ancestors of the Indian tribes occupying that region.

Again, his versatility is evident in an application for a patent right which would serve to protect his interest in an invention intended to facilitate river navigation by means of boats. While a number of similar proposals had been made, no patent for the purpose had yet been issued. So confident was Clark of success that in his presentation he asked for a resolution by Congress granting him a monopoly in the use of his machine throughout the continent for a period of fourteen years. He writes:

"I doubt Sir, you smile at the contents of this letter, as it may appear to border a little on the marvelous, when I inform you of an invention that will give a new turn to the face of things throughout the Western country.

Frequently navigating those rivers in the course of the War, with various kinds of vessels, I was led to believe that great improvement might be made, which I was determined to study, when I should have leisure to apply myself. But at that period, Mr. Rumsey and others amused us with vessels so constructed as to answer every desirable purpose. This I believed they would have done, having a similar idea myself. They failing, I again resumed the study, and soon found that it was necessary to make myself master of the mechanical powers, which I did, and to my astonishment, found that by a combination of those powers properly applied, that a boat of any size, with a small given force (either by men or horses on board) would be forced against a stream that no number of oars applied in the common way, could move her.* * * * Not being able to discover any defect, and further to satisfy myself, I had the machine actually made on a small scale and proved every conjecture beyond a doubt. It moves any number of oars you choose to apply, with more regularity and despatch than men can possibly do."

Shortly after, a well-known traveler gave an account of his interview with Clark as follows: "Arrived at his house under an apprehension that he had forgotten me. He immediately recognized me and without ceremony entered into familiar though desultory conversation, in which I was highly pleased with the Atticism of his wit, the genuine offspring of native genius. On serious and important occasions he displays a profundity of judgment aided by reflection and matured by experience."

Clark was not unmindful of the terror which was then sweeping over the frontier communities following the surprise and disorderly retreat of General Josiah Harmar's army from the Maumee Indian villages, and after the dreadful blow to the force led by General Arthur

St. Clair at the hands of Little Turtle and his Indian braves. Like Washington, Clark cried out for a leader who might be able "to put an end to this horrid Indian war that rages, and will more universally rage, on the frontier." He once more defined his policy for the settlement of the Indian problem:

"It is a pity that the blood and treasure of the people should be so lavished, when one campaign properly directed, would put an end to the war; and a well directed line of conduct, after such event should take place, might establish harmony between us and the Indians that might exist for many years. Two armies hath already been defeated, and I doubt (not) the third will share the same fate, if the greatest precaution is not made use of. We are suing the Indians for peace. This convinces them that we are beat and cowed, and of course will cause nations not yet at war to join the confederacy, and if they treat at all, their demands will be so great that it will be as dishonorable for the states to grant as it is for them." He confessed to his brother the secret hope that he might be called upon to put this policy to the test.

Such expression of confidence in himself was awakened, doubtless, through a friendly message from Thomas Jefferson but recently imparted to him. "Will it not be possible," it reads, "for you to bring Gen'l Clark forward? I know the greatness of his mind, and am more mortified at the cause which obscured it. Had this not unhappily taken place there was nothing he might not have hoped; could it be Surmounted his lost ground might yet be recovered. No man alive rated him higher than I did, and would again were he to become again what I knew him."

In expressing gratitude to Jefferson, Clark wished it understood that his acknowledgment of such appreciation came "untainted with the sordid desire of cultivating your patronage from selfish views. I am above that design but when duly called on I shall never be above the service of my Country at the risque of life and reputation, blood and treasure might have been and may yet be saved. * * * On no public occasion shall my exertions be wanting, My country and yourself may at all times, command me."

Alike cheering words came from Virginia, in letters from his brother Jonathan who had been spending some time in Richmond:

"I am told your Kentucky enemies are done yelping. Some of them I understand begin to fondle,—sorry Dogs. As to your enemies here I knew them not—that you had some I was certain—but I was the last person to be informed of them—but I believe they likewise are at present still—your friends begin to talk very bold and loud—some begin to (in)quire how you came to be left in the manner you were on your last expedition, and whether some of those who were at the head of those who came off, were not afraid you would actually and in earnest carry them where there were Indians—and others think you are not an improper person to be sent on the present expedition and I have lately heard that there are those who have become bold enough to say you ought to command it; these things must give you some pleasure, after the evils that has been attempted to be done you." In reply, Clark declared that he was more capable of negotiations and military life than ever, for his whole life had been devoted to its study.

Whatever assurance he may have gotten from these hopeful messages of the possible opportunity for regaining military prestige, it was but short lived. The honor of retrieving the situation by bringing the Indians of the Northwest into subjection was to be the achievement of General Anthony Wayne, who, in the spring of 1792, was commissioned to raise an army for that purpose.

The year 1792 was in other respects a critical one in Clark's life. His claims against Virginia, including his pay as an officer and the purchase of flour and other necessities for his army in the Revolution, amounting to $20,500, had again been rejected by the Assembly. The arguments against their assumption were: that there was doubt whether the bills had been paid in specie, and that they should have been presented earlier. The main reason, as stated by his brother Jonathan was the spirit of parsimony which controlled the majority. The court of appeals also, in June, decided adversely against the granting of half-pay to troops serving in the state line. A month earlier, Clark declared, while preparing another petition to the Virginia legislature, "I have given the United States half the territory they possess, and for them to suffer me to remain in poverty, in consequence of it, will not redound much to their honor hereafter. If I meet with another rebuff I must rest contented with it, be industrious, and look out further for my future bread." Then it was, no doubt, that he recalled the prophecy of his friends, Jefferson and George Mason, when he was setting out for the conquest of the Northwest: "We think you may safely confide in the Justice and Generosity of the Virginia Assembly." His last hope for relief was evidently shattered through the report on his memorial (November 1, 1792) containing the following statements: "Have not been able to bring on your memorial, and begin to fear I shall not have it in my power to do anything for you this Assembly. * * * As to the flour I am certain from all I can discover you will get nothing * * * as to commutation (compensation) I shall bring that on—I have your discharge from the Governor, and hope to succeed. I understand you intend in—therefore do not expect you will get this. * * *"

Then scarcely forty years of age, proud, ambitious, with his services seemingly unappreciated by his country, with prospects blighted, without employment, dependent on the generosity of his family, there was left to Clark, as he thought, only a life of obscurity. Conditions at Mulberry Hill were greatly altered after the death of his mother (April 1799). Three months later his father died. Jonathan and George Rogers were among the executors of their father's will, but to William, as chief heir, was given the home farm with twenty-four slaves, an estate of 7,000 acres of Kentucky lands, and additional lands north of the Ohio. The bequest to George Rogers consisted only of a man and a woman slave, for any property in his own name was subject to seizure by his creditors.

For three years he continued to live at Mulberry Hill, but he was dependent on the generosity of his brother. Life at best was lonely for him. He was land poor and in debt because of advance payments made for supplies to sustain his troops. An indebtedness to William for $2,100 was met through the transfer of 74,000 acres of Kentucky

land on the Ohio (1803). An additional 15,000 acres were disposed of the following year in the cancellation of another debt for 434 pounds. William finally sold his own farm and residence in order to meet the further pressing financial obligations of his brother.

Glimpses of his life are seen also in a letter from his nephew, John O'Fallon, whom Clark adopted as his son. He writes of the coming, each year, of Indian chiefs and warriors in order to smoke the pipe of peace and friendship with their conqueror, "the first man living, the great and invincible long knife." These visits were continued after he took up his residence at Clarksville (1803). This town, when founded, he had proclaimed as the commercial rival-to-be of Louisville. But it continued the typical frontier community of twenty houses with tavern and general store. Residents kept in touch with the world outside by the ferry to Louisville and the old Vincennes trace.

For six years Clark lived in this "deserted village," attending the meetings of the Commission on the Illinois Grant, taking part in the elections and other public affairs, and running a small stone grist mill. This mill was located near his home, a log house of two rooms with gables facing up and down the river. The cabin stood on a point of land overlooking the falls—one of the most picturesque and wild spots to be found on the Ohio. Here he lived attended by his servants. Here he was visited by Josiah Espy, in 1805, who writes:

"I had the pleasure of seeing this celebrated warrior at his lonely cottage seated on Clark's Point. This point is situated at the upper end of the Falls particularly the lower rapid, commanding a full and delightful view of the falls, particularly the zigzag channel which is only navigated at high water. The general has not taken much pains to improve this commanding and beautiful spot, but it is capable of being made one of the handsomest seats in the world. General Clark has now become rather frail and helpless but there are the remains of great dignity and manliness in his countenance, person and deportment, and I was struck with perhaps a fancied likeness to the great and immortal Washington."

A project, in which he was much interested, was for the construction of a canal extending from Clarksville to a point a mile and a quarter above the falls. In his application, which was granted by the trustees of the village, he provided that the control of a strip of land through which the canal was to pass should be vested in his brother, William, for the erection of mills, wharfs, storehouses, "or any kind of water-works that may be of public utility or for the erection of gates and locks for the passage of boats and vessels." It was his estimate that the construction of the stone containing walls and a lock with a 20-foot lift would cost about $150,000. A company was incorporated and the strip of land was purchased by December, 1804, but after years of favorable consideration the plan was abandoned.

Relations between the three brothers were, as already noted, most intimate. It was to his youngest brother that the General appealed for the adjustment of his financial embarrassments. Their interest in military affairs was mutual, and they shared in the collection and study of the remains of extinct animals. Before his cabin there were the petri-

fied specimens of the vertebrae and tusks of the mammoth, as he called it, and petrified fish and terrapins.

Pride in his brother's ability may be seen in a letter which he wrote President Jefferson. Jefferson, jealous for the interests of the United States after the acquisition of Louisiana by France, sought to ascertain the best site for a fort at the mouth of the Ohio River. His Secretary of War submitted the inquiry to William Clark. He, in turn, passed the letter on to his brother, George Rogers, who, in making a direct reply to Jefferson, states the results of his observations. He then pays a tribute to his brother in language which could not have failed to arrest the attention of the President:

"I suggest to you Sir, if worthy of your attention, any further information, and the best perhaps that can be obtained of that country, may be got from my brother William, who is now settled at Clarksville in the Indian Territory. I have long since laid aside all Idea of Public Affairs. By bad fortune, and ill health I have become incapable of pursuing those enterpriseing active pursuits which I have been fond of from my youth—but I will with the greatest pleasure give my bro William every information in my power on those or any other points which may be of Service to your Administration. He is well qualified almost for any business—If it should be in your power to Confer on him any post of Honor and profit, in this Country in which we live, it will exceedingly gratify me—I seem to have a right to expect such a gratification when asked for, but what will greatly heighten it is that I am sure it gives you pleasure to have it in your power to do me a service."

Evidently the application proved effective. Shortly after Captain William Clark, as the associate of Captain Meriwether Lewis and their small party of men, embarked at Clarksville (October 8, 1803)—an epochal event in the village—on their journey of exploration which was to extend "even to the Western Ocean." After the lapse of two years we find William writing of their success: "Great joy in camp, we are in view of the ocian, this great Pacific Octean which we have been so long anxious to see (November 7, 1805)."

At the same time General Clark was preparing a memorial which in equally forceful language describes the hardships undergone and states the significance of the capture of Vincennes. Without this event the triumphant note of William Clark could not have been uttered.

In his petition to Congress he asked that there should be confirmed to him a quantity of land equal in amount to the grant made in his favor by the Piankeshaw tribe and their confederates in 1779. He had disclaimed title to this grant, two and a half leagues square, situated at the falls of the Ohio, but his right thereto was conceded by the unanimous vote of the Assembly of Virginia. While the question was still under consideration in the Council, the claims of the state were transferred to the federal government.

"My reason (he declares) for not soliciting Congress before this, was the great number of Petitions before them, and the prospect I yet had of a future support, but those prospects are vanished. I engaged in the Revolution with all the Ardour that Youth could possess. My Zeal and Ambition rose with my success, determined to Save those

Countries which had been the Seat of my toil, at the hazard of my life and fortune.

At the most gloomy period of the War, when a Ration could not be purchased on Public Credit I risked my own, gave my Bonds, Mortgaged my Lands for supplies, Paid strict attention to every department, flattered the friendly and confused the hostile tribes of Indians by my emissaries, baffled my internal enemies (the most dangerous of the whole to Public Interest) and carried my Point. Thus at the end of the War I had the pleasure of seeing my Country Secure, but with the loss of my Manual activity and a prospect of future indigence, demands of very great amount were not paid, others with depreciated Paper, Suits commenced against me for those sums in specie. My military and other lands earned by my Service as far as they would extend were appropriated for the payment of those debts, and demands yet remaining to a considerable amount more than remains of a shattered fortune will pay—this is truly my situation—I see no other resorce remaining, but to make application to my Country for redress—hoping that they will so far ratify the Grant as to allow to your Memorialist an equal quantity of land now the property of the United States."

In his invitation to his friend John Breckenridge, formerly senator from Kentucky, to assist in the plea before Congress, he makes it clear that he has really no regrets for the sacrifices he was called upon to make during the Revolution: "Although the quantity called for is considerable it will not more than compensate me for the losses I have actually sustained by my involving myself so imprudently in the publick expenses which I doubt without assistance I never shall get clear of. But a country was at stake, and if it was imprudence, I suppose I should do the same should I again have a similar Field to pass through."

An adverse report by the Committee on Public Lands defeated the petition. The alternative request in the memorial "or for such other relief as may seem proper," was likewise ineffective.

In the meager correspondence during the three following years, chiefly letters to Clark, glimpses may be gotten of his real nature. He possessed unusual power over men. In that period when Jefferson was exclaiming to Washington, "The energetic genius of Clark is not altogether unknown to you," Clark was receiving the loyal and enthusiastic support of men such as Major Joseph Bowman, outstanding military leader; of Colonel John Todd, Jr., trained lawyer and organizer of orderly civil government; of Pierre Gibault, the Kaskaskia priest; and of Gabriel Cerré, French merchant and trader, who, as Clark stated, was one of the "most eminent men in the Countrey of great influance among the people." In years of retirement, he won the friendship of young men through the charm of his conversation, for he was an authority on the history, geography, and the development of the West. The founders and defenders were personally known to him. As we have seen, he was a lover of natural history. Jefferson refers to him as his chief authority on the Indian, and the great naturalist John J. Audubon, after a personal interview, acknowledges his indebtedness to him on bird life.

"I recollect with signal pleasure and advantage my short visit to you," one young man writes: "I long to repeat it and draw a little more out of that treasure of information which is to be found nowhere else."

Before returning to Clarksville, after his absence of three years, William Clark, then in St. Louis, hastened to send his brother an account of the journey to the Pacific. He gives an outline of the route taken, discusses the delay on their return due to snows in the Rocky Mountains, and describes the Indians and the products of the country passed through. He was especially interested in the large numbers of beavers seen on the way.

Early in 1808 Clark was the recipient of a letter from President Jefferson, who was interested in making a collection of the remains of extinct animals which were to be presented to the National Institute of France. With Jeffersonian precision he asks to have included the ribs, back-bones, leg-bones, thigh, horn, hips, shoulder blades, parts of upper and under jaw-teeth of the mammoth and elephant. * * * "I avail myself on this occasion," he concludes, "of recalling myself to your memory of assuring you that time has not lessened my friendship for you. We are both now grown old, you have been enjoying in retirement the recollection of the services you have rendered your country and I am about to retire without an equal consciousness that I have not occupied places in which others could have done more good; but in all places & times I shall wish you every happiness and salute you with great friendship and esteem."

The breadth of his interests during these years may be seen also through the communications of two of his nephews. "All his leisure time was occupied in reading," one of them stated. "His fine and extensive library which he took to Point of Rocks was by gifts and loans reduced to a mere skeleton by the year 1809." An entry in Clark's diary on the day he proposed to the Governor and Council of Virginia the conquest of the Northwest is here suggestive: "Got to Williamsburg bought 2 shirts and a Book £ 5."

"He rarely if ever, spoke of himself or of his achievements," this nephew continues. His "unselfishness was a marked characteristic and he was always willing to divide all he possessed with a friend or with those he imagined in need." These recollections of later years have their foundation in two typical schoolboy letters from the same nephew. "I am greatly Ob(liged) to you for the horse you have sent me. But I am now in as great labyrinth as before. It is uncertain when my saddle will be done. * * * I wish you could contrive me up Uncle for I have no other resource but you. Kit says he wishes to go, but I am ashamed to ask such a thing, and nothing but necessity could Compell me to do so. Mamma is very uneasy about me, not knowing what to do, I wish Uncle you would form some plan and send me word as soon as you possibly can."

The reply of another nephew to the request for some books was: "I have sent you the life of Fredk. the 2nd, but I suppose you have Read them. We have no Other Books that will Suit you as you are not fond of (MSS unintelligible) I will try and get some for you—perhaps I will be down this afternoon." Probably the last

letter written in his own hand was addressed to still another of his nephews, requesting a loan of fifty dollars which was to be used in paying workmen who were engaged in finishing his house.

The letter from one of his brothers-in-law gives evidence also of the high esteem in which he was held by his family. "When I saw you at the Springs the other day, you told me you were busily engaged in finishing your house. That is well enough, but I shd feel better satisfied if you would come & spend the Winter with me. Every thing that is in my power to make your situation comfortable shall be done & think you had better come."

Six months after (1809), because of an accident, he was forced to quit Clark's Point. Stricken with paralysis of his right side, he fell unconscious in front of the fireplace in his cabin and his right leg was badly burned. From this stroke he never fully recovered. An infection of his right foot and leg made amputation necessary. The pain and danger connected with such an operation, with no anaesthetic nor antiseptics, may readily be imagined. Upon his own request he was cheered by the strains of martial music during the two hours required by the surgeons in performing this task. This weird scene was described shortly after by his nephew, George Rogers Clark Sullivan:

"Your Uncle George is with us in high spirits, and the wound healed up. I have stayed with him every night since he has been in town, that is about 5 weeks. I never new a man in my life to stand it so well as he did the day it was taken off. he sent for the drummer and fifer to come and play. Floyd then took the hint and had all the men placed around the house with two drums and two fifers and played for about two hours and his leg was taken off in the mean time. In the evening they returned and played for about an hour, and then ten at night four elegant violins two drums two fifes marched around the house for about an hour playing elegant marches."

Thereafter he lived at Locust Grove, eight miles from Louisville, the home of his sister Lucy, who was the wife of Major William Croghan. During the remaining nine years of his life he received every possible attention. A wheel chair enabled him to go about the house, and he was supplied with a carriage for trips to town. His interest in the allotment of lands to his Illinois troops was still unflagging. Three times, within the year following the operation, the minutes of the Commissioners show that he was in attendance at all their sessions as chairman.

Among the messages of respect and confidence of which he was then the recipient were two which served to revive the memories of those years when he participated in deeds of heroism with which his name must always be linked. It was Francis Vigo, the Italian trader, who, on January 29, 1779, when Clark was in doubt regarding his next move, brought him "every Inteligence that I could wish to have." From Vincennes this faithful friend through the years writes:

"When I saw that on a late occasion, on the fourth of July last, the citizens of Jefferson County and vicinity, from a spontaneous impulse of gratitude and esteem had paid an unfeigned tribute of respect to the veteran to whose skill and valor America and Kentucky

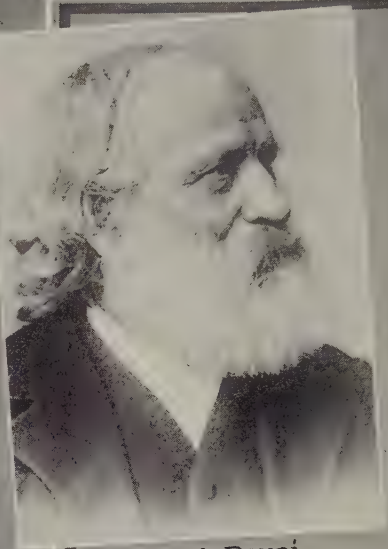
owe so much, I then repelled the unwelcome idea of national ingratitude and my sentiments chimed in unison with those of the worthy citizens of Kentucky towards the saviour of this once distressed Country. * * * Please Sir to accept this plain but genuine offering from a man whom you honoured once with your friendship, and who will never cease to put up prayers to heaven that the evening of your days may be serene and happy."

The second note of cheer came through an act of the legislature of Virginia, passed almost, to a day, a third of a century after Hamilton, responding to the demand "immediate surrender," marched out of Fort Sackville in the presence of Clark's bedraggled troops drawn up on parade, and the American colors were run up. By this law he was granted a life pension of $400 a year. It was also voted to present him with a sword to be manufactured at the state armory.

Governor James Barbour, in addition to his official message which accompanied the sword, took the occasion, as he wrote Clark, for "an expression of my own feelings. * * * I have dwelt with rapture upon the distinguished part you acted in that great drama, being always convinced, that it only wanted the adventitious aid of numbers, to make it amongst the most splendid examples of skill and courage, which any age or country has produced."

Judged by his reply to the tribute of the Governor, Clark's words, on the occasion when the sword was actually presented, were an expression of gratitude. "Flattering indeed" as expressed by his brother-in-law, "it is to him to find that his exertions when doing his Duty Should meet the Approbation of so respectable a body of his fellow Citizens as Your Excellency & the General Assembly of Virginia. The Genl flatters himself that some Conveyance will Shortly offer by which the Sword (voted to him by the General Assembly) may be forwarded * * * he says he is much obliged by your polite offer of transmitting to him money the Assembly voted him & says he will probably trouble you."

On February 1, 1813, Clark attended for the last time a meeting of the board on the Illinois grant. Shortly after, a second stroke of paralysis left him with mind impaired, with loss of speech, and incapable of moving about. Five years later death came through a stroke of apoplexy (February 13, 1818). On Sunday (February 15), "a very stormy, snowy day," services, military and religious, were conducted which were attended by "a large assemblage of persons." One sentence only of the oration given by Judge John Rowan was reported: "The mighty oak of the forest has fallen, and now the scrub oaks may sprout all around."



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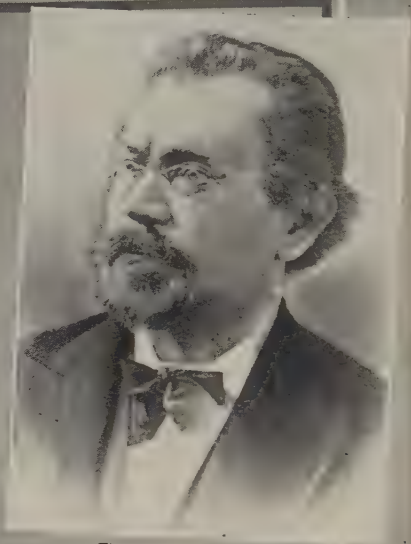

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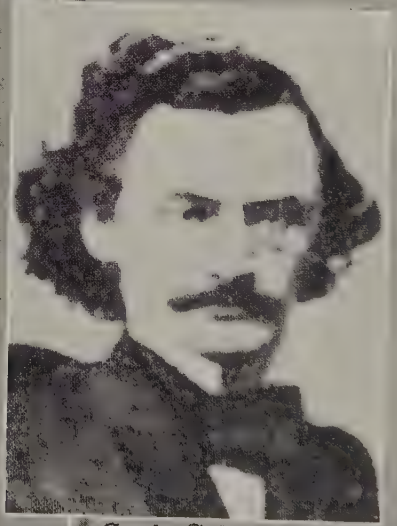

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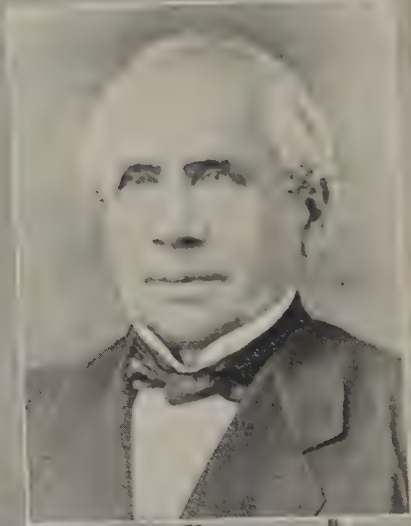

Gustav Koerner

THE CONFERENCE IN THE DEUTSCHES HAUS CHICAGO, MAY 14-15, 1860.

A Study of Some of the Preliminaries Of the National Republican Convention of 1860.[1]

By F. I. Herriott,
Professor in Drake University.

The first nomination of Mr. Abraham Lincoln of Springfield, Illinois, for the Presidency of the United States by the National Republican Convention in Chicago, on Friday, May 18, 1860—despite the countless addresses, articles, brochures and books, biographies and histories by annalists, eulogists and critical students—continues to be a mystery to the layman and a perplexity to the learned.

I.

Professor Goldwin Smith did not hesitate to assert in his *History* that Abraham Lincoln's first nomination was due wholly to a "cabal" against Seward, the superior candidate; and later he declared it the resultant of "local hurrah" and the achievement "an accident."[2]

Mr. Chauncey Depew, Admiral F. E. Chadwick, and Mr. James Schouler declare that the decision of the convention was a "miracle" or the beneficent interposition of Divine Providence.[3]

The learned M. Ostrogorski is certain that "wire-pulling was at least as great a factor as spontaneous devotion to principle"[4] while Mr. Carl Sandburg hardly minces matters when he says that Seward's defeat (like Clay's and Webster's) was due to the fact that "mice nibbled, gnawed in the cellar of fate."[4] *Per contra* Messrs. Nicolay and Hay assure us that Lincoln's nomination was "hardly the work of

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[1]The pages which follow give *in extenso* what the writer presented in very summary fashion as the opening address of the 29th Annual Meeting of the Illinois State Historical Society at Springfield, Thursday, May 10, 1928.

The German Conference in the Deutsches Haus, Chicago, May 14-15, 1860, and the Candidacies of Judge Edward Bates of St. Louis, and Mr. Abraham Lincoln of Springfield in the ensuant National Republican Convention, May 16-17-18, 1860.

[2]Goldwin Smith: *The United States: An Outline of Political History*, 1492-1871 (1893) p. 241; *Life and Opinions* by His Literary Executor (1881) Part II, Conservations and Comments, p. 157. E. E. Sparks. The United States of America (1904). Vol. II, p. 244.

[3]Chauncey M. Depew, *Addresses Delivered at the Lincoln Dinners of The Republican Club of the City of New York* (1909), p. 103. French E. Chadwick, *Causes of the Civil War*, p. 123, Hart (ed.) *The American Nation*, Vol. 19 (1906). James Schouler, *History of the United States* (rev. ed., 1894). Vol. V, p. 459.

[4]M. Ostrogorski: *Democracy and the Organization of Political Parties*, (1902), Vol II., p. 112. Carl Sandburg, *Abraham Lincoln: The Prairie Years* (1926), Vol. II, p. 343.

the delegates—it was the concurrent product of popular wisdom."[5] But Mr. Rhodes insists that Seward "was alike the choice of the politicians and the people."[6]

Richard Grant White, Professor Wm. McDonald, and Rev. Wm. A. Barton discover the explanation in Greeley's bitter resentment of the personal slights he suffered at the hands of his distinguished copartners in the celebrated political firm of Seward, Greeley and Weed in 1854 and previous years.[7]

Professor Arthur M. Schlesinger of Harvard, following Professor Emerson Fite, then of Yale, now of Vassar College, unhesitatingly asserts that Lincoln's "greatest asset" with the delegates "was his obscurity. Despite his debates with Douglas he was scarcely known outside his own state."[8] Mr. T. P. O'Connor, writing to the London *Telegraph,* quoting no less an informant than Mr. Joseph Medill of the *Press and Tribune* of Chicago, who was of those who moved Heaven and earth to compass the nomination, says: "When the convention started there did not seem to be a ghost of a chance for Lincoln."[9]

The latest, and in many respects one of the most interesting suggestions offered by our learned academicians in the way of explanation of the astonishing event in Chicago, Friday, May 18, 1860, has been given the public recently in the *Century Magazine* for March, 1927, by Professor William E. Dodd of the University of Chicago. Writing about the conditions in the city and in the convention hall that morning, Professor Dodd asserts without any reservations:

> ....as the great convention met in Chicago, the second national gathering of the young enthusiastic party, roistering, half drunk and swearing in roaring, snorting Chicago on May 17, 1860.

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[5]Nicolay and Hay: *Abraham Lincoln: A History* (1890), Vol. II, p. 263. See also Bishop Charles Henry Fowler in *Patriotic Orators* (1910) p. 73; "His nomination was the triumph of the people." Rich. W. Thompson: *Recollections of Sixteen Presidents—Washington to Lincoln* (1894)—"The nomination of Lincoln for the Presidency was a triumph of Conservatism ...." p. 390.

[6]James F. Rhodes *History of the United States from the Compromise of* 1850 (1892), Vol. II, p. 460.

[7]*North American Review,* Vol. 124, p. 225. Wm. McDonald, *From Jefferson to Lincoln* (1913), p. 246. Wm. E. Barton, *The Life of Abraham Lincoln* (1925), Vol. I, 429-430. "It is quite certain that William H. Seward would have been nominated if Horace Greeley had not quarreled with Seward and his manager, Thurlow Weed." Ib. p. 432.

[8]Arthur M. Schlesinger. *Political and Social History of the United States, 1829-1925* (1925) p. 166; Emerson D. Fite *The Presidential Campaign of 1860.* (1911), p. 127; Edw. Channing, *A Student's History of the United States* (1908), p. 470: Willis Mason West, *The Story of American Democracy —Political and Social* (1922), p. 574. Mr. West informs us that "most New England Republicans....looked upon Lincoln as not only obscure, but ignorant, uncouth and incapable." J. J. Jusserand *With Americans Past and Present* (1916), p. 282. James Morgan, *Our Presidents* (1924), p. 141. George O. Seilhamer, *History of the Republican Party,* Vol. I, p. 53. Edward Everett Hale, Jr., *William H. Seward* (1910), p. 261. James Bryce *The American Commonwealth* (3rd ed. 1895). Vol. II, p. 236. James Spencer Bassett in his *Short History of the United States* (1921) says: "....*Harper's Weekly* was the only New York Journal which considered him (Lincoln) a possibility." p. 508.

[9]*Living Age,* Vol. 306. From *The Telegraph* "Lincoln's Personality: An English Study" by T. P. O'Connor, p. 605.

Tobacco juice and saliva made the floor slippery; bottle stoppers tripped one in the aisles; empty bottles along the walls; the whole place smelling strong of corn whiskey. It was a great convention, making ready to choose the nation's standard bearer. Abraham Lincoln was chosen; . . . .[10]

If Professor Dodd was not indulging in Olympian facetiousness he leaves us no other conclusion than a disagreeable one. The delegates in that famous convention in the Wigwam, we are to infer—in fact we must infer—were drunk. Men "half drunk" under such conditions of intense excitement and because of the grilling stress of the furious factional contention that concentrated in that convention city that week, go the other half. He would have us believe that those delegates, and the Republican leaders who were there assembled in conference with them, came to their fate-pregnant decision by a sort of flare or non-rational action of inebriated men, milling about in a vortex of inanities and uproar.

This summary may conclude with the observations of two noted biographers of Lincoln, both judicious and learned writers, both admirers of Lincoln and sympathetic students of his life and works. Mr. John T. Morse, Jr., editor of the well-known series of "American Statesmen" in his Life says bluntly: "The convention deserved no credit for its action." Lord Charnwood asserts no less bluntly: " . . . . this was the most surprising nomination ever made in America," and later insists that "The choice was not the result of merit."[11]

As one studies the increasing miscellany of Lincolniana, directly or indirectly relating to the Chicago convention, one might appropriately conclude that Kipling's flippant thrummer of the immortal Banjo sat astride the roof of the Wigwam on that Fate-ladened Friday morning with leering eye and tongue in cheek and flung forth his audacious lines

I'm the prophet of the Utterly Absurd,
  Of the Patently Impossible and Vain—
And when the Thing that Couldn't has occurred
  Give me time to change my leg and go again.

II.

The crass contradiction, the distracting divergences, and the utter confusion in the interpretations of the work of the Chicago convention of 1860 have been due largely, if not wholly, to the fact that its nomination has been canvassed from personal, partisan and sectional points of view with five erroneous assumptions chiefly controlling the writers essaying the explanations.

The first of the assumptions has been that belligerent anti-slavery sentiment controlled the Free States of the North and West, many even assuming that it amounted to aggressive abolitionism of the Garrisonian variety. The second invalid assumption has been that the North was universally—or substantially so—insistent upon the nomination of Senator Wm. H. Seward of New York because he best typified and made vocal that anti-slavery sentiment. The third assumption has been the general opinion that the hostility of the "Americans,"

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[10] *Century Magazine*, Vol. 113, p. 574, "*The Rise of Abraham Lincoln.*"..

[11] John T. Morse, Jr. (American Statesmen Series) *Abraham Lincoln* (1893), Vol. I, p. 172. Lord Charnwood, *Abraham Lincoln* (1916), pp. 166, 167.

or decadent Know-Nothings, constituted the one and only serious obstruction athwart the nomination of the Statesman of Auburn. The fourth assumption, universally held, has been the belief that there was no serious division of opinion or disturbing question interesting the delegates but a single, simple one, to-wit, the selection of the standard bearer. The fifth assumption very generally entertained (although not so vigorously by all as the preceding) is that the nominee was an uncultured "Unknown."

It is not my purpose here to consider at length the confusion worse confounded in the explanations of the notable distinction accorded Mr. Lincoln on May 18, 1860. I do, however, undertake to present a complex of facts that constitute, in my judgment, one of the two major factors controlling the determinations of the delegates in the Wigwam: neither of which have been appreciated, and one of them—the one to which I here direct attention—has not been discerned, or even sensed by any of the biographers or historians dealing specifically or generally with the nomination of Mr. Lincoln.

The basic and primary fact in the political terrain in the North in 1860, was that neither Abolition nor aggressive "anti-slavery" sentiment was predominant or prevalent. The Garrisonian radical was *persona non grata* to the generality. Idealistically all were against Slavery; and practically all were hostile to its extension, and particularly to its invasion of the Northern or "Free States." But none of them—save the Garrisonian species was in favor of attacking the institution in its Southern haunts. Part and parcel of this fact was another of enormous significance, namely, the people of "the battle-ground states," as the parlance of the day put it—Iowa, Illinois, Indiana, Ohio, Pennsylvania, New Jersey and Connecticut, and possibly Rhode Island—were either predominantly Southern in their nativity or ancestral antecedents and affiliations and prejudices (as in the first four named) or because of the late disappearance of Slavery in the last four states named were sympathetic with the Southern Slave owners. These were violently opposed to Seward's "Higher-law-ism" and anything that squinted towards or smacked of "Negro equality." The latter feelings were aversions about which they did not argue. They constituted political imponderables of the highest potential which shrewd party leaders did not dare ignore unless they were reckless of defeat. This fact and its complexes of factors and phases I do not here deal with.[12]

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[12]The views expressed in the following narrative have been developing rather slowly. In 1905 I became interested in an adverse reference to the attitude of Iowa's Republican leaders towards Salmon P. Chase's candidacy for the Presidency in Professor Albert Bushnell Hart's Life of Chase in the American Statesmen series. In *The Annals of Iowa* for July and October, 1907 I dealt with that aspersion and with sundry phases of the conditions and factors leading up to the Chicago Convention of 1860 under the caption: "The First Nomination of Abraham Lincoln." See especially Section V, entitled "Conditions Athwart the Plans of Weed, Greeley and the Blairs," sub-sections: "2—Southern Stocks and Prejudices Predominant;" "4—Smouldering Fires in 1857-1858;" "5—The Blaze over the Massachusetts Law;" "6—The Campaign of 1859." Vol. VIII pp. 195-220.

In July 1908 I returned to the theme undertaking to trace the growth of political discussion in Iowa (between 1856-60) leading up to Mr. Lincoln's

The second fact, coequal in political significance with the Pro-Southern prejudices of the people of the "Battle-ground states" was that the balance of power between the Democratic and Republican parties at the ballot box was held by the foreign-born voters and particularly the Germans. The Germans had come into the Republican party in the presidential campaign of 1856 by the tens of thousands and they were the most downright, outright and unequivocal fighting Republicans, for reasons which will be indicated later.

The national census of 1860 displayed the fact that there were 1,301,136 foreign born residents in the country. The greater part of

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first nomination—See *Annals of Iowa* Vol. VIII pp. 444-466; in April, 1909, Vol. IX. pp. 45-64; January 1910. "The Republican Preliminaries in Iowa—1859-1860" *Ibid* pp. 241-283; in July-October 1910, "The Republican State Convention in Des Moines, January 18, 1860" *Ibid* pp. 401-446.

The strategic importance of the German Republicans in the preliminaries of the National Republican Convention of 1860 and the noteworthy and significant action of the Germans of Davenport March 7, 1860, I pointed out particularly in an article prepared in 1908-9 for Mr. Harry Downer's *History of Scott County and Davenport, Iowa* (1910), appearing therein as Chapter XXX and entitled "A Forceful Influence" pp. 839-846: the same reprinted in *Deutsche-Amerikanische Geschichtsblätter* for July 1910, Vol. X. pp. 156-163, published by the German American Historical Society of Illinois.

The publication of that study led to an invitation to address the last named Society. On April 7, 1911 I delivered a lecture before its members on "The Germans and the National Republican Convention of 1860" in Maennerchor Hall, Chicago, in which I dealt with the Conference in the Deutsches Haus and its significance. On May 17 following I read a paper before the members of the Illinois State Historical Society at the 12th Annual session at Evanston on "Massachusetts, The Germans and the Chicago Convention of 1860" in which I dealt with the "Two Year" Amendment of the Old Bay States and its influence in producing the hostile attitude towards the candidacy of Judge Bates—the Conference in the Deutsches Haus again being canvassed. Neither address was published.

As I began to sense the reaches and significance of the part taken by the foreign-born voters in the party formations of the early and middle fifties I began to examine the activities of the Germans in the violent reaction against the Repeal of the Missouri Compromise in 1854. On May 24, 1912 I read a paper before the 13th Session of the Illinois State Historical Society at Springfield entitled "Stephen A. Douglas and the Germans in 1854. "(See *Transactions* for 1912 pp. 142-158). A section of that paper was expanded at considerable length and was published in *Deutsch-Amerikanische Geschichtsblätter* Vol. XII. pp. 156-163 under the title "The Germans of Chicago and Stephen A. Douglas in 1854."

Various phases were dealt with in four Monographs published between 1913 and 1918 as follows:

The Germans of Iowa and the "Two Year" Amendment of Massachusetts Jahrbuch D. A. Hist. Ges. Ill. 1913, pp. 202-308.

The Germans in the Gubernatorial Campaign of Iowa in 1859 Jahrbuch *Ibid* 1914, pp. 451-622.

The Premises and Significance of Abraham Lincoln's Letter to Theodor Canisius Jahrbuch *Ibid*, 1915, pp. 181-254.

A Neglected Factor in the Anti-Slavery Triumph in Iowa in 1854 Jahrbuchs, *Ibid* 1918-1919, pp. 174-355.

James W. Grimes Versus the Southrons: etc. being a reprint of sundry sections of the foregoing with considerable new evidence confirming the contentions ventured in the first publication, *Annals of Iowa* (July 1926) Vol. XV., pp. 323-357, 403-432.

In the several monographs and papers mentioned I dealt chiefly with the efforts of the Republican party leaders and managers to allure and to hold the German Republican voters and especially with the distraction and per-

them resided in the Northern states. Of that total 702,754 were listed from the German states including Austria—the natives of Holland, Poland, Russia and Switzerland might very appropriately be comprehended with them.

The Germans clearly held the balance of power at the polls in Missouri, Iowa and Minnesota, in Illinois and Wisconsin, in Indiana, Ohio and Michigan, in Maryland, Pennsylvania, New Jersey, New York and Connecticut. Further they could not be safely ignored or defied in California and Massachusetts. I give the census figures for the states named for they constitute ground facts of the utmost importance in measuring what actually happened.

State	Total Population	Total Foreign	Total German
Connecticut	460,147	80,696	8,525
Massachusetts	1,231,066	260,114	9,961
New York	3,880,735	998,640	256,252
New Jersey	672,017	122,790	33,772
Pennsylvania	2,906,215	430,505	138,244
Ohio	2,339,511	328,254	168,210
Indiana	1,350,428	118,184	66,705
Illinois	1,711,951	324,643	130,804
Iowa	674,913	106,081	38,555
Michigan	749,113	149,092	38,787
Wisconsin	775,881	276,927	123,879
Minnesota	172,023	58,728	18,400
Maryland	599,860	77,536	43,884
Missouri	1,067,081	160,541	88,487
California	379,994	146,528	21,646

Prior to 1850 the vast majority of the foreign-born entered the ranks of the Democratic party. The notorious "Alien and Sedition" law of 1798 and the periodic outbreaks of malevolent propaganda against the foreign-born—and particularly against the Catholics, who constituted the major number at the outset—seemed to be favored chiefly by the Federalists, and their lineal descendants, the Whigs. The very word "Democratic" and the liberal philosophy and the benef-

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plexity of the party managers when the act of Massachusetts set the woods and prairies on fire with *furore teutonico*. When war broke out between Germany and the United States in 1917 the continuance of extensive or particular investigations along the lines followed became impracticable because of the violent prejudices engendered and I discontinued my studies for several years.

During 1925 since international antipathies had ceased to be inflamed I began again to examine into various phases of the preliminaries of the Chicago convention of 1860. The political significance of the numerical preponderance of natives of the Old South in the pioneer population of the states of Iowa, Illinois, Indiana and Ohio, and the persistent "pro-slavery" sentiment in Pennsylvania, New Jersey and Connecticut, that is antagonism to radical abolitionism in their relations to the foreign-born and particularly the Germans engaged my interests and I brought them to focus in two addresses:

"Abraham Lincoln: The Major Factors and Forces in His First Nomination for the Presidency"—delivered before the Faculty and Students of Grinnell College, in Herrick Chapel, February 12, 1926; and

"Basic Facts Controlling the Chicago Convention of 1860:—delivered before the Chicago Historical Society, February 11, 1927.

The narrative which follows is an expansion of three sections and portions of others in the two next preceding addresses.

icent attitude of Thos. Jefferson and his partisan followers towards European immigrants attracted and held countless thousands.

Slavery they accepted at the outset for the most part as they accepted the weather and topography, as an unavoidable fact of the new country and its institutions. The Irish, for some curious reason, ever remained indifferent to its existence until the nation's life was endangered. The Germans looked askance at the institution—and not a few like Carl Follen, Francis Lieber, the Grimke Sisters, and Ernestine Rose, spoke out against its sorry features—but prior to the conclusion of the Mexican war, few were belligerently antagonistic. The Revolutionary upheavals in continental Europe in 1848, however, suddenly changed their relations to the subject.

III.

The bitter experiences of the peoples of continental Europe under the arbitrary governments of their kings in Austria, Denmark, France, Germany, Italy during the first half of the century—arbitrary arrests and espionage, denial of speedy trials and the deprivation of the common liberties of action in business, discussion and migration, and endless stupidities in the exactions of the governments, incident to lack of a definite constitutional order—these multitudinous grievances and oppressions brought on the general upheaval of 1848-1849. Sorry discomfiture and collapse followed close upon initial success and ruthless measures were inflicted upon the seekers after constitutional government. They fled from their native lands by the tens of thousands and for the most part came to the United States.

The "Forty-eighters" were "Liberals" of the most pronounced sort. They were "idealists" of the most definite, conscious kind. They were in notable measure men of high attainments in educational achievement—hundreds of them being products of their finest University culture. Moreover, their ideals of law and government and human relations were actualities in their daily life and feelings. They had lived mainly to realize them; and they came to our shores chiefly because they had heard that in this "land of the free and the home of the brave" the liberties of the individual were not only enjoyed but assured by an immutable constitutional order.

Their arrival in this country, however, was coincident with the second great culmination of violent discussion of the Slavery question which had been growing steadily in animosity throughout the decade of the '40s, precipitated by the territorial acquisitions of the Mexican war and the Wilmot Proviso. The Clay Compromise of 1850 suddenly focussed the attention of the European refugees upon the institution of Slavery and the enactment of the Fugitive Slave law therein brought all of them into a state of hyper-consciousness anent the nature of the institution and the sorry phases of the administration of the law protecting the owners of slaves. The apprehension of fugitive slaves and the summary proceedings in dealing with them, reminded them sharply of their unhappy experiences under the Hapsburgs and the Hohenzollerns. They had been crying out against oppressive government for years in Europe. Here to their amazement they came in-

stantly into collision with it in a land which they had supposed free from its iniquities.[13] The "Forty-eighters" began almost immediately to align themselves with the "anti-slavery" forces. Douglas' dramatic and successful maneuvres in securing the Repeal of the Missouri Compromise, restricting the northern and westward extension of Slavery, amazed the country, and it shocked his thousands of admirers among the liberty-loving Germans who deserted his standard by the thousands.[14]

If there were time, it would be instructive to set forth various phases of the aggressive, not to say belligerent, idealism of Germans in respect of Slavery. The Turners and Labor Unions generally were against the institution, often in the most outspoken way. Dr. Adolph Douai, of whom we shall learn more later, conducted a German paper at San Antonio, Texas, from 1852-1855 in which he advocated the abolition of slavery and for his temerity was forced to leave.[15] When John Brown was executed for his raid at Harper's Ferry, Theo. Olshausen, the editor of *Der Demokrat* at Davenport, encased his editorial in eulogy of the martyr in heavy black borders; and the leading Germans of Davenport decorated their business houses with black and wore crape on their arms.[16]

We must now consider another complex of facts that greatly excited the German Republicans and influenced their feelings and impelled their actions.

IV.

Militant anti-foreign prejudice and pursuant propaganda antagonistic to the political and social and industrial privileges of the foreign-born have been among the constant factors in American politics. It has surged up in violent feeling with rhythmical recurrence about every twenty years throughout our national history. It reached one of its culminations in the pre-civil war decade in militant Know-Nothingism —or as its proponents would prefer to call it "Americanism." It broke out in assaults, incendiarism and rancorous proscriptive programs. It got such headway that in 1856 one major party advocated an increase in the probationary period in Naturalization from five to twenty-one years. It completely wrecked the Whig party in 1852 and it was a potent although not a predominant fact at the opening of 1860. Our historians generally have been inclined to minimize its importance and to look upon it as negligible so far as real force was concerned—but it was a serious factor that had to be reckoned with. The "Americans" or nativistic propagandists held the whip in Indiana, Pennsylvania, New Jersey, Connecticut, Massachusetts and Rhode Island. Their belligerency was alert and aggressive. They had defeated more or less of the Republican ticket in New York in the elections of 1859. Party leaders did not dare ignore their demands. Their good will had

[13]See Ernest Bruncken, *Political Refugees in the United States;* also Faust's *German Element in the United States* II pp. 126-137.

[14]See my "Stephen A. Douglas and the Germans in 1854" in *Proc. Ill. State Hist. Soc.* for 1912, pp. 142-158.

[15]Frederick Law Olmstead. *A Journey Through Texas* (1856), pp. 436-9.

[16]See *Der Demokrat*, December 2, 1859.

to be secured either in the platform or in the person of the candidate; and to them William H. Seward was *persona non grata.*

In 1859 when Know-Nothingism was apparently dying down in virulence, its propagandists in Massachusetts started a blaze by the passage first in the General Court of that state of what became known as the "Two Year Amendment" to the state constitution, providing that no naturalized citizen of the United States could vote or hold office in that Commonwealth until after another probationary period of two years. This proposal was submitted to the voters of the Old Bay state in May 1859. Its submission produced a violent revulsion of feeling among the Germans throughout the length and breadth of the North, from Boston to San Francisco. Republican leaders and Committees and the party press quite generally pronounced it anathema—but despite the rolling tides of opposition, it was ratified at the polls. The Republicans of course were denounced the country over as sanctioning it. The Democrats were in high glee and the shrewd Republican leaders found it difficult to explain and reconcile their concern for the foreign-born in full face of that proscriptive act. The decisive importance of that act I have already shown in a study of the Premises and Significance of Abraham Lincoln's Letter to Theodore Canisius of Springfield following the adoption of the Massachusetts amendment. In my judgment it was that remarkable letter which constituted the major immediate fact in bringing about the compromise which resulted in his nomination at Chicago.[17]

The "Two-year Amendment" of Massachusetts in 1859 was as much of an outrage to the Germans as the John Brown raid was to the Southerners; and it produced the same violent reactions among the Germans. Republican conventions and Central Committees throughout all of the states wherein the Germans held the balance of power at the polls, publicly denounced the act. Their party leaders were painfully embarrassed, and for the most part were apologetic.

The Republicans had a few crumbs of comfort in the predicament in which the Democrats found themselves, upon the publication in May, 1859, of the letter of Secretary Cass to a Frenchman, Felix LeClerc an emigrant refugee, who was told by Mr. Buchanan's Secretary of State, that this government could not protect him from imprisonment should he return to France because of his avoidance of military service by his emigration. Public feeling was again aggravated among the Germans by similar reply to Mr. A. V. Hofer, a German, interested in precisely the same question, published in June following.[18]

These are some of the cardinal facts which inflamed the minds of those German Republicans who became so alert, alarmed and aggressive in the forepart of 1860 and caused them to come together in a concert of action which finally focussed in a Conference in the

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[17]See my "The Premises and Significance of Abraham Lincoln's Letter to Theodor Canisius," Vol. XV, Yearbook German American Historical Society of Illinois.

[18]*Moore International Law Digest VIII*, pp. 552-604; and my "The Germans of Iowa and the 'Two Year' Amendment of Massachusetts" in Yearbook Ger. Am. Hist. Soc. of Ill., Vol. XIII.

Deutsches Haus, Chicago, on May 14-15, 1860, the proceedings of which and their consequences are the objectives of the following narrative.

In the narrative which follows I shall quote frequently and generously from newspapers, and often at considerable length, and, anon, from private correspondence of the party leaders of the period, and I may infringe traditional literary canons in so doing. But I do so for what is to me a convincing reason. The public for so long has been given narratives, for the most part written from particular, personal, partisan and sectional points of view, in which the various clusters of facts herein presented have not been discerned, or if seen, unappreciated or ignored. The popular assumptions thereby produced have become so imbedded in traditional opinion that condensed summaries or concise consideration of the evidence will not produce the correct impression of the true state of the facts in the actual progress of the presidential preliminaries of the Chicago convention in 1859 and 1860, which one may easily acquire from a survey of the extant files of correspondence and the newspapers of the period. Political campaigns are controlled by basic or ground facts—not the spectacular or sensational facts which attract the crowds and the average writer, academic or literary,—but they are, for the most part, prosaic facts not noted by those interested mainly in dramatic effects. For this general reason I wish those who may follow me to get the primary and controlling facts in the media whence I have extracted them and to see them in the circumstances which controlled the thinking of the party workers of those days. In my opinion the data will prove more interesting than any attempted learned analysis or concise summary might prove to be.

Let us now turn to the progress of the preliminaries of the Chicago convention—keeping all of the facts just given in outline constantly in mind.

V.

The great majority of the biographers and writers dealing with either the lives of the candidates prominently mentioned in connection with the Chicago convention, or with the general developments in the preliminaries of the convention, assume that Senator Seward of New York clearly had the preponderance of both public opinion and political preference in his favor prior to the assembling of the delegates in the Wigwam. This assumption is far from true. The columns of two distinguished editors contain authoritative expressions which clearly indicate that they recognized that conditions in the doubtful states must determine the choice of the nominee:—each editor cited was an advocate of Seward's nomination.

Mr. H. J. Raymond's *N. Y. Times* in its account of the proceedings of the state Republican convention at Syracuse called to choose the delegates to the Chicago convention very frankly stated (April 21, 1860):

> There was nothing like blind devotion to Seward, inside or outside the convention; no evidence of a purpose to resort to extraordinary means to procure his nomination; no such idea as demanding him or nobody; nor was there the least indication of an extreme sentiment on the subject of the

nomination either way. While the feeling for Mr. Seward was unmistakable, there was at the same time a readiness to acknowledge that a state of things might arise requiring the nomination of some other man—in fact a state of feeling that seemed to have quite prepared itself for such a necessity. Devotion to the success of the Republican party and its principles was clearly stronger than personal attachments. Desire for success was paramount.

One fact I have never seen referred to by latter-day biographers of the chief candidates or historians dealing with the preliminaries and proceedings of the convention, namely, the rather open opposition of many of the leading members of Congress, and not a few of his confréres of the Senate, to Seward's nomination. A writer in the *Springfield Republican* says (April 24) that not more than two were "out-and-out" advocates of his nomination. The assertion was too strong but it was substantially correct. Congressmen may have idealistic notions but they are schooled in the necessities of practical success if they are to attain any progress towards ideals.

VI.

January 4, 1859, Greeley's *Tribune* began a series of powerful editorials dealing with the presidential campaign of 1860 and the conditions of success for the party in the forthcoming contest. Needless to say they were written with the remarkable clarity, downrightness and force which invariably characterized the editorial expressions of that noted journal. They were powerful pleas for caution, earnest thoughtfulness and common sense in selecting the party's candidate in the critical campaign that every one could discern was at hand.

In those editorials while frankly disclosing his general dislike of Slavery on idealistic grounds, the writer constantly pointed out that Slavery was a fact which could not be set aside or ignored, that no sane person was proposing to invade the rights of slave owners, that the only central purpose of the Republican party was to prevent its further extension, or increase of its influence and power in our national life. Dwelling constantly upon the many mistakes and blunders in the canvass of 1856 it stated that the friends of the South were so numerous in the North and so aroused at the incessant agitation against them, that the party merely invited defeat again unless the nominee was one who could and would hold the "conservative" element together, who had one thing in common with the anti-slavery radicals, namely opposition to the extension of slavery, and its possibilities as suggested by the Dred Scott decision of the Supreme Court. In the course of the year he frankly declared that he would support any one of half a dozen or more candidates whom he named—Chase, McLean, Fessenden, Lincoln, Seward, Wade or Bell, Bates, Botts, Crittenden, and even "a slave-owner" if sound on the main issue—any one of them who could bring all of the miscellaneous elements of the "Opposition" together and could lead them in a victorious campaign.

While the *Tribune* did not through 1859 emphasize the superior strength of any of the candidates mentioned it began to be generally suspected in the middle months of the year that Judge Edward Bates of St. Louis was the man Greeley and Dana preferred, or rather was the one deemed best able to insure victory for the party. Judge Bates'

friends and promotors kept him constantly before the voters by means of articles, letters, interviews and speeches. There were apparent many signs of systematic "work" on his behalf. He was a man of fine character, great ability and a fine record. He had inherited a considerable number of slaves from his father's estate in old Virginia and had emancipated all of them. While an opponent of Slavery in an ideal sense, he was a staunch friend of the owners of slaves in the matter of all of the rights guaranteed under the national constitution; and he was frankly opposed to the extension of slavery by legislation or by other means.

In January of 1860, Horace Greeley made one of his journeys out among the people—a practice which probably accounted for much of his enormous popularity and influence—this time journeying into "the States Northwest of the Ohio, Minnesota excepted." On his return he stopped at Davenport, Iowa, and penned one of his letters to the *Tribune* under date of January 29. In this letter he ventured to predict the nomination of Stephen A. Douglas by the Charleston convention. His great strength in the Northwest and in the North generally and the popularity of the views for which he stood in respect of slavery, would make him, as the Democratic nominee, exceedingly strong—particularly because of his long continued and powerful advocacy of the Homestead bill in Congress and on the hustings. Again Greeley shrewdly avoids personal commitment as to the various candidates. A part of his concluding paragraph reads:

> As to the Republicans of the Northwest the great mass of their delegates will go to Chicago, determined to make the strongest possible ticket without regard to personal claim or aspirations. I think the largest number of them would prefer Gov. Seward, should it appear that he can carry the States which are to decide the contest; but there are many who desire to see Abraham Lincoln's name on the national ticket, and none who do not place the triumph of principles far above any personal consideration. The merits of Bates, Dayton, McLean, Cameron, Chase, Banks, Read and others, are freely canvassed.

In view of the harsh criticisms and animadversion indulged in by the many critics of Greeley's course at Chicago, it is preeminently appropriate to note here that all of the sentiments expressed by Greeley between January 4, 1859 and May 22, 1860 in his celebrated account of the "Last Week at Chicago" were in all respects exactly the same in character and form and procedure as those put forth by him in the *Tribune* in the preconvention discussions in 1856 leading up to the nomination of Fremont and in all of which Seward and Weed agreed and concurred. Further it is pertinent to observe that the convention and the country concurred in those arguments and historians and eulogists have joined in a chorus of approval—save when they are discussing the work of the Chicago convention.

VII.

Cooperating with the *Tribune,* or concurring with its reasoning, were a number of King-makers who actively promoted the candidacy of Judge Bates. *Facile princeps* was that sturdy old Roman, Francis Blair of Maryland, sometime editor of *The Globe* and his two efficient and influential sons, Montgomery Blair of Washington, and Francis

Blair, Jr., of St. Louis. Concurring with them, if not in active co-operation all the time, were O. H. Browning of Illinois, Schuyler Colfax, Caleb Smith and John H. Defrees of Indiana, David Dudley Field of New York city, and Mr. John A. Kasson, chairman of the Republican state central committee of Iowa. The latter had practiced law in St. Louis for several years before coming to Iowa and knew and admired Judge Bates.

It was soon apparent that Judge Bates' candidacy was getting under considerable headway. Greeley's *Tribune,* it should not be overlooked, was the most influential single newspaper in the country. The circulation of the Weekly in Iowa was twice that of the largest circulation of any Republican organ in Iowa; and the same could be said of many other states west and perhaps east of the Alleghenies.[19]

Much proof of various kinds could be offered in substantiation of my contention as to the waxing strength of Judge Bates. I will offer sundry exhibits as illustrative: first, some extracts from sundry newspapers and then some evidence from the correspondence of one of the most prominently mentioned candidates before the Chicago convention.

Noting the recent pronouncement of the *St. Louis News* presenting the candidacy of Judge Bates *The Muscatine* (Iowa) *Journal,* edited by Mr. John Mahin—an editor who may without impropriety be called a staunch "liberal," in a community famous then, and later, for its advanced views on social questions, such as Slavery, Temperance and social reform—thus referred, December 3, 1859, to the probable reception of the candidacy of the St. Louisian:

> ....He would doubtless receive the united support of the Republican party.

On January 17, 1860, Mr. Clark Dunham, editor of *The Hawkeye* of Burlington, Iowa, announced:

> Edward Bates is also our choice on account of availability. We regard him as one of the most popular men of the day and acceptable alike to the North and the South.

The *N. Y. Herald* on February 19 contained a letter from a correspondent dated at Montpelier, Vermont, Jan. 31, who thus described the political prospects just before the state convention to choose delegates to Chicago:

> It does not appear that Vermont has any particular candidate for the nomination. Seward is not strong. Banks has but few or no "telling" friends. Corwin is strong. Chase ditto, but Bates is strongest.
>
> Fortunately the controlling men, those who attend and govern conventions are somewhat conservative in principle—really at heart Union-loving men.....It will not be surprising if the delegations should be unanimous for Bates of Missouri. It is not unlikely, however, that the vote will first be cast for Judge Collamer, one of our present U. S. Senators.....

The prediction was completely verified; save that Vermont's ballots went to Lincoln on the second ballot instead of to Bates for reasons which will soon appear.

The Philadelphia *Press* had a very alert discerning correspondent at Washington who wrote under the *nom de plume* of "Occasional."

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[19]*Burlington Hawkeye,* April 29, 1859 says: "There is no paper printed in the state of Iowa that has half the circulation of *The Tribune* within *this* State." Its circulation in Iowa that year was 7,532—See N. Y. Trib. (s. wk) April 29, 1860.

Under date of Feb. 12, 1860, discussing the prospects of candidates as he heard and analysed the discussions of the lobbies and cloakrooms of Washington, he wrote:

On the Republican side there seems to be a rapid concentration upon Bates of Missouri.

On March 9 the *Press* printed another dispatch from "Occasional" dated at Washington March 7. It went somewhat more into detail:

A very active movement is on foot in Washington in favor of Hon. Edward Bates of St. Louis. His friends are energetic, enthusiastic, and powerful. They claim that he can carry Missouri and that he has every right to expect the Republican vote of the North, inasmuch as, although living in a slave state and a slaveholder by inheritance, he has freed his slaves, and has thus practically realized his attachment to what is understood to be Republican theory. They also allege that he is sound on the Tariff question, sound on the Pacific Railroad and eminently conservative in all his views.

But the friends of Mr. Seward are undaunted and untiring. They assert that he is entitled to the nomination to the first office in the gift of the American people. ....

One of the editors of the *Gate City* of Keokuk, Iowa, Mr. J. R. Briggs, was in Washington during March and on the 19th he wrote his paper:

.... the Chicago convention will not by any artifice or appeal be swerved from the purpose of electing that sound and safe man who is most likely to be elected. ....

.... everyone is speculating as to who the individual is .... I think there is hardly a possible chance that any other man than these two—(Bates and Seward)—can be nominated .... I think Lincoln is not entirely out of the question.

The readers of Samuel Bowles' Weekly edition of his *Springfield (Mass.) Republican* of March 31, read the following in his account of the balloting for delegates to Chicago in the State Republican convention of that state so generally assigned bag and baggage to Mr. Seward.

Charles O. Rogers, publisher of the Boston *Journal*, and Josiah Dunham are the delegates from the Fourth Congressional District (part of Boston) to the Chicago convention. They were elected over Moses Kimball and George S. Hale who stood next highest on the ballot; but Robert Worthington, publisher of the Traveler, and John H. Wakefield were elected as the substitutes. These men are very far from being Seward men. They would probably go first for Bates.

It was notorious that the Seward men sought to secure instructions for the candidate of New York and caused a serious reaction that prevented instructions passing.

VIII

Most interesting evidence in confirmation of the contention here made may be found in the correspondence of Salmon P. Chase. No man in our history, not even Henry Clay or James G. Blaine, was more ambitious to become President of the United States, and none more anxiously promoted his own candidacy than did Gov. Chase of Ohio. He was a strong man in ability and public character and he had many admirers and advocates of his nomination. But he had some very honest friends who would not mislead him as to his prospects. They told him the plain truth, and did not mince matters in telling it.

One of those good friends was Judge George Hoadley of Cincinnati. On December 3, 1859 he wrote Chase: he first informed him

that his (Chase's) chances for re-election to the United States Senate were "fair" (as they indeed proved to be) and then, he bluntly said as to his chances for winning the nomination for the Presidency:

> ....you may as well make up your mind now, as next summer, to vote for Judge Bates, or go into a third party....the same clique that backed Fremont, Wilson, Greeley, Banks, and the Blairs and your friend, Judge Wade, are in the plot, and all the office-seeking politicians that are after success are with them.[20]

Writing Gov. Chase two months later on February 6, 1860 Judge Hoadley repeated what he had previously said, only a trifle more plainly and more seriously:

> I have seen no occasion to change the views I expressed in my last letter about the Presidency. Neither you nor Mr. Seward stand a least chance. You will not be offended by my frankness.....Edward Bates is as certain to be nominated as time (is) to pass, barring the contingencies of life and death. And he will be elected even if Douglas be put forth at Charleston.[21]

Another keen watcher on the towers, and another good friend, was J. H. Barrett, editor of the Cincinnati *Gazette,* who informed Chase on February 16

> The Bates infatuation possesses many minds undoubtedly just at present....Greeley wrote his late Davenport (Iowa) letter expressly to further Bates' interests.[22]

After the state convention of Ohio Gov. Chase received a letter from another friend, James Elliott, dated at Cincinnati February 23 which must have given him some unhappy feelings:

> Dear Governor: You have already learned by the papers of this morning the result of our convention yesterday. The result is very different from what your warm friends had hoped. Mr. Hassaurek is the only reliable friend that you have on the delegation. The rest are quoted by the TIMES, and ENQUIRER as Bates men and they exult over it as an anti-Chase triumph. The GAZETTE denies that they are committed to anyone but their leanings are evidently towards Bates.
>
> They all probably have sufficient friendship for you to vote for you on a complimentary ballot but none of them desire your nomination.
>
> Mr. Barrett is probably more sincere in his friendship for you than either Corwin or Eggleston, and if he thought your nomination available would give you his support but he and the GAZETTE are evidently drifting rapidly towards Bates.[23]

Salmon P. Chase's experiences with the party leaders of Ohio in the furtherance of his ambition to reach the White House is one of the most pathetic stories in the annals of partisan politics. He probably could not tolerate the truth told him by his faithful friends. He could see only what he wanted to see.

One of Greeley's most popular and most acute observers of the political skies was James S. Pike. He did not concur with Greeley and Dana in the propaganda for Judge Bates. He had heard of a letter of Mr. Fitz Henry Warren to Dana condemning their activities (which I shall cite in the next section). He wrote Congressman Israel Washburn of Maine on January 29, 1860, a letter in which he declares himself rather frankly on the subject and gives some views of no little significance.

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[20]Correspondence of Salmon P. Chase Mss in Library of Congress.
[21]*Ibid.* [22]*Ibid.* [23]*Ibid.*

My dear Washburn: I don't like to be held up to answer categorically. But I will say this. Dana had a letter from Fitz Henry a few days ago in which he treats of the folly of going into the "crypt of the catacombs" for a presidential candidate, for which letter I expressed unbounded admiration and tried to get hold of it without success. I've pitched into Horace week after week on his candidate till I had something to do in shutting him up on the subject. I've been disposed to let the Bates movement go on however, thinking it might work together for good for those who love the Lord, but I am told that it is acquiring formidable proportions in the West and elsewhere.

I was at a dinner here the other day given to Frank Blair and he let on at a great head in regard to Bates. I do not see where things are coming out.

I have had a very strong belief in Mr. Seward's nomination till Mr. Brown visited Virginia. That little incident has thrown a new cloud over the presidential tract and I think obscured Mr. Seward's not a little.

Mr. Pike suggests Senator Wm. Pitt Fessenden of Maine as a strong compromise candidate—a suggestion with no little force if the one affected had consented.[24]

In some respects the most notable, and most striking evidence of the popular strength of the candidacy of Judge Edward Bates in the first quarter of 1860 is obtainable in the *Diary* of Orville H. Browning of Quincy, Illinois—who for twenty-five years was in more or less constant association with Abraham Lincoln, not only professionally but personally—the social relations with the Brownings being within the circuit of intimacy. The latter fact enhances greatly the significance of Browning's entries in his *Diary* from which I have already quoted. In February Browning was in Springfield in attendance upon the Supreme Court. On February 8 the State Central Republican Committee met in that city to determine upon the date and place of the next State Convention—they deciding upon Decatur on May 23. That night Lincoln called at Browning's hotel:

> "At night Lincoln came to my room, and we had a free talk about the Presidency. He thinks I may be right in supposing Mr. Bates to be the strongest and best man we can run—that he can get votes even in this county [Sangamon] that he cannot get—and that there is a large class of voters in all the free States that would go for Mr. Bates and for no other man. He says it is not improbable that by the time the National convention meets in Chicago he may be of opinion that the very best thing that can be done will be to nominate Mr. Bates. Dick Yates and Philips also think Mr. Bates stronger in this State than any other man who has been named."

On his return to Quincy Browning records on Monday, February 20, that he had just returned from Galesburg and he notes:

> "Met Lawrence and Gilpin at Galesburg—Lawrence and I sat up till midnight conversing upon political subjects and prospects, both being anxious for the nomination of Mr. Bates for the Presidency, and cooperating in our efforts to accomplish it."

Wednesday February 22 after his return home he thus records the previous day's doings:

> "...Saw and conversed with many Republicans yesterday, all of whom are for Mr. Bates for the Presidency, and I have great hopes that this State will go for him in Convention. If it does it will secure his nomination."

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[24]Gaillard Hunt *Israel, Elihu and Cadwallader Washburn: A Chapter* in American Biography pp. 71-72.

Browning's decided preference for Judge Bates continued without abatement but he had not reckoned with the superb shrewdness of Lincoln or the masterly tactics of the latter's energetic and adroit friends. A delegate to the Decatur convention he found his sentiments boxed up and any program for the furtherance of Judge Bates blocked under instructions of the State convention and as chairman of the Committee on Resolution he again reported resolutions which the Germans insisted upon and which stood athwart the chances of the candidate he thought the best man to nominate. Like Greeley in his celebrated editorial letter "Last Week at Chicago" May 22, reviewing the work of the Convention, Browning, altho he faithfully carried out both the letter and the spirit of the instructions, did not cease to believe that Judge Bates was the best candidate—all matters considered—for the Republicans to nominate. On the night of May 17th he recorded his belief that should the convention find itself in a prolonged contest that Judge Bates "Would probably have been nominated." From Professor Pease's star (*) on the margin of the text of the reprint it may be that Browning wrote his notes after returning to his home—which, if so, increases the definiteness of Browning's opinion.

IX

Indiana was one of the four or five strategic states in the political terrain of 1860—Illinois, Pennsylvania, New Jersey and Connecticut being the others. We have seen that more than half of its foreign-born population was of German nativity—66,705 out of 118,184—and in and about Evansville and Indianapolis they constituted factors of the utmost importance to both political parties. The native born were overwhelmingly Southern in their antecedents and affiliations and sentiments and withal intensely "Americanistic" in their notions and programs. The Republicans had lost the state in the Fremont campaign of 1856 and the John Brown raid had not enhanced the chances of the party with that portion of the population; and the "Two Year Amendment" of Massachusetts had stirred the doubts and fears of the Germans who were disposed to come into the Republican party because of the Kansas outrages.

Under the impetus given it by such leaders as John H. Defrees and Schuyler Colfax the candidacy of Judge Bates was being received with no little favor. The state convention, which was called for February 22 to convene in Indianapolis, would have instructed for Judge Bates but for the surging up of the German antagonism. The seriousness of this antagonism was displayed in a rather dramatic way by the editor of *Freie Presse,* published in Indianapolis, Mr. Theodor Hielscher. After the manner of many of his countrymen—if he discerned a danger he felt that the best defense was a sudden sharp offensive, first to uncover and then to rout the foe or opponent in the way of his peace. Mr. Hielscher, from what information I can obtain was a man of marked ability, earnestness, high scholarship and great courage. What he thought should be done, must be done and he proceeded forthwith in a downright fashion to declare what was desirable regardless of what more cautious, prudent persons might feel or advise.

One chronicler of Indianapolis says of him: "He could see nothing but the logical tendency or result of a principle, and there he would go if it went to the bottomless pit."[25]

The coming of the Republican delegates to Indiana's capital seemed to him an eminently appropriate time to indicate the state of feeling among the Germans about the candidacy of Judge Bates. In the issue of *The Indianapolis Daily Journal* of February 21 he presented his views under the caption "Candidates for the Presidency," from which I quote rather liberally:

"It has been reported (by what authority I do not know) that not a few Republican Congressmen are urging the nomination of Mr. Bates of Missouri, and Mr. Cameron, of Pennsylvania. Now, it strikes me if this rumor be true, that our Congressmen, had in the first place, better mind their own business, for which they are elected, and not attempt to perform what the people can do themselves. And, further, it seems that there are a number of men in our party, whom even the Lecompton swindle could not cure of their "conservatism." In 1848, during the revolution in Germany, there were also such men. **********

******Here we also have men who cannot see the signs of the approaching storm. ****

"A Conservative man!", "A conservative Ticket". This is the continual cry of our do-nothing politicians. If the people would leave it entirely to them I am confident they would nominate a ticket and make a platform for which even the slaveholders of Georgia could vote, and on which they could stand.*****Though Southern papers (Richmond Enquirer) are already discussing the probability of making the French Emperor the protector (or master) of a Southern Confederacy; though Southern assemblies are taking steps for disunion; though Mr. Buchanan sends to these disunions ARMS, which they are themselves unable to manufacture*********—though all these facts are before the land and the people, yet our "conservatives" are unable to see or to remember them. Their talk of nominating Mr. Bates or Mr. Cameron is proof of this.

"Mr. Bates may be, personally, a very good man, and in his private life without taint or reproach. Mr. Cameron may be a very good man for the iron manufacturers of Pennsylvania.****Yet these are not ordinary times *****do our "conservative" friends believe they are able to carry a single southern state with the names of Bates or Cameron? *****

"The Richmond Enquirer knows exceedingly well why it advises its readers to call for a foreign tyrant to uphold their peculiar system of labor, by which the capitalist owns the laborer himself, his wife and child***It tends to Aristocracy first, then to Oligarchy, and then to Monarchy. As they have neglected to transform slavery into servitude, which the United States Constitution demanded of them, when that instrument declared negroes to be "persons"; as they have refused to abolish the interstate slave trade**** ****A.B.C. books and slates become formidable weapons in the hands of slaves;*****

********We need a man ready for the emergency: a man of indomitable courage, one who has been tried and found true; a man against whom even our enemies cannot say anything derogatory to his character. Have we such a man? I should think so. Cassius M. Clay is such a man, and Charles Sumner, whom they struck down in the National Capital, is another. Let us have Cassius M. Clay and Charles Sumner and trust to the Republican spirit in our ranks****We must have names to inspire us. Let us have such and the spirit will do what mere calculations never will reach."

Th. Hielscher.

In some of the portions omitted Mr. Hielscher recalled to memory some of the bitter experiences of the Germans under the Hohenzollerns and sought to arouse their imaginations. His suggestions of Messrs. Clay and Sumner as the best candidates to achieve their ideals and

[25]Sulgrove's *History of Indianapolis and Marion County* (1884), p. 244.

practical success suggests the impracticability of enthusiastic idealists who so exasperated German leaders like Koerner and Schurz who ever saw the practical basic requirements of ordinary success. The next morning, possibly in the way of commentary upon Mr. Hielscher's letter, the *Journal* stated that at least fourteen opposition papers in Indiana had declared themselves in favor of Judge Bates' nomination.

Mr. Hielscher did not rest with writing to the *Journal*. He was a delegate to the State Republican convention; and while the Committee on Resolutions was deliberating, the *Journal* account states:

"Mr. Hielscher offered a resolution instructing the delegates to Chicago to vote for no candidate for the nomination for the Presidency who was not a good Republican in 1856."

"This was laid on the table to enable Mr. Moran, from the committee on resolutions to make his report..."

The leaders among the delegates, while they did not concur in Mr. Hielscher's proposal did not dare ignore some of the primary demands of the Germans. In their fifth plank they advocated "the immediate passage by Congress of a Homestead law" and in their ninth plank they went far.

"9. That we are in favor of equal rights to all citizens, at home and abroad, without reference to the place of their nativity, and that we will oppose any attempt to change the present Naturalization Laws."

The counselors and party managers of the Opposition in Indiana must have struggled hard in the committee to secure the latter plank. For it was a direct contradiction of the program of the American factionists who were so numerous in that state and so belligerent from that day to this in protecting our native hearths and heaths from the imagined perversive influence of the irreligious and undesired foreigner. It was a direct condemnation of the "Two Year Amendment" of Massachusetts. A novice in American politics must needs discern the sore straits faced by the Committee on Resolutions and the delegates in the Hoosier state.

But the leaders of the Opposition in Indiana were not the only party chiefs in trouble with the Germans.

The German Republican Club of Peoria, Illinois, in the latter half of February—the precise date of which I have not learned—adopted some resolutions in which they declared that no man could have their support for President who had not theretofore been associated with the Republican party and if the national convention should nominate such an outsider he would not have their support. Neither the original nor a translation thereof seems to be available. From two sources, however, I infer that they were characteristically outspoken. The *Newark Evening Journal* of New Jersey gave them editorial notice (Feb. 29), under the caption—"The Germans Against Bates" and added

"****The Club at the same time declare for Seward.

"We may add that such is almost the unanimous position of the German Republicans of this state. They are for Seward first, but will support Chase, Lincoln, or any other representative Republican. If a Congressman more like Bates, Banks or Botts is nominated at Chicago, their vote will be for the Democratic nominee."

Their resolutions were apparently sent out to various public leaders —among others Congressman Owen Lovejoy of Illinois—famous for his outspoken views against Slavery. His acknowledgment did not discourage the sponsors of the resolution.

Washington, Feb. 27, 1860.

"Gentlemen:

I have received this morning a copy of the resolutions of the German Republican Club of Peoria. I thank you for them. They breathe the true spirit and present the true principles and policy. We have dallied and played a hide-and-seek policy with the Slaveholding despotism long enough. It is time now to square round and hit it between the eyes*****Let us have a standard bearer who can inspire confidence and awaken enthusiasm, and we will kindle a fire that will burn the sham Democracy to the lowest hell.

Yours truly Owen Lovejoy"[26]

The anti-slavery champions often complained, and anon, protested, the harsh speech of the Southern Slavocrats and "Fire-eaters." But Garrison, Lovejoy and Phillips, Charles Sumner and Benjamin Wade could return their blistering epithets and scorching sentiments with compound interest. If the German idealists and insistent radicals ran amuck with prosaic considerations of prudence and of sane expediency in adjusting to adverse circumstances in the furtherance of progressive changes—so did their American compatriots.

X

Another fact has a marked significance in this connection. Senator Seward suffered a violent reaction in public sentiment between the Harper's Ferry raid and March 1, 1860. John Brown's raid was instantly taken by all the South and all of the Democratic partisans in the North and by the "conservative" Republican factions of all the "battle-ground-states" as a lurid illustration of his "Higher Law" doctrine in actual practice in the "irrepressible conflict" which he had so bluntly declared to be the inevitable course of things in respect of Slavery. Further, for a time it looked as if he might be more or less involved with the conspiracy of Brown as an accessory before the fact. His enemies did not hesitate to fling the charge at him of knowledge, if not collusion and cooperation; and they split the Heavens with their outcry against him—and their fury was all the greater because he seemed to be the foremost candidate of the Republicans for the Presidency.

Seward's friends were sorely distressed and many of them were fearful of the adverse political consequences. The increasing popularity of Douglas in the North enhanced their anxiety. Should the Charleston convention place him in nomination, Seward's nomination at Chicago, with the weight of his "radicalism" trebled by the malodorous illustration of his views in practice, would obviously be regarded as highly imprudent. His stock suffered a serious decline.

It was this predicament in which he found himself that made Seward and his friends discern the serious danger in the increasing mention of Judge Bates and the obvious concentration of the "conservative" factions and groups of the "Opposition" upon the candidate of the Blairs. It was this state of facts that caused Seward to prepare his notable speech of February 29, which in his "Works" is entitled, "The State of the Country" but in the press reports was called his "Capital and Labor" speech. It was a speech clearly designed to counteract, or better to reduce his sorry reputation for radicalism which

[26] *Peoria* (Ill.) *Transcript*, March 5, 1860.

smacked so strongly of abolitionism, the "red Anarchy" of those days. It was a direct bid for the favor of the "conservatives" among Republicans and of the "liberals" among the Americans and Democrats. He was more or less successful. Instantly there was great rejoicing among his admirers and friends but it produced some dismay and disgust among many staunch radicals—such as Cassius M. Clay of Kentucky and Richard Cobden, who on account of business interest kept in close touch with the course of American politics.[27]

The interpretation of the political currents as they displayed themselves during January and February, here contended for, is conclusively shown in Mr. Bowles' "Review of the Week" ending March 10.

"The reaction among the Republicans in favor of Gov. Seward's nomination has been very rapid and deep within the last fortnight. Were the convention to assemble at once, his nomination would not be doubtful. But with two months to the convention, and two other nominations to be made in the meantime, which will necesarily affect the policy of the Republican party, no man is wise who insists today that the question is settled. A month ago Gov. Seward was almost given up by his best friends; and another month may create as great a revolution in his prospects as the last one has."

Mr. Bowles' caution was well, and within the month ensuing he realized that political conditions were again such that Seward's promoters could not reckon with certainties.

It is more than possible—in fact very probable—that Seward's preparation of the "Capital and Labor" speech of February 29 was impelled by another collateral consideration of considerable energy. The columns of the great dailies of New York contained numerous notices of the forthcoming delivery of a speech at Cooper Union on the night of February 27 by Mr. Abraham Lincoln of Illinois, whose star was then shining brightly and high in the heavens. For over a year Mr. Seward had read in papers, far and wide, praises of the remarkable canvass against his colleague of the Senate the "Little Giant" of Illinois, unquestionably the most powerful Democratic leader within Congress and in the country at large. He had noticed, too, that Mr. Lincoln's name had very generally been included in the discussions of the presidential succession in most of the lists of eligibles; not only in the miscellaneous correspondence of the newspapers, but in the responsible editorial expressions; and his name had been coupled with Chase and McLean, Seward and Bates as equally worthy of consideration. Seward was no dull-eyed watcher of the political heavens: he knew that Douglas' opponent was a champion in the front ranks.

The pressure of these considerations must have been painfully increased on the morning of the 28th when he received his New York papers and read the enthusiastic accounts of the meeting in Cooper Union—the hall filled to capacity with the chivalry and culture of his own party and of his own great city—winning salvos of applause from the most critical as well as the most ardent lovers of liberty—and eliciting the next morning laudatory editorial approval expressed in the most superlative terms.

New Jersey was a strategic "battle ground state" for precisely the same reasons which made Illinois, Indiana, Ohio and Pennsylvania uncertain states. Her population while not Southern in their ancestral

[27]Life of Cassius Marcellus Clay, Vol. I, pp. 24, 203; and Jno. A. Hobson, *Richard Cobden The International Man*, pp. 341-2.

antecedents, was decidedly "pro-Slavery" in their natural sentiments. This was due to the noteworthy fact seldom appreciated in latter day accounts that slavery existed in New Jersey in the '50's and '60's. Ignoring Delaware, or perhaps better including that state in which slavery flourished, New Jersey was in very truth a Northern Slave state. Her people, according to the national census of 1850 had 236 slaves of record; and the enumeration of 1860 again reported 18: designated in the latter as "apprentices for life." There is nothing strange in the pronounced sympathy of the people of New Jersey with the "state-of-mind" of their Southern fellow countrymen in the stormy debates and bitter contention of the pre-Civil-war days.

For reasons already intimated the people of New Jersey were decidedly "Americanistic" in their attitude towards the foreign-born in their midst.

With the breakup of the "era of peace" under President Monroe the major parties waged many a battle royal for the seats of authority in that Commonwealth. Jackson carried the state in 1824; Adams in 1828. Jackson routed his foes in 1832; but Harrison carried it in 1836 and again in 1840. The Whigs, Clay and Taylor, worsted the Democrats in 1844 and in 1848. After 1850 belligerent Americanism surged up again in the form of Know-Nothingism and the Democrats routed the Opposition, Pierce carrying the state in 1852 and Buchanan in 1856.

The Germans, we have seen were no inconsiderable proportion of the population. The total population of the state in 1860 was only 672,017—of which number 122,790 were foreign-born, or 18 per cent and 33,772 were Germans, or 5 per cent of the population.

Needless to say, in a state wherein political parties were fairly evenly balanced under ordinary circumstances, any one of three or four major groups, contending for place and power, may easily hold the balance of power at the ballot box. This is obviously the case if any one of those factions or groups has been aroused, is alert, belligerent and has its lines clearly drawn and sentiments consolidated, and its leaders clear-sighted, harmonious and resolute. This state of affairs existed in New Jersey in 1860. Two powerful factions had to be in a fair degree of peace with respect to one another if the Opposition was to unite and carry the state that year—to wit, the "Americans" and the Germans. There were no uncertainties about the situation save the terms for harmony.

With these facts in mind some of the developments in New Jersey in March and April are instructive:

The Opposition in New Jersey—made up in the main of the Americanistic groups—held a state convention at Trenton on March 8. It was convened chiefly for the purpose of selecting delegates to the Chicago convention. The session while not notable was significant. There was much sharp contention over policy and procedure. An account of the deliberations in the *N. Y. Herald* of March 9 gives several interesting items.

The friends and promoters of various candidates were evidently on hand. There was some tilting on the mode of selecting the delegates to Chicago—first whether they should send fourteen, twice their quota, or merely seven, the number of their votes in the Convention; they de-

cided on the former; and then whether the Districts might not select the majority of the Delegates-at-large, thereby allowing the particular local factions to choose their champions, thus avoiding defeat by the major group or combination in the convention. There were violent discussions over this proposal. The convention decided to allow each of the five districts to select one—and the convention to select the other three.

The Herald's account contains two paragraphs which have some data for those who contend that Lincoln was not "known" outside of Illinois on May 18, 1860, and others are suggestive of the contending currents in public discussion. While the Committees were out

"Some called for three cheers for Wm. H. Seward, but in the response that was made the hisses were as prominent as the hurrahs.

"Cheers were also given Abram (sic) Lincoln and Wm. L. Dayton."

* * * * * *

"The men of whom the convention was in the main composed, and the character of the resolutions adopted indicate that a strong feeling of national conservatism exists throughout the state which is opposed to all "irrepressible conflict" doctrines and ultra abolition sentiments which have been the hobbies of Wm. H. Seward, Salmon P. Chase and a host of smaller fry who have ignored principle for policy.

"The convention yesterday was about equally divided into Americans and Republicans—those who fought head to head against each other in the campaign of 1856."

When the Committee on resolutions reported there was sharp sparring over the unnecessary reiteration of "American" in the platform—such as "American People," "American Institutions" and "American Citizens." A Mr. McLean of Monmouth moved to strike the first resolution and substitute the words "people of the United States." He was flooded with an avalanche of questions and then ruled out of order on the ground that the platform had been adopted.

The fourth plank declared against the "misuse of the Supreme Court" to promote Slavery and the fifth plank pronounced against the "extension of Slavery and at the same time denounced the Kansas raids and the John Brown attack upon Harper's Ferry." The sixth plank demanded the enactment by Congress of "an adequate Homestead" law. Despite the urgency of the friends of Mr. Dayton no instructions were given the delegates.

While "Americanism" was the dominant note in the Convention, its leaders had their weather eyes open to windward. The Germans, needless to state, likewise had their eyes on the convention at Trenton. A delegation of representative Germans from New York City and Newark presented themselves at the door of the Convention and pressed upon its leaders a direct question as to the attitude of the Convention towards the "Two Year Amendment" of Massachusetts.

The Republican chiefs, and we must presume the "American" leaders likewise, while they could not assure the Germans any plank berating the act of Massachusetts on principle, or discrediting Massachusetts for its course, did take particular pains, we are informed, to assure the visiting Germans that they and their party were not in favor of enacting any such law in the state of New Jersey. Their assurances to the Germans must have been fairly substantial for dispatches went out to the press of the country to this effect and there was no ensuant controversy as to the alleged conferences and the assurances made.

Those assurances apparently were substantial and they lead to certain interesting and very instructive agreements or undertakings that displayed the anxiety of the party leaders to abolish the fears of the Germans and to secure their confidence and good will. A Committee was appointed, consisting of Germans, in part at least, if not in whole, by the party leaders at the State convention on March 8, to take measures to bring about the realization of the desired *entente cordiale.*

That committee of Germans was to inform the Germans of New Jersey what the attitude of the party was towards "the principle involved in the Massachusetts Amendment, which extends the period of naturalization two years beyond the time required by United States laws." We are told by the *Newark Evening Journal* that "after a month's pause" the Committee, of which a Dr. Trimble was Chairman apparently, addressed a public letter to "Messrs. Louis Greiner, Charles Borcherling and others" in which they said that

"...the Opposition believe that such legislation as [the Two Year] Amendment of Massachusetts is neither right in itself or expedient or needful." Further "such legislation would create a new issue, and tend very much to divide and weaken the Opposition upon the great question now in contest."

In a caustic editorial entitled "A Little Republican Candy for the Germans" the editor of the *Journal* in its issue of April 2, (whence I obtain the latter facts) points out that Dr. Trimble, granting his honesty, was coddling himself with delusions as to the sincerity of sundry Opposition leaders, as many of them in high positions had advocated the same sort of enactments which Massachusetts had put into effect. Granting his contention, it may be suspected that the chiefs of the Opposition had become convinced that there was no hope of carrying the state against the Democrats at the coming election if the Germans were antagonistic on account of the "Zwei Jahrs" Amendment. Hence their desire for harmony and their practical efforts in that direction.

XI

The maxim of physics that action and reaction are equal in nature is likewise true in the realm of politics. We may both discern and measure the headway of a movement by the sort of opposition produced thereby. The progress of the Bates movement which reached its culmination in the latter part of February induced sharp and widespread reactions. The majority of the "progressive" anti-slavery papers declared the nomination of Judge Bates highly imprudent. Many in flat harsh terms pronounced it impossible if the Republicans cared a fig for victory at the polls.

The utterances of two doughty champions effectually demonstrated the high potential of the Bates movement. The letters of the first cited have become a part of the permanent literature of the pre-Civil-war period. The expression of the second might so become—although for long it has lain unnoticed in the files of a New York daily.

Messrs. Samuel Bowles of the *Springfield* (Mass.) *Republican,* Charles A. Dana of the *N. Y. Tribune* and Mr. James S. Pike, the brilliant correspondent of the *Tribune* at Washington, D. C., had a vigorous and vivacious correspondent at Burlington, Iowa, some-time Assistant Post Master General under Presidents Taylor and Fillmore. In

all of the pre-convention discussion there are no more brilliant, entertaining and hard-hitting letters—and none with more tang and literary raciness—than those of Fitz Henry Warren—the author later of the celebrated letters to Greeley's *Tribune* "On to Richmond." Greeley's program and the many signs of its progress aroused his ire and he shot numerous bolts and broadsides against it in January and February.

On January 21 he wrote Mr. Bowles that the delegates to the Chicago convention, selected at the state convention at Des Moines on January 18, were "*not* for Edward Bates. When people die in this country, they are buried, and though tenderly remembered, are never disinterred for political or other purposes; in which regard we are far behind the refined tastes of our eastern kinsfolk."[28] Mr. Warren was not quite correct in his interpretation of the non-action of the Republican convention in Des Moines, precisely as he was not correct in so interpreting similar non-action by the State Convention in Indiana, Feb. 22.[29] Common political prudence controlled the Republican leaders—not hostility or indifference to Judge Bates.

Mr. Warren wrote his friend "Particular Pike" Feb. 2 a letter that has been often quoted

> For God's sake let us look to life and not to resurrection for our success in '60. I go in for electing; but why go into the bowels of Niggerdom for a candidate? If you can carry Missouri for Bates, you can carry Arkansas for him; and you can lift yourself up by the waistband daily for ten years before you can do either. The King of Terrors has a large work to do in Missouri before any Republican candidate can touch bottom there. I pray to be spared the anguish of voting for any man who can get this electoral vote.
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> * * * * *
>
> Pitt Fessenden would make a President after my own heart. But he is too near the "open Polar sea." Uncle Dan's telescope could not discern the North Star, and your feeble lens can hardly reach it. If he lived in Iowa, or Greeley's paradise of bull frogs, Indiana, he might come in; but we can't go into the tall timber of Maine. The question now recurs on the original question, "Who are you (I) for?" I am for the man who can carry Pennsylvania, New Jersey, and Indiana, with this reservation, that I will not go into the cemetery or catacomb; the candidate must be alive and able to walk at least from parlor into the dining room. I am willing to take the opinions of the delegates from these states on this point. But if the choice is to be between King Stork and King Log, count me in for the former. I had rather have a president who would take me by the nape of the neck and kick me down stairs, than to have one who would smile me out with a hypocritical leer of that greatest of all nuisances in the White House, Millard Fillmore.[30]

Mr. Warren's ironical analogies, resurrection and the catacombs, had reference to the fact that Judge Bates had virtually retired from political life when he left the Halls of Congress in 1831. He had refused a Cabinet portfolio under Taylor. His later fame rested entirely upon the fact that he presided efficiently over the celebrated Rivers and Harbors Convention at Chicago in July 1847 (in which Abraham Lincoln was no inconsiderable figure) and over the Old Whig convention at Baltimore, Sept. 17, 1856 when that body ratified the nominee of the "American" convention, Millard Fillmore, for President.

One of Senator Seward's most ardent and aggressive advocates

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[28]Springfield (Mass.) Weekly Republican, Feb. 4, 1860.

[29]James S. Pike *First Blows of the Civil War*, p. 496.

[30]Ibid, pp. 483-4.

was Gen. James Watson Webb, editor of the *N. Y. Courier and Enquirer.* Greeley or Dana dubbed him "The Chevalier" because of various picturesque habits and mannerisms. Gen. Webb stoutly insisted upon the nomination of Seward on the grounds of preeminent fitness and moral claim and of "political necessity" therefor. He too perceived the increasing momentum and progress of the Bates movement; and on Feb. 11 delivered a heavy broadside against it; a part of which is reproduced:

" * * * * * Now, one word for ourselves, and we know that there are hundreds of thousands in our ranks who feel, and think, and will act in a like manner. While we believe that justice, principle and *expediency*, all demand the nomination of William H. Seward; and to throw him overboard is to insure the triumph of the democracy we have no hesitation in saying that we shall labor earnestly for the election of any other republican of 1856, as we should for the election of Seward, if nominated. That is to say, if Fremont, Chase, Banks, Hale, Fessenden, Cameron, Wade, Lincoln, Trumbull, or any Republican who acted with us in 1856, should be nominated instead of William H. Seward, this Press and all connected with it, will be found battling for the cause with as much zeal as if the convention had given us the strongest name for our support. *But if on the contrary, the republican convention should so far forget what is due to their constituents, as to place in nomination and proclaim as our standard-bearer for 1860 Mr. Bates, or any other person who labored successfully to defeat us in 1856 and thus secured the election of James Buchanan, we repeat what we have hitherto said, no earthly power will induce us to support such nominee.*

* * * * * * * * * * * *

"We repeat what we have hitherto said: nobody has a higher estimate of the qualities, both head and heart, of Mr. Bates;.....; *and yet we would sooner see our party meet with a richly merited defeat, than support either of them* (Bates, Bell, Crittenden) *or any other person for the presidency who aided in the defeat of the republican cause in 1856.* These men were then all for Fillmore, well knowing that it was only a plea whereby to defeat Fremont and elect Buchanan. * * * * In other words, we bolt in advance."

Old-line and experienced party men never talk, or threaten a "bolt" against a mere phantom or a vacuum. If they do so they see right in front, or roundabout them developments and portents in the sky which presage defeat for their own candidate, or annihilation or sorry discomfiture with respect to their cherished hopes in the matter of a program or policy. Mr. Raymond reprinted Gen. Webb's entire broadside in the *N. Y. Times* for February 22. He knew that Judge Bates' candidacy was not a figment of Greeley's fertile imagination.

XII

Perhaps enough evidence has been offered to convince at least those familiar with the actualities of practical politics in our national presidential contests—if not the academicians who obtain the most of their knowledge of political psychology and party maneuvres from "arm-chair researches" in libraries—that Senator Seward of New York was not the only luminous star in the political heavens of 1860, that Judge Bates' candidacy was a fact of the highest potential, and that the friends of Seward discerned the most serious difficulties athwart his progress toward the nomination at Chicago.

But biographers and historians have so generally indulged in assumptions to the contrary—that everyone was insisting upon his nom-

ination; that Judge Bates' candidacy was a back-way maneuvre of a rather sordid crowd of "conservatives" with a low sense of public virtue, animated mainly by petty personal or partisan considerations; that Seward's defeat was compassed at Chicago by consummate trickery and treachery worked amidst a horrible pandemonium of hysterics and systematized uproar, to the utter surprise of Seward's friends and the shock of the entire country—that I present several other parcels of evidence of major significance because they are the expressions of Senator Seward's admirers or of impartial observers.

On April 13, just a month before the delegates and republican partisans began to swarm in Chicago, Mr. Samuel Bowles summarizing the chief points in the political outlook in his "Review of the Week" expressed himself as follows:

"On the part of the Republicans there is a growing doubt and difference of opinion as to their nomination. Mr. Seward is still the more prominent candidate, and Mr. Bates his chief rival; but neither of them seems to have gained during the last fortnight, and there is discernible among the party a growing conviction that neither of them would prove a politic nomination. The idea seems to be that the one carries too much heft for a successful candidate, and the other too little, and that a man not less firm in his hold upon the Republican party proper than Mr. Seward, but more likely to win the floating and doubtful vote that is to divide the election, must be pitched upon for the fight. The delegations of many of the certain Republican states at Chicago will not be earnest for Mr. Seward, while those of the contested states are likely to be united against the policy of his nomination. If the latter were also united and earnest for Mr. Bates his nomination would seem secure; but they are not. Two thirds of Indiana will be strong for him; Illinois will be at least equally divided, with Lincoln in their boots all the time: and Pennsylvania and New Jersey seem not as likely to pronounce for Judge McLean—their first love in 1856—as for the *Tribune's* favorite of St. Louis. Opinion will form more rapidly and decisively after the Democratic nomination is known, and it is seen whether the foreign vote of the northwest or the conservative vote of Pennsylvania and New Jersey most needs conciliation and protection; but the Republicans will undoubtedly go to Chicago as the Democrats to Charleston, in great confusion as to the result of their deliberation and ballotings. There is a good deal of talk about Fremont again around the edges of the Republican party; and it would not be the strangest thing that can happen at Chicago if the watchwords and war cries of 1856 shall be called into repetition with its candidate.

Two weeks later (April 27) after analysing the kaleidoscopic reactions from the disruption of the Charleston convention Mr. Bowles, again in the "Review of the Week" observed:

"But everything is at sea, and nothing will be really decided until the convention assembles at Chicago. And this on the whole is well for the party, and for the popularity of their ticket."

Governor Chase had another good friend, who would have rejoiced had the Fates been favorable to his nomination but he told him the unvarnished truth, albeit in kindly fashion—Edward L. Pierce of Milton, Massachusetts. One of his letters, while not immediately on the contention under consideration displays very convincingly that another member of the Massachusetts delegation had no delusions about Seward claims or chances—his letter was written in Chicago May 13, 1860—five days before the nomination of Lincoln:

"My dear friend:

Your letter is just received and I reply hastily.

A large number of delegates have arrived and are comparing notes. I have never deceived you and shall not begin now. I do not believe that

from present indications that Seward or yourself will be nominated. The pressure against him from Pennsylvania, Indiana and Illinois is as strong as it possibly can be. The delegates from Indiana—who are apparently very sincere—declare defeat with him to be certain. The delegates from Indiana say that for similar reasons they cannot carry the state for you. They say that they can carry Lincoln, McLean or Bates—Pennsylvania delegates insist on Cameron but he is out of the question. Curtin, who appears to be a sincere man and not under Cameron's control says that they could carry Fessenden.

"You will be sustained by votes from New Hampshire, Rhode Island, Connecticut and Massachusetts and your own state—and the best men all say you would make a splendid President.

"Believe me in such things as these it is not the activity of friends who determine the result. It is the mere exigency of the moment—the current or drift of popular sentiment which cannot be controlled by friends. One hundred Thurlow Weeds cannot nominate Seward if he does not happen to suit the fancy of the hour.****[31]

The contention here made that the Bates candidacy throughout the preliminaries of the pre-convention developments was one of the major facts in maneuvres may be easily discerned in four dispatches sent out from Chicago by their correspondents to their papers—two in St. Louis and two in Philadephia—written in the first days when the delegates were beginning to swarm in the hotel lobbies and the lines were beginning to be drawn for the final clinch in the Wigwam.

On May 15 the *Daily Express* of St. Louis stated editorially under the heading:

Bates Nomination

The telegraphic dispatches hold out flattering hopes of the success of Judge Bates before the Chicago convention. For ourselves we have no doubt of Mr. Bates' nomination.****

On the 17th it printed a dispatch dated Chicago, Tuesday evening, May 15 which among other things said:

Bates' Stock is at a premium. Bates, Seward, Lincoln and Chase are the names most prominently set up by the delegates.***

The Evening News of St. Louis on May 16 said editorially:

"The rumors from Chicago yesterday were conflicting but give us little basis for rational calculation as to the result. Seward appears to be the strongest man****Mr. Bates' position is a favorable one, and his friends are said to be still encouraged to hope for his success.

There is evident in the last line a note of doubt, if not discouragement. Its reporters and editor, however, were looking for what they wanted to learn.

Philadelphians were informed in very specific terms in two of their leading newspapers that Judge Bates' candidacy was one of the formidable facts in the reckoning of the delegates and King-makers in conference at Chicago. The readers of the *Philadelphia Press* read the following dated Chicago May 15:

"There is a strong outside pressure against Seward today*******Lincoln stock is on the rise but his chances are regarded as very poor.***** The fight is generally regarded as between Seward and Bates."

The next day the patrons of the Philadelphia *Public Ledger* read a dispatch dated May 16:

"Mr. Seward it is said will receive 85 votes on the first ballot, though New England, it is believed, is deserting him. Judge Bates of Missouri is the strongest opponent that Seward has. Personal preferences seem to be very strong among the delegates."

[31]Correspondence of Salmon P. Chase, Mss, Library of Pennsylvania Historical Society.

The last citations are subject perhaps to some discount; but it is both interesting and instructive with respect to contemporary appraisal of the Bates candidacy. It was without question one of the major facts in the great battle then raging for the nomination. Its potency just at the moment was not nearly so great as the correspondents adjudged it because they apparently did not apprehend another serious fact in the political terrain; they did not sense some important developments which had just culminated—and but for which, in my judgment Bates would probably have been the nominee instead of the man from Springfield.

XIII

The large majority of our historians, or biographers, dealing with the period and the nominee of the Chicago convention of 1860 have, apparently, taken their cue from the famous letter of H. J. Raymond to the *N. Y. Times* dated May 22, at Auburn, Senator Seward's home. That letter was written amidst the intense bitter feelings of utter defeat and in hot resentment of what he denounced as Greeley's personal victory at Chicago, hurling at him a gross charge of petty animosity, born of personal pique which immediately forced Seward to give out the celebrated letter of Greeley in 1854 serving him with notice of the dissolution of the political firm of Seward, Weed and Greeley. The Raymond letter controlled, we may suspect, Charles Francis Adams, Sr., over a decade later when he pronounced his astonishing eulogy on Seward before the General Assembly of New York at Albany—at least he reflected but little else than the harsh estimates of that letter whose writer dipped his pen in hot acids. It is not uninstructive that four years after Raymond wrote a biography of the nominee which was far from derogatory and which did not indicate any of the bitter resentment of the 22nd of May, 1860.

The opinions of Messrs. Bowles and Pierce are much sounder premises and much wider premises for a solid judgment as to the real state of the facts in the stormy whirling discussions and surging personal animosities among the friends of the various candidates than Mr. Raymond's observations. Mr. Bowles cannot be gainsaid by the admirers of the senior Senator of New York. He was not an opponent or a critic of Seward. He was a frank admirer and a staunch advocate of his nomination—subject to the paramount interests of the party in the country at large. He was, too, a "liberal" of the sturdy sort. Mr. Pierce, while a firm friend and admirer of Gov. Chase, was committed by what he deemed was the just expectations of those who gave him his commission, to represent them at the convention, and to work and to vote for Seward's nomination. Both Bowles and Pierce were alert, keen-eyed and interested observers. Neither, although frankly in favor of the nomination of their respective favorite if the Fates could look their way, allowed dust or feathers to get into their eyes. They saw clearly and they reported honestly and fairly exactly what they saw. The admirers of Seward among latter-day historians are estopped from discounting or doubting their testimony.

Seward's friends knew and his leaders were painfully aware that he had no clear field, and certainly not a "walk-away" to the nomina-

tion. Further, they knew, and all other party chiefs knew, that Judge Bates was, up to April anyway, the most formidable candidate across his path, because there was back of him a tremendous concert of powerful leaders, and a great combination of industrial "interests." The John Brown raid had produced a violent revulsion in Southern financial commercial and industrial circles; they began at once to boycott northern markets, and many large wholesale houses and manufacturing firms in New England, New York and Pennsylvania had been made painfully aware of the consequences—a fact that entered sharply into the crucial campaigns in Connecticut and Rhode Island in March and April, in which the Republicans by the merest squeak escaped utter defeat in Connecticut and were routed in Rhode Island.

Another fact may make us sceptical of the correctness of or warrant for the oft-repeated assertion that there was a universal overwhelming "demand" for Seward's nomination, that he was, as Raymond's famous letter alleged, and Mr. Rhodes has reiterated "alike the choice of the politicians and the people." The fact is, or was, that evidence greets us in all directions that the promotion of Seward's candidacy prior to and during the convention smacked of what latter-day philosophers and saints call "machine" politics. Weed's organization was redolent with the smell of "machine" and "ring" promotion. Readers of Carl Schurz' *Reminiscences* will recall the painful impression made by Weed's manner of conducting things at Chicago and by the personnel of the New York machine as he saw its workings at the Briggs' Hotel and about the Wigwam.[32] That well-organized machine and its workers "worked up" public sentiment and "public demand" for him precisely as Gov. Chase's friends prepared editorials for sundry eastern dailies promoting the candidacy of the Ohioan. The modern bureaux of "publicity" are not creations of the past decade of "big business." The prevalence of the suspicion here expressed in the months preceding the Chicago convention may be read in sundry scorching editorials of William Cullen Bryant's *N. Y. Evening Post.*[33] Dread of Weed's "machine" was one of the decisive facts in the count of the delegates against New York's candidate.[34]

Mr. Bowles, in the next to the last citation, mentioned one of the cardinal facts in the political terrain of 1860 which no biographer of the candidates has either clearly or comprehensively discerned and none appreciated at its maximum significance, so far as I can discover. It was recognized by all experienced party captains and workers as a primary condition and a paramount consideration in their balancing of the *pros* and *cons* as to the best man to nominate as their standard bearer. It was a fact co-equal in importance with the feeling which gave great heed to the opinions of the "conservatives" alarmed at the dangers of the radical sentiments entertained by Seward and Chase and engendered against the slave-owners and their rights of action in recov-

[32]Carl Schurz *Reminiscences*, Vol. II, pp. 176-179.

[33]*N. Y. Evening Post* for April 19, two editorials: "Public Opinion in the Interior" and "The Syracuse Convention."

[34]See Wm. Cullen Bryant to John Bigelow, Dec. 14, 1859, in Parke Godwin. *A Biography of Wm. C. Bryant*, p. 127: also Interview with Judge Charles C. Nourse of Des Moines—Delegate from Iowa to the Chicago Convention Annals of Iowa, Vol. XII, pp. 461-462.

ering their fugitive property. It was co-equal, too, in its significance with the sensitive feelings and habits of propaganda of the "Americans" so much dwelt upon in the ordinary account of the convention and in all of the histories of the great event.

XIV

What was it that thwarted the candidacies of Messrs. Seward and Bates and put to naught the nice-laid plans of Weed and the Blairs and their many able, alert and ingenious lieutenants and forced a compromise as to both the platform and the candidate chosen which astonished the public at large and has befuddled biographers and historians from that day to this?

We have had, as already intimated, all sorts of explanations offered. The irreconcilable antagonism of the "American" factions in Illinois, Indiana, Pennsylvania and New Jersey was clearly obvious and this generally has been esteemed the *causa causans* of Seward's defeat. His radicalism, or alleged advanced position on the slavery question was another primary fact. But they do not explain the utter rout of the friends of Judge Bates, guided as they were by some of the shrewdest political chiefs this country has ever had, and whose plans, in the estimation of many shrewd observers, could not be thwarted.

The wreck of Judge Bates' candidacy lay in one simple fact—but it proved an insurmountable rock on which all his craft broke. I refer simply and solely to the belligerent attitude and actions of the Germans in the Republican preliminaries which culminated in the call of the Conference of the Germans in the Deutsches Haus in Chicago on May 14 and their resolutions adopted on the afternoon of Wednesday, May 15, and printed for circulation among the delegates of the major Convention, which resolutions were tantamount to an Ultimatum that the German Republicans would bolt the ticket if their demands as to the platform were not complied with and their general wishes as to the character of the Candidate were not met.

It is not feasible to assemble here all of the many facts which justify my unmitigated assertion; but those who have seen the two monographs dealing with the Germans in the Gubernatorial Campaign in Iowa in 1859 and with the Premises and Significance of Abraham Lincoln's Letter to Dr. Theodor Canisius, written under date of May 17, 1859 will not, I venture to presume, doubt my right to make such an assertion so far as Republican strategy and tactics in that year were concerned.[35]

In what follows I can only display briefly some of the major facts warranting my assertion.

XV

The part played by the Germans in the rise of the Republican party to place and power between 1854 and 1860 and their capture of the seats of the Mighty in 1860 is a most interesting and instructive story. It is full of many dramatic episodes and replete with many lessons of

[35]Yearbooks of Ger. Am. Hist. Soc. of Ill. for 1913, 1914 and 1915.

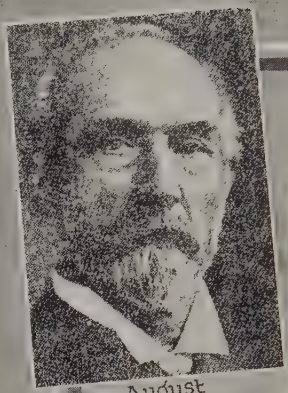
profound significance in what the patriots and philanthropists of these latter-days are wont to call "Americanization."

Scores of hundreds, if not thousands, of the German refugees from European oppression in their homelands were men of the finest social culture, men of high attainments in academic circles, and men of notable achievement in the arts, letters, politics and science. Tens of thousands were, of course, of the commercial or industrial classes, city clerks and laborers and other thousands were of the peasant classes. While ordinarily they cared but little for ordinary politics and participated but little in governmental affairs, they had a basic concern for the liberties our government was reputed to give all comers to these shores.

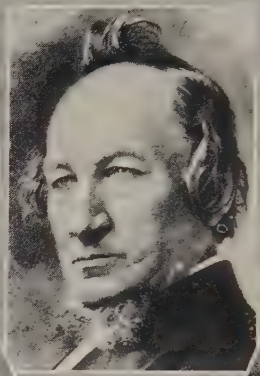
As already indicated the Germans—particularly the "Forty-eighters," were sorely disturbed by several things which astonished them in this "land of the Free." Slavery and the Fugitive Slave Law, especially some of its ruthless phases in practical administration, shocked them into violent antagonism. It recalled the seizures and searches of the Hapsburg and Hohenzollern police and secret agents. The anti-foreign propaganda or "Americanism" that blazed forth in such malevolent procedure astounded them inexpressibly. "Maine-lawism" or total "Prohibition" of traffic in intoxicating liquors that swept over the country in the decade just preceding the Civil War both incensed and disgusted them and made them feel that our reputed liberties were farcical in their pretentiousness. The enactment of the "Two-Year" Amendment to the constitution of Massachusetts in May 1859, whereby no foreign-born naturalized citizen could hold office or vote until after two years following naturalization, caused one of the most furious political blazes this country has ever witnessed. The Republican leaders from Massachusetts to California were suddenly brought to their knees.

The passage of the Massachusetts Amendment notwithstanding the hurricane of denunciation that beat upon the electors of the Old Bay State produced a state of suspiciousness which nearly ruined the peace of mind of the Germans. The widespread unanimity of Republican denunciation of the act alone saved their Republican alignments. But the fact that a state whose people stood before the country as the best representatives of "liberal" public policy, that talked and practiced "advanced" views for the "uplift" of mankind and was notorious for the ruthless abolitionism of its Garrisons and Phillipses should pass such an act and thus sanction the harsh programs of the "Know-Nothings" whose assaults upon their persons and property by mobs in burnings and lynchings and promiscuous malevolent discussion were notorious during the middle years of that decade—this fact made them realize that they could not count upon the "great party of freedom" with either certainty or peace of mind. This sensitiveness must be kept constantly in view in measuring the significance of the expressions and actions of Germans in the preliminaries of the Chicago convention.

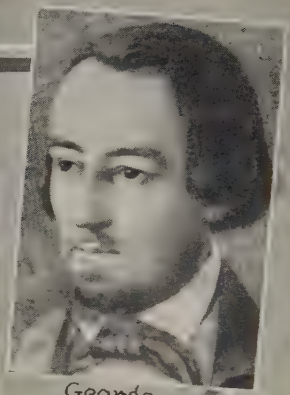
The course of opinion among the German Republicans relative to the presidential succession, as with the native born, was various and variable in its expression in the country at large. The German press of the Atlantic coast cities was in the main more outspoken and em-



August Markhausen



Karl Heinzen

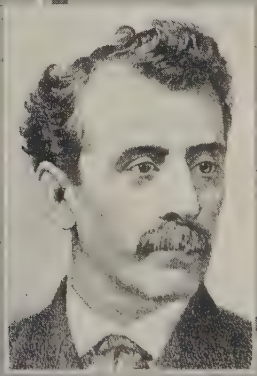


George Hillgaertner

Carl L. Bernays

Carl Daenzer

Friederich Munch



Frederick Hassaurek

August Willich

phatically, "radical," than the western German press. Two facts of a general nature probably explain. First, their editors lived in urban centres wherein the native born were numerically conspicuously preponderant and "Americanism" of the belligerent sort was especially active and malevolent: e. g., in Massachusetts, Connecticut, New York, New Jersey, Pennsylvania and Maryland—Thus Karl Heinzen's *Der Pionier,* established in Louisville in 1856, removed to New York City in 1858-9, thence to Boston in 1860; the *N. Y. Abendzeitung* and the *N. Y. Demokrat,* Herman Raster and William Kopp, editors respectively; the Newark *Zeitung,* Wm. von Katzler; *Freie Presse* of Philadelphia; and *Der Wecker* of Baltimore, founded by Carl H. Schnauffer, the "Tyrtaeus" of the revolution in Baden.[36]

The second fact was the marked socialistic tendencies of the German manual workers in the cities and of their leaders in the various Arbeiter-Vereins or Labor Unions which they formed. Along with these are to be considered the Turner societies, which steadily increased during the fifties. All of these, under the leadership of such men as William Weitling, Joseph Weydemeer, August Willich and Gustav Struve, generally declared themselves against slavery and its protection. Opposition to slavery, with the radical Socialist, was naught else than a part of their dispute with the tyranny of Capital and the impossible *bourgeoisie.*

There were, of course, radical German Republicans in the western states—Frederick Hassaurek of the *Volksblatt* of Cincinnati, Theodor Hielscher of *Freie Presse* of Indianapolis, Jens Peter Stibolt of the Peoria *Deutsche Zeitung,* Carl Rotteck of the Muscatine *Zeitung,* and Bernhard Domschke (a protege of Karl Heinzen), editor of the Milwaukee *Atlas.* But *Der Demokrat* of Davenport, under Theodor Olshausen, the *Belleviller-Zeitung* and the *Anzeiger des Westens,* under Weber, and both more or less under the influence of Gustav Koerner, the *Illinois Staats Zeitung* of Chicago, under George Schneider—these German papers were much more cautious and conservative in expression and propaganda, although when they did stand forth they did so with a certainty and force that could not be mistaken.

The progress of opinion in the columns of *Der Demokrat,* under Olshausen at Davenport, may be taken as fairly typical; its columns regularly reproduce the editorial utterances of eastern papers, and its connection with a major episode in the preconvention developments will give us an average index to the course of German sentiment anent the presidential succession.

XVI.

Der Demokrat on August 30, 1859, noted with approval that the County Central Committee of the German Republicans of New York City were against Greeley's proposed coalition program for uniting the various elements of the Southern "Opposition" party with the Northern Republican groups; and on the 22nd of September it observes

[36]Faust Ibid, II, p. 136, p. 22.

that "Fremont would in many respects be preferable to other candidates." On the 18th, and again on the 21st of October, Fremont's possible candidacy is the subject of discussion and the views of the eastern *New York Abendzeitung* dealt with. On November 24 Mr. Olshausen gave forth the following interesting expression:

"We admit that an absolute adherence to the most pronounced champions of liberty like Seward and Chase would include the great danger that such men if nominated, could not be elected. The masses of the American people are too conservative, and the republican party contains too many conservative elements that a victory might, with reasonable confidence be predicted to any such candidature. It would be different if Fremont should decide to become a candidate. He would receive all the votes which Seward and Chase could get.....

"Several great American papers seem to believe that the nomination of Bates or Banks would have better chances. We dont believe this. Banks cannot wash off the dirt which he has in the eyes of the Germans on account of his nativistic tendencies, and Bates is weak on the Slavery question, he being satisfied with the Kansas-Nebraska Bill, and even willing to have the Fugitive Slave law enforced by the aid of the entire army and navy of the country."

On December 10, 1859, the *Staats Zeitung* of Dubuque, John Bittman editor, said: "Fremont is a center about which all shades of the [Republican] party would crystallize, and whose sterling individuality excludes all distrust. Therefore, Fremont is our man."

In its issue of December 29, 1859, quoting from the *Anzeiger des Westens* of a previous date its observations upon the relative merits of Messrs. Lyman Trumbull, Benjamin F. Wade and Edw. Bates, Mr. Olshausen states sharply that Trumbull or Wade would be agreeable "aber Bates wäre der Tod der republikanischen Partei."

In the fore part of January, 1860, Mr. Olshausen gave his readers a survey of the state of the Union in a series of editorial articles, in the course of which he indicates a decided shadow of doubt about the depth and strength of Seward's real anti-slavery views—it was not bluntly asserted, but clearly discernible in the thin veil of his words:

".... in the current year a president is to be elected, and upon this election might possibly depend the fate of half the world. Many have cast their eye upon Wm. H. Seward as the savior in this emergency. If he really is the great statesman which he has so often been declared to be, the opportunity is now offered him distinctly to prove himself such an one. ********* Mr. Seward is intently watched as to how he will express himself regarding the late events in the Union [Harper's Ferry etc.] and as to which direction he will recommend seeking deliverance. His word will be listened to by half the nation with a favorable prepossession, and by the others, on the contrary, with uneasy expectation, and possibly with horror. Therefore, if Seward ever were able to soar upward to the highest point...then the present moment must be the most favorable imaginable. If he answers the expectations of the many....; if he can indicate the course to be followed...in order to cure the sick and failing public life and impart to it new vigor; ....if he can do this, we shall say: *He is the man*...******

"....A minimum of demands of the German radicals embraced the following:—1. Repeal of the infamous Fugitive Slave law; 2. Protection of citizens of free states sojourning within the slave states; 3. Freedom of speech, press, and of assembling in the southern states as well as in the northern; and, 4. Abolishing slavery in the District of Columbia, which depends solely upon Congress."

Mr. Olshausen had noted on November 22, 1859, the mention in the *New York Herald* of the use of Abraham Lincoln's name as a nominee for the Vice Presidency. On February 13 the *Illinois Staats*

Zeitung, commenting upon the reported attitude of Frederick Muench of Missouri towards Bates' candidacy, declared that in Illinois the "great majority is undeniably for William H. Seward. Chase or Lincoln, or any other true free-soiler, if nominated, would find the heartiest support, while a compromise candidate like Bates would have no chance." Again, on the 29th, *Der Demokrat* mentioned Lincoln's name among the eligibles for the Presidency whom Germans could view with favor.

Greeley's contention on behalf of Judge Bates aroused the *Press and Tribune* of Chicago, and it wrote some strong leaders protesting against the harm being done the chances of harmony and victory at the polls, and *Der Demokrat* (February 28) endorsed its assertion that should Bates be selected by the Chicago convention "the entire German and Scandinavian population of the Northwest would be driven from the Republican party."

Evidence in plenty all to the same effect might be heaped up, taken from the pages of Karl Heinzen's *Der Pionier,* Kopp's *New York Demokrat,* Theo Kell's *Freie Presse* of Philadelphia, Frederick Hassaurek's *Volksblatt* of Cincinnati, August Thieme's *Wachter am Erie* of Cleveland, August Marxhausen's *Staats Zeitung* of Detroit, Adolph Heilman's *Der Freiheits Freund* of Pittsburgh, Carl Daenzer's *Westliche Post* of St. Louis.

XVII.

On February 29, 1860, a part of the "Opposition" in Missouri assembled in state convention at Jefferson, the state capital. I say a "part," for the reason that in that state, as in New Jersey and Pennsylvania, the "Opposition" was not a compact, harmonious, unified party; it was a miscellany of sharply divided factions or groups, for the most part mutually repellent and rarely concurrent in partisan action. The convention at Jefferson was composed of the true-blue "sons of the soil," our "Hundred-per-cent Americans," consisting largely of quondam Know-Nothings who looked askance at Catholics and at all "furriners." This convention declared that Judge Edward Bates was their candidate for President, and urged his consideration by the "Opposition" groups of the North.

Mr. Carl Daenzer, the outspoken editor of *Westliche Post,* thus greeted the announcement:

> "In this Bates convention which was kind enough to dictate to the republican party its presidential candidate, sat most conspicuously the finest models of Missouri fire-eaters-rabid pro-slavery men,—old Know-Nothings-Whig-Whigs, and office-hunting ex-republicans."

The pronouncement of the Jefferson convention was not sufficient for the plans of the Blairs for the promotion of the candidacy of Judge Bates. If such was its official sanction and such the opinion of the *Westliche Post,* utter failure was certain as fate—in Missouri, to begin with, to say nothing of the country at large. Dependence upon the endorsement of that convention was utterly futile, for it ignored the one major factor in any possible success in Missouri, to-wit, the thousands of Germans in the counties and cities along the Missouri

river from St. Louis up to Kansas City; the followers of Gottfried Duden and seekers after *das Dudenische Idyll,* the scores of hundreds of "Latin farmers" and countless others who

"...were idealists, who began the fight for political liberty in their own country, but saw every effort foiled by the reactionary policy of the German governments. They felt keenly the degradation of paternalism exercised by incapable and tyrannical autocrats, and they were hunted down by an Argus-eyed system of espoinage."[37]

Such men could not be ignored. They must be aroused, assembled and organized into a fighting organization or Judge Bates' candidacy would be nothing but a flash in the pan or a newspaper creation. A Republican convention was called for March 10 in St. Louis by B. Gratz Brown, "Chairman of the Republican Central Committee," to meet in the old Mercantile Library at 12 o'clock noon. It was not a delegate convention, but a "mass convention," for the reason that the Republican party, as such, had no substantial or working organization in that state at the time. It illustrated the elements of the Platonic or Hegelian "Idea" of a political party, but not the definite, solid reality of the modern political party. The fact is of no little significance in appraising the comments of the press upon the meeting and its developments.

The press accounts, as usual in partisan matters, then as now, were various, divergent and contradictory; those favoring Judge Bates do not report the proceedings disruptive of their program and the opponents or outside critics see only the dissension and contention of the irreconcilables. One thing is clear in all accounts—the Germans were not in hearty cooperation and dissent was pronounced, and such was the impression given the country in the dispatches. In what follows I summarize the extended report of the *Missouri Republican,* an account written by a contemptuous observer, but whose statement of facts I have no reason to question. I give the headlines and generous extracts and summaries in order that we may discern the basic facts in the situation:

BAITS FOR MISSOURIANS.
Black Republican Pow-Wow—Presidential Movements.
A VAST FIZZLE.
The German Element Ignored.
Two Delegates to Chicago Kick Up and Withdraw.
Squabble Over Platform.
High Old Time Generally.

"The black republican meeting.....dignified by the name of a State Republican convention, assembled yesterday in the Mercantile Library (small) Hall.... No primary meetings had been held....it was therefore open to all who chose to consider themselves qualified to the sentiments of the black republicans of Missouri, and its elements therefore were diverse and chaotic. It was nothing more nor less than a caucus drawn together by those adroit gentlemen, who, ...by having a slave state, "Represented" in the Chicago Convention have thought to try to create enthusiasm in Missouri, by the use of the name of Edward Bates.

* * * * *

"As it was well known that there was a deep-seated opposition to Mr. Bates among the Germans, which constitutes the most numerous element of the black republican party, the convention was called to take place at 12 o'clock Meridian, a time when the working classes cannot well be present.

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[37]Ibid I, p. 442.

.... Indeed the Germans seem to have paid little attention to the Convention.....

"At half past 12 o'clock, there being 134 persons present, Mr. Brown ascended the rostrum.....

(Then follows a summary of his speech: then an account of sundry speeches while the committee on "officers" or organization was out. Dr. Adam Hammer a well known German physician of St. Louis was called for)—

".....the Dr. responded.... Four years ago in this city he boldly avowed himself a Republican, and was then almost alone.******** He was a conservative man and believed in expediency....**** If he could not vote for Fremont or Seward, he would put up with Bates."

* * * * *

"P. L. Foy of *The Democrat*, on the part of the Committee [on resolutions] reported the following platform

[1. Announce their adherence to the principles set out in the Call of the National Republican convention and also that they "will support the nominee" of that Convention; 2. setting forth that the Founding fathers were against slavery; 3. approving Jefferson's views about eradicating slavery; 4. commending colonization urged by Jefferson and Henry Clay; 5. proclaiming Edward Bates as a worthy candidate for the presidency; 6. holding in contempt the "threats of disunion" and announcing that any actual attempt should be dealt with drastically; 7. recognizing the "irrepressible conflict" between free and slave labor; 8.]

"Resolved; That we recognize it as the duty of the government of the United States to protect the right of free intercourse and domicile between the citizens of the different states—at home as fully as in foreign countries, and to maintain in all respects the equal rights of citizens of all nativities under the constitution of the United States, and are opposed to any change of the naturalization laws."

[9. Advocates the passage of the Homestead law; and 10. urges the construction of a railroad across the continent to the pacific coast.]

Fireworks started as soon as the chairman submitted the foregoing, two German editors leading off—Mr. M. Pinner of the Kansas City *Post* and Mr. Carl Daenzer of the *Westliche Post*. Mr. Pinner opposed adopting the proposed platform *en bloc*. Mr. Daenzer particularly objected to the fifth plank presenting Judge Bates.

Chairman Brown undertook to put the original motion and we are told that "great confusion ensued." "Mr. Pinner insisted on his motion. He did not believe in gag law." He scored, and the planks were put in their order and each carried without opposition up to the fifth, when Mr. Pinner offered the following amendment:

"Resolved: That the delegates of the Republican party of Missouri have no preferred candidate for President of the United States, and that our delegates shall not cast their votes for any candidate who does not stand fairly and squarely upon the Philadelphia platform of 1856."

Mr. Pinner set forth his reasons; they were in substance: The Republican party had a great opportunity. While Mr. Bates was worthy of his and all personal and public respect for his high private virtues, it was not fit that the Republicans of Missouri should undertake to dictate to the country or the party in the nation who their candidate should be. Further, "Mr. Bates has not declared himself upon the Republican platform and his views upon the measure advocated by Republicans are not definitely known. * * * Does anybody really suppose * * * he could carry the state? * * * He thought it wrong for those who could not pledge their state to the candidate they wished to be elected, to try to dictate."

A great uproar followed and there was an attempt to hoot him down, but he would not down. Finally the instruction was amended to read that Mr. Bates was "the first choice of the Republican party of the United States," and the delegates were directed "to vote unanimously for him while his name was before the convention."

Upon the passage of the amendment to the fifth plank "a number of Germans arose and left the hall."

In a controversy over the question of the electoral ticket Mr. Daenzer was asked point blank by Mr. Foy whether he (Daenzer) would support Mr. Bates if nominated at Chicago, and Mr. Daenzer instantly replied "that he would not vote for or work for Mr. Bates."

At this juncture the committee on organization was reported. Mr. Pinner pointed out that there was "not a German on it." This produced a flurry and explanations. It was said to be an accident. Yes, but similar "accidents," Mr. Pinner caustically observed, "had happened five different times within the memories of those present." Mr. Pinner and Dr. Bernays "were then added" to the committee. In the list of delegates there were "twelve pro-Bates and six reprobates." Upon the motion to bind the delegates by the unit rule, Mr. Pinner protested vigorously. Upon its adoption he said that he "withdrew his name. . . . Mr. Muench also withdrew amidst the greatest confusion."[38]

Some sort of peace was evidently patched up, for the delegation contained Frederick Muench, Dr. Adam Hammer, Charles L. Bernays, Arnold Krekel, B. Brunns. Mr. Bernays was editor of *Anzeiger des Westens,* the energetic rival of the *Westliche Post.* Frederick Muench's consent to remain on the delegation was the greatest achievement of the program, for his name was so influential among the "Latin farmers" and the hosts of the "Duden" German emigrants that he was a tower of strength to the Blairs and their candidate. He was not exactly happy in the predicament in which he found himself with his fellow Germans, but no one of any standing doubted his earnest public purpose and genuine desire for a practicable and honest movement towards better things in the relations of the Free and Slave States, looking towards steady betterment and progressive relief from the thing against which his whole nature revolted.

It is clear that the promotion of Judge Bates' candidacy by his home state champions was a difficult matter and had many of the earmarks of a "forced put." This was the general impression that the country at large obtained from the reports of the convention. *The National Era,* published at Washington, D. C., thus noted its work (March 15):

"The Republican State Convention of Missouri met at St. Louis on Saturday last. It appointed delegates to the Chicago Convention and nominated

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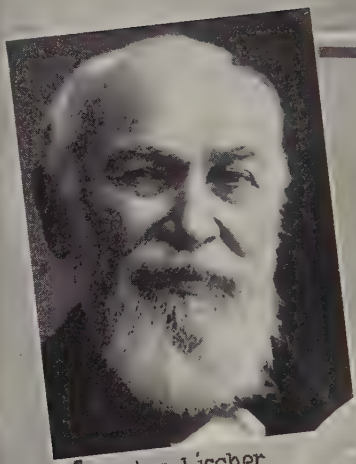
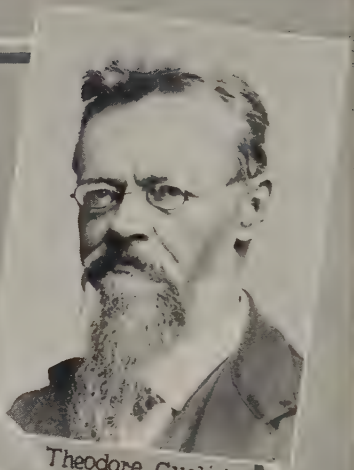
[38]Mr. M. Pinner from what I have been able to gather was a stormy petrel. In *Der Pionier* of April 26 and May 24 Karl Heinzen turns his heavy batteries upon him as a man without moral right to represent the German Republicans of Kansas City; and the *The Missouri Republican,* May 16, 1860 contains a dispatch from Chicago, saying: "The Delegation from Missouri has invited Pinner to resign his place as one of their number, which he has done. Pinner, you will recollect, was the only man who gave vitality to the assemblage, by which the whole delegation was sent here, and they ought to hold on to him for the fun of the thing."

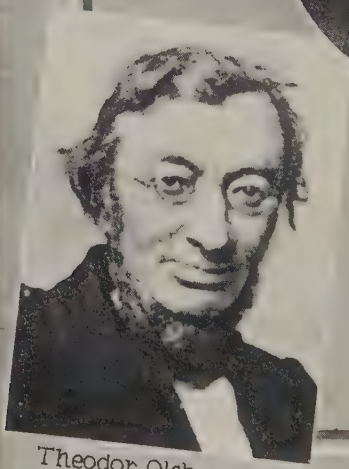


Julius Lischer

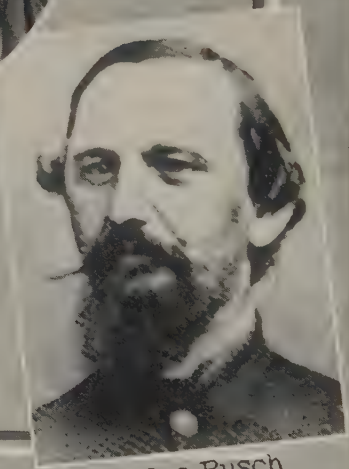


Theodore Guelich

Hans Reimer Claussen



Theodor Olshausen



Nicholas Rusch

Mr. Bates for the Presidency but not without serious opposition from the Germans who refuse to support any man outside the party."

Let us leave the Germans of St. Louis and return to the Germans of Davenport. *Ad interim* things were happening of serious import to the promoters of the candidacy of Judge Bates.

XVIII.

In its issue of March 6, 1860, *Der Demokrat* contained a notice of an

Extra Versammlung.
Deutsche Republikanische Club.
Mittwoch, den 7, März
Abends 8 Uhr
Tagesordnung: Die Präsidentenwahl
Alle deutschen Republikaner sind ein geladen.
Laut Beschluss der letsen Versammlung
Chr. Kaufmann
Sekretär

The meeting—a mass meeting in character—took place as planned in what was popularly called the German Theatre and was largely attended. Mr. Henry Ramming, associate editor of *Der Demokrat,* presided and Mr. Kaufmann served as secretary. It was called for the purpose of discussing what attitude the German Republicans should indicate and maintain in the impending contest for the Republican nomination for the presidency, and what, if any, action they should take in the premises. Public feeling when aroused among the Germans of those days was no superficial emotion that passed with the next diverting or interesting occurrence. Their sense of danger because of their many unhappy memories of harsh government in their old homeland and of brutal mistreatment at the hands of Know-Nothing zealots in this country, and the recent enactment of the "Zwei-Jahrs" amendment in Massachusetts was very acute and it energized them in all that they did. The actual course of the discussions in the meeting has not been preserved for us in *Der Demokrat.*

The major promoters of the meeting of March 7 and the leaders in the discussions were five very capable, forceful and influential men —Hans Reimer Claussen, Theodor Guelich, Julius Lischer, Theodor Olshausen and Henry Ramming. Save the first named, each was intimately connected with *Der Demokrat.* Theo. Guelich, then practicing law, had been the editor from 1852 to 1856. Mr. Lischer became the owner of the paper in 1856, when Theo. Olshausen became editor, both a few months later going to St. Louis, where they took over the *Westliche Post.* Messrs. Claussen, Guelich and Olshausen were refugees from Schleswig-Holstein. Mr. Ramming was an Austrian refugee.

Two of the five, Hans Reimer Claussen and Theodor Olshausen, had had notable careers in Schleswig-Holstein. Mr. Claussen had been an advocate in the courts of Holstein, a member of the Congresses of Holstein, Stuttgart and of Frankfort, and he jointly with Theo. Olshausen had been sent to Copenhagen to protest against the course of the Danish king's failure to keep his pact with the Holsteiners, and for which they suffered imprisonment. Olshausen was of a famous

family and had a notable career in letters and politics, who compelled the admiration of the harsh critic of all liberals, Heinrich von Treitschke, concerning whom more later.

The resolutions which were presented by Mr. Claussen and adopted are presented *in extenso*—for two reasons. First, they give many of the current arguments or premises of the opposition of the Germans to Greeley's candidate, Judge Bates, that were commonly entertained among the Germans in the Northwest and in the eastern Northern states. Second, the general approval given the resolution subsequently and their apparent influence in bringing about the call for the Conference in the Deutsches Haus at Chicago further warrants their reproduction entire. The translation offered was furnished Mr. Add. H. Sanders, editor of the Daily Davenport *Gazette,* and reprinted in that English Republican organ.

Whereas, the *New York Tribune*, a widely circulated newspaper of great influence has recommended Edward Bates of Missouri as the most available candidate for the Presidency;

But, whereas, the political acts of said Edward Bates have not shown him to be a Republican, because in 1856 he supported Millard Fillmore who approved the American platform, consisting among other articles of creed the following: "Americans must rule America, and to this end native-born citizens should be selected for all State, Federal and Municipal offices of Government employment in preference to all others; a change in the laws of naturalization making a continued residence of twenty-one years of all not heretofore provided for an indispensable requisite for citizenship hereafter";

Whereas, Millard Fillmore was nominated and supported by many designing politicians only for the purpose of defeating John C. Fremont, as the election of Fillmore was evidently impossible;

Whereas, also, at the late Congressional election in Missouri, according to the statement of the Chicago *Press and Tribune*, reliable newspapers, Edward Bates did not vote for Francis P. Blair, but voted for the American Pro-Slavery candidate who had no chances of success, thus using his influence to detract votes from Francis P. Blair, and thereby to defeat a high-minded and very talented Republican;

Whereas, the newspapers in St. Louis have repeatedly stated that E. Bates said that he would cheerfully execute the fugitive slave law, which statement has never to our knowledge been contradicted, and is probable, Bates being a native and a resident of a slave state and a constant opponent of the Republican party;

Whereas, while the horrible crimes committed in Kansas and the nefarious schemes of the Democratic administration to make Kansas a slave state have deeply aroused the consciences of the American people throughout the Union, and have caused the most strenuous efforts of true Republicans to defeat such schemes, Edward Bates by his repeated votes for Pro-Slavery Know-Nothings has effectually favored such designs of the slave-holding aristocracy and its tools;

Whereas, therefore, Edward Bates has shown himself to be an approver and supporter of the plans and measures of the Pro-Slavery Know-Nothings, and a disapprover and opponent of the Republican principles:

Whereas, recently in Missouri where Bates is best known he has been proclaimed the candidate for the Presidency in a convention, an overwhelming majority of which consisted of Pro-Slavery Know-Nothings and of persons in favor of a nefarious law against free negroes;

Whereas, it is presumed that this convention would not favor a known opponent of their political measures;

Whereas, under such circumstances it cannot be reasonably expected that Edward Bates, being about 67 years of age will by changing his political creed in his old age truly, faithfully and vigorously execute Republican principles in the impending crisis, therefore be it

Resolved, that the nomination of Edward Bates as the Republican candidate for the Presidency would imply a desertion from Republican principles and that we, therefore, under no circumstances will vote for the Hon. Edward Bates.

Resolved, that officers of this meeting be instructed to communicate these resolutions to the Republican papers of Davenport and to the Scott County Republican Club.

Chr. Kauffmann, Sec. H. Ramming, Pres.

Mr. Add. H. Sanders of the Daily *Gazette* of Davenport, was not overborne by the resolutions; he looked them full in the face and expressed both doubt of their entire verity and scepticism of the wisdom of their promulgation and the justice of their determination. He said in part in the same issue, March 10, in which he presented his readers with the translation just given:

"If all the charges or array of assertions in this platform be correct, then our German friends would be perfectly justified in protesting against the nomination of Mr. Bates—but scarcely more so than any body of American-born citizens would be. If true, Mr. Bates would not have one chance in a hundred, or no possible chance of securing the Chicago nomination—and as it is, we do not think that he has more than one chance in a dozen and this we are not disposed to help increase.....In this defence of Mr. Bates we do not wish to be understood as signifying a preference for him. On the contrary he is not our first choice. There are others we prefer to him. Yet if the Chicago convention thinks he can be elected standing on the Republican platform, and Seward, or Chase, or other Republican cannot be, we shall most heartily support the nomination, and we would not care a fig for the Republican who would not do it. Such a Republican's professions are as empty as the wind, and his principles are written in sand, the record of which the first empty wind of personal prejudice will eradicate."

In Mr. Sander's frank and forceful comments there was not a little pith and point; they were the keen observations of a practically minded and much-experienced party worker who knows that ideals and programs of reforms, if they are not to blow up in mere sound and fury, or collapse in a confusion of clashing ideas and ideals, must be achieved through the practical combinations of many and diverse elements upon a platform that indicates their common purpose and does not signalize their innumerable differences. But concerning these we are not here concerned.

Mr. Olshausen came back with a serious, well-reasoned rejoinder. One of the major motives of the Germans was thus stated:

"Should we let the Chicago Convention pass by before we give our opinion, which we presume is shared by a majority of German Republicans in the Union, such a distinct and ringing expression as to make it clear to everyone that by the nomination of *Bates* a great number of republicans would be driven out of the party? ********* If our resolutions, as we hope, find the assent of our German republican fellow-citizens, and if similar declarations should be issued, then Mr. Horace Greeley will be enabled to revise his calculations somewhat. ******

"No matter what course the majority of the republican party may pursue, we for our part shall always and immutably remain true to the *principles* of *liberty* and *humanity* which we heretofore have considered identical with those of the republican party."

XIX.

On March 14, the Turners of Davenport, "cordially" endorsed the Preamble and Resolutions of March 7 and directed their officers to

communicate their action to the Republican papers of Davenport and to the *Turn Zeitung,* their national organ.

Three days later the *Gazette* reprinted an interesting editorial of the *Press* and *Tribune* of Chicago induced by the Resolutions of the 7th, which had been forwarded to that paper by the promoters thereof. It viewed the matter substantially as the *Gazette* did. It said frankly: "There is no disguising the fact that the nomination of Mr. Bates would give much offense not only to the German Republicans but to the entire radical element of the party, and this fact will undoubtedly be duly considered by the Chicago convention. At the same time we cannot but regret that any considerable body of Republicans should feel it to be their duty to make pledges in advance of a character which may embarrass the actions of the convention." The balance of the editorial was an earnest plea for caution and consideration, each faction or group of the party one for the other upon the assumption that the Convention would be composed of the "picked men" of the party who represented their highest levels of intelligence, patriotism and high moral purpose—their consolidated judgment could be wisely trusted on many grounds.

The Davenport resolutions evidently produced a sharp reaction within local circles in Davenport. Presenting to the readers of the *Gazette* Judge Bates' responses to seven particular inquiries as to his views upon current burning questions—a document which met with high favor among the "conservative" Republicans; Mr. Sanders closed with the barbed observation:

"We do not prefer defeat with a representative Republican to success with Edw. Bates! We are not prepared to thus publish ourselves *as politically or fanatically insane.*"

Mr. Hans Reimer Claussen took that parthian arrow as directed towards him personally and penned a long rejoinder which he entitled *"The Evidence Against the Republicanism of Ed Bates."* We cannot deal with it at length here but some of its pithy statements may illustrate the state of mind of the foremost Germans in the Anti-Bates attitude of Mr. Claussen and his numerous sympathizers.

Judge Bates asserted the supreme control of Congress over the territories of the United States—if it gave slavery a legal existence therein it was the duty of citizens to submit. Mr. Claussen retorts that *"No man who votes for Bates can justly claim to be a Republican."* * * * * "The Republicans acknowledge it to be their *duty to abolish* all slavery within the reach of their power, But Bates declares himself only against the *extension* of slavery." * * * *

"What thinks Bates about the Fugitive slave law." Seward remarked in 1850, when the fugitive slave law was proposed: "We deem the principle of the law for the recapture of fugitives unjust, unconstitutional and immoral: * * * * "That is a clear language. But what thinks Bates about the fugitive slave law? * * * the *Evening News* * * * in St. Louis * * * * friendly to Bates says his opinion is, that the necessary military and naval force of the Union is to be employed for enforcing the nefarious law. * * * *

"This part of Bates' opinion has greatly offended the moral feelings of many * * *" He concludes with a striking assertion that it

is not necessary to ask Fremont or Seward "or Chase or Lincoln, or any distinguished Republican about their opinion on the extension of slavery. Not so with Bates * * * *."

Mr. Sanders declined to print Mr. Claussen's rejoinder—and under the circumstances such refusal enhanced the strain among the Olympians of Davenport. Mr. Sanders, however, took particular pains to state publicly that his declination of the *mss.* was in no manner personal to the author. *Der Demokrat,* however, printed it at length. In the course of his editorial Mr. Sanders stated his belief that "Bates stands scarcely a possible chance" for the nomination.[39]

A few days later Mr. Claussen, not content to rest his case against the Jurist of St. Louis, with his confreres of Davenport, took it higher up. On March 31 he addressed an earnest letter to the Senior Senator of Iowa in the national Congress—James Harlan—a portion of which is quoted. It displays again the same teutonic frankness, the same downright earnestness and also some other phases and affords us some information that is important.

"The Americans are quite numerous whose national pride is easily offended, if foreigners by birth, though citizens by adoption, are independent in their judgment about persons and measures—if they refuse to be in the leading-strings of wire-pullers.

"I think the Germans are consistent in their views about slavery. We feel keenly the moral and political evils of slavery, hence we think slavery is to be abolished by congress as far as the general government can reach it. We think the Fugitive Slave Law unconstitutional and void, and therefore not to be enforced by a Republican president. Slavery we consider to be a sin and a crime and we will not be accessory to the crime by our support of men and measures who are partly—anti—partly—pro-slavery men.

"We candidly and openly announce our views before the nomination. We dispel delusions, maintained and published by the *Gazette* that we after all would vote for such men as Bates.

"Our Anti-Bates resolutions have been communicated to you and your colleagues [Senator James W. Grimes and Congressmen Wm. Vandever and Samuel R. Curtis]. We sent them to every prominent German in the Union and have found general approbation among the German republicans. Those who think Bates still available *must not count upon the German vote.*[40]

Senator Harlan could not complain of dubious meanings or subterfuges or of anything called in these days "pussy-footing" sentiments.

XX.

Messrs. Claussen and Olshausen and their confreres in the meeting of March 7, could not complain of the reception accorded their anti-Bates resolutions. The sharp reactions resulting indicated conclusively that they had produced a marked stir in party circles. Mr. John Teesdale, editor of the Iowa Citizen of Des Moines, reprinted them and commented thereon much after the fashion of the *Gazette.* The editor of the *Dubuque Herald* (probably the leading Democratic paper of the state at the time) Mr. J. B. Dorr, reprinted them and of course took occasion to poke sticks into the Republicans and to tell the public to be prepared for "war in the camp" of the Republicans.

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[39]*Davenport Daily Gazette* April 5, 1860.

[40]Ms. Letter in Autobiographical Manuscript of James Harlan. The author is indebted to the courtesy of the late Robert T. Lincoln and Mrs. Lincoln for the privilege of citing said manuscript.

Mr. Jens Peter Stiboldt, editor of the Peoria (Ill.) *Deutsche Zeitung,* reprinted them with commendation. Mr. Bernhardt Domschke, editor of the *Atlas,* of Milwaukee, Wisconsin, placed them at the head of his editorial page entirely without comment.

The *Cleveland Plaindealer* noticed the general commotion among the German-Republicans in an editorial March 14:

"The Germans and the Presidency."

"The leading Republican German Press of the Free States is very decided in its expressions on the subject of the nomination for the presidency at Chicago. The New York *Abend Zeitung*, the Pittsburgh *Volksblatt*, the Cincinnati *Republikaner* and the Cincinnati *Volksblatt*, the St. Louis *Anzeiger* and several other German papers of influence insist upon an unequivocal and thoroughgoing Republican candidate as a condition of their support. They do not insist upon the nomination of any particular man but protest earnestly against the selection for standard bearer of any one not of decidedly Republican representative character. The Cincinnati *Volksblatt* comments favorably upon the action of the recent Republican state convention in its nearly unanimous expression of preference for Gov. Chase."

The editorial then notes the "resolute opposition from the German element in St. Louis" encountered by Judge Bates in St. Louis. It refers to a recent expression of Carl Schurz "delegate at large for a decided Republican." Nine days later March 23, the *Plaindealer* prints a letter signed by "Germanicus" who declared himself with teutonic bluntness:

"If Bates, Banks, or any other man of their stripe should be preferred by the Chicago Convention, you may be assured that not one hundredth part of the German Republican vote will be cast in his favor.... To be beaten under the leadership of Chase, Seward or any other true Republican is less injurious than a victory with a party-man of today."

The German Republicans of New York City meantime had become aroused to the course of discussion throughout the country and took a suggestive action that was significant. I give below the resolutions adopted March 13:

The German Republican Club of New York invite all similar organizations to unite upon the following or similar resolutions, to-wit:

1. We generally adhere to the principles expressed in the Philadelphia platform of 1856;
2. We declare determined opposition to all efforts for the extension and perpetuation of slavery;
3. We are opposed to any infringement upon the rights of immigrants and every movement for making the naturalization of five years more difficult. Therefore we condemn the restrictive law of Massachusetts and all efforts tending to prevent a complete equality between adopted and native born citizens, and we also demand a better protection of foreign born citizens abroad;
4. We demand that the pernicious, usurious land policy and the squandering of the federal domain by speculators shall cease, and that therefore, a homestead law be passed;
5. We deem a reasonable protection for our home industries desirable for the general good;
6. We can go hand in hand with the Republican party only when it nominates decided and reliable representatives of the above principles for the offices of president and vice president;
7. We call upon all German Republican Clubs in the North to adopt the above resolution, and to communicate with the undersigned committee to prepare a draft of our joint demands to be submitted to the Chicago Convention.

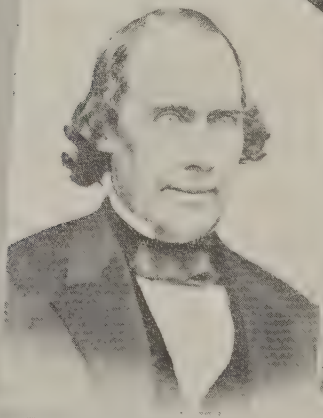
Andreas Willmann,
Chairman.

New York, March 13, 1860.

Jacob Mueller

August Thieme

John B Stallo



Dr. Edward Caspari

August Becker

The action of the New York Clubs may not have been induced by the action of March 7 at Davenport—although it is not improbable. But direct results were manifest almost immediately at Cincinnati. The German Republicans of that city were alert and active. They were in more or less constant conference. Under the leadership of such notables as August Willich, of the *Republikaner,* Frederick Hassaurek, of the *Volksblatt,* August Becker, of the *Hochwachter,* George Lindeman, Gustav Tafel and Judge John B. Stallo, a meeting was held in their Turner Hall, March 21. The subject on the anvil was what course they, as German Republicans, should take on the candidates before the Chicago convention. A series of resolutions were offered and were under discussion. Mr. Tafel at the request of Judge Stallo read the resolutions passed at Davenport March 7. They were read in German and in English; whereupon a motion was introduced and carried "that they heartily endorse them."[41]

XXI.

The widespread discontent and restlessness of the Germans over the situation and the obvious concentration of powerful interests and groups upon Judge Bates brought matters to a focus which may not improperly be interpreted as a direct result of the resolutions of the German Republicans of Davenport. The German Republican Central Committee of New York agreed to and sent out the following call:

"Call for a Convention of German Republicans."

"The German-Republican Central Committee of New York at its last regular meeting adopted the following resolution:

'"That from every state of the Union, where there are German Republican Organizations, three German delegates should be elected to a meeting to be held in Chicago on May 14th, for the purpose of effecting an Organization of the German Republicans, in order to submit to the then National Convention the draft for a platform as jointly prepared by all the local societies, and also to better control the German delegates to said National Convention securing the nomination of determined and reliable candidates for President and Vice-President."'

"The German-Republican Central Committee of New York has taken this matter in hand. It is of the opinion that the time is pressing that all similar organizations in the Union, without fault-finding, should declare themselves in harmony with the above resolution. The selection of the delegates, of course, is left to the several states. The undersigned Committee should be notified of such elections as soon as possible.

German Republican Central Committee,
Andreas Willmann,
31 Bowery.[42]

New York, March 20, 1860.

The Call for the Conference—in and of itself—regardless of its particular wording—produced reactions and reflections of sundry sorts, among native-born and foreign-born. It was the work of ardent idealists and the proposal was the decision of those who were terribly in earnest. It was a sign of discontent which would not brook much op-

[41]*Der Demokrat* March 25, 1860; and data supplied the author by the late Dr. August P. Richter editor of *Der Demokrat.*

[42]*Der Demokrat* March 23, 1860.

position and was heedless of ordinary criticism and cared little for common prudential considerations.

The "Call" suggested to the "red-blooded" fire-eating "American" who "sees red" when he sees or thinks of the "foreigner" taking any substantial part in American affairs, industrial, political or religious, that the movers and endorses thereof assumed a special interest of the Germans which gave them the right to direct and control the course of deliberations and decisions in the national Republican convention—an assumption which the native partisan, of course, would both resent and resist and thus revive, or keep alive the bitter memories of the Know-Nothing days. Or if the reaction was not so strong as this the "Call" assumed that the Germans were so numerous and their votes were so important in their relationship to the pending presidential campaign that their wishes and demands had to be considered and deferred to or certain defeat would ensue—a conclusion which the native partisan would neither admit easily nor submit to graciously.

The reception accorded the call by the public at large was somewhat mixed, if not dubious, in its significance. The fact was generally noted in the press but it did not produce much discussion *pro* or *con*. It is not clear that the leaders at Davenport contemplated such a practical proceeding. Mr. Olshausen reprinted the Call in *Der Demokrat* but refrained from comment of any sort and as the national convention approached it seems clear that the wisdom of the Conference was doubted. Such experienced practical leaders as Lt. Gov. Nicholas J. Rusch of Iowa, Judge Gustav Koerner, Geo. Schneider, and Francis Hoffman of Illinois and Carl Schurz of Milwaukee did not give it their countenance.

Such leaders appreciated the possible, and very probable disagreeable and dangerous reactions of such a proposed Conference. If it should bring on violent divisive discussion it would prove fatal to their best interests and the progress of the amelioration of the evils of slavery they so much dreaded; and if it encountered indifference and should "peter out" or collapse in utter futilities it would be detrimental to the Germans and enhance public disregard. Hence a rather instructive and general aloofness and silence.

Further, and more important in explaining the attitude of conservative German leaders was the fact that they had witnessed between February 1 and April 1 a steadily rising tide of pronounced opposition to Greeley's candidate. It had become so strong and so widespread that they felt it sufficient probably to prevent Judge Bates' nomination. If such seemed probable they felt that the Germans would gain little or nothing by a theatrical, outside effort to control the national Republican convention. Their best course was to continue to display their antagonism to the nomination, to continue within the party lines their steady adverse pressure. Outside, ostentatious efforts at coercion would irritate pride and produce resentment. Earnest appeals within the family circle, steadily pursued:—this the cautious leaders deemed much the better plan to pursue.

The Call for the Conference met with one plump, sharp dissent about which there could be no mistake as the following from the editorial columns of the *Peoria* (Ill.) *Transcript* of April 14 effectually

shows. I give it at length for its observations are both pithy and pointed.

Movements of the German Republicans.

We stated a day or two ago that a German Republican Committee of New York had issued a call for a delegate convention of the various German Republican Clubs at Chicago on the 14th day of May, for the purpose of influencing the nomination of the National Republican convention. One of these circulars was sent to the German Republican Club of this city and was acted upon at the last meeting. The following declaration embraces the action of the Peoria Club, and it contains a pretty large-sized flea for the New Yorkers:

"The German Republican Central Committee in New York has passed and communicated to the German Republican Associations of the Union a resolution:

[Quotes Resolution]

"Although unable to account from whence the so-called New York Central Committee derives its authority for a resolution embracing all the German Republican Associations, yet the German Republican Club of Peoria, especially in the interest of the German population, is disposed to notice said resolution and give it the following short answer:

We fully agree that we owe it, not alone to ourselves, but also to our adopted country, to insist upon the equality of all citizens of the United States, and especially upon the maintenance of the present naturalization laws. But at the same time, we believe that it does not become us to do anything that we would not like our American fellow citizens to do. Actuated by this motive we disapprove the scheme of sending a kind of German Vigilance Committee to Chicago during the coming National convention and we protest the more strenuously against it because it contains an insult to the Republican delegates, as well as their constituents.

"While pronouncing the above views, the German Republican Club of Peoria expresses that full confidence in the native born Republicans which the position they have recently assumed deserves, and which makes every true patriot hope that at last the time has come when not outside issues but the common cause of liberty, and free labor will then be thrown into the scales.

"By the foregoing declaration, the Club hopes to have done its duty, so that the German Republicans cannot be charged with ridiculous assumption.

(Signed) Charles W. Schimpff,
Pres.

E. Schiennberg, Sec'y.

"The above declaration must commend itself to the judgment of all sensible men, whether American, or foreign-born, and was the only true course to be adopted in the emergency. * * * * They believe that the Republican party is worthy of confidence and that the proposed conference is a device of the enemy, or, if that of friends, would be more likely, if carried into effect, to defeat rather than accomplish the object desired.

The arraignment of the program of the promoters of the Conference was drastic, and it seems to me too severe, for their fellow Germans to make. There was nothing in the nature of things that made it reprehensible. At the worst it was unnecessary, or ill-timed, or imprudent, but not malevolent, and certainly not insulting. It must not be forgotten that the majority of the Know-Nothings who had subjected their fellow-refugees to incendiarism, lynchings and gross personal outrages of various sorts were for the most part sometime Whigs, and now Republicans, and that aggressive "Americanism", a decadent Know-Nothingism, was still rampant in Indiana, Pennsylvania, New Jersey, Massachusetts, and more or less in New York, to say nothing of Missouri, Kentucky and Maryland, wherein the Blairs

and the friends of Judge Bates were effectively pushing the latter's candidacy. They had considerable grounds for being suspicious; even though political prudence probably pointed to another mode of procedure.

It is not at all improbable that another consideration animated the Peorian critics of the action of the Central Committee of New York Germans. The opponents of Senator Seward's nomination, very generally throughout the North, suspected—and many so charged openly—that the promoters of the German Conference of May 14, were working thus indirectly to utilize the German vote which was felt to be generally in favor of Seward first. This may account for the acid in the ink of the writer of the resolution of the German Club of Peoria; for Abraham Lincoln was a much talked of candidate at the time and his chances were being industriously considered by many local and national leaders of the Republican party.

The Germans of Newark took energetic action upon receipt of the Call of the N. Y. Committee. On the 10th of April the German Republican Club considered the proposal to issue a general invitation to all the clubs of the state to convene in Newark to concert measures and common procedure at Chicago. On the 18th they passed a series of resolutions in the way of suggestions for consideration at the meeting called for May 1 at the home of a Mr. Schaedel, 225 Washington Street, Newark. Among them were:

(a) [To support only such candidates for President and Vice President as stood upon the Philadelphia Platform of 1856;

(b) To demand a decided declaration, and such as will admit of no misinterpretation that the rights of Foreigners shall in no manner be diminished—that there shall be no difference between foreign and native born except as already exist under the constitution, and that they shall condemn expressly the Massachusetts Amendment;

(c) To work for a Homestead bill;

(d) To work for a Protective Tariff:

(e) To work for The Abolition of the Fugitive Slave law;]

(f) For the Exclusion of slavery from all territories which belong to the National Government.

(g) Vigorous protection of all citizens abroad, especially a worthy representative of the United States in foreign posts.

"The necessity of a German advance meeting in Chicago is generally recognized by the Germans. The German Republicans of our state in particular have reason to take strong ground for the preservation of their rights. We can do this best by a vigorous, decided, and common action before the nomination."

For the German Republican Club,
D. G. Miller President,
D. F. Ill, Secretary.

Newark, N. J., April 18, 1860.

The original of the foregoing action appeared in the *Freie Zeitung* of Newark and was translated for the readers of the *Evening Journal* of April 19. Again we have the same downright insistence upon definitive conditions—Support of the Republican platform of 1856, opposition to the Fugitive Slave Law, and condemnation of the Two Year Amendment—all of which were expressly designed and agreed to in the belief that they made the nomination of Judge Bates of Missouri impossible—at least if the Republican party managers cared to have the German voters on their side after the convention at Chicago.

XXII.

The attitude of the Republican and Democratic English papers towards the Conference, as intimated, was not indicated very generally. Their columns for the most part contain merely the news summary or notice sent out by some central news agency to all the papers alike. Those were crowding days and editors were trying to keep their eyes clear of the dusts of confusion and their heads level on their shoulders —and the turmoil at Charleston and its momentous significance may have absorbed their attention to the exclusion of what may have seemed minor matters. Nevertheless the Conference was noted and experienced party guides kept their weather eyes on it. I give the comments of two papers—both located in important cities wherein Germans were numerous.

Greeley's *Tribune* dealt deftly and vigorously with the proposal in an editorial May 8:

"It is announced that a deputation of three German Republicans from each free state, and perhaps from some of the slave states will be present at Chicago to advise and confer with their Republican brethren as to the selection of our national candidate. We need not say that they will be heartily welcome. 'In the multitude of councilors there is safety,' and our adopted citizens are not so fully represented on the lists of regular delegates as to render such supplementary representation superfluous. We are glad that it has been resolved on.

"We assume, of course, that the German Republicans will go to Chicago prepared to hear as well as speak, to consider what seems best to others as well as to set forth what is deemed best by themselves. Friendly counsel is always welcome; Dictation might not be so graciously received. Let all hear and then all will be heard.

"We have of late offended some good friends by declining to publish appeals to Germans, to Irishmen, et al. with reference to our political conflicts. We do not doubt that party capital might sometimes be made by such appeals; but they are nevertheless wrong and perilous. An American citizen, no matter where born should tolerate no appeals to him in any other character than that of an American citizen. To regard and address him as a German or Irishman is to imply that he has not really become one of us, and ought not to be so considered. He who votes in our election as an Irishman or German has no moral right to vote at all.

"Between us be truth." If these frank explanations are apropos to nothing actual, they can justly give offense to none. If needed, they are not uttered one moment too soon."

The next day, May 9, in the Detroit *Free Press,* a Democratic paper, we have the Conference looked at from another angle:

"It is a fact not generally understood that a separate convention of the German Republicans consisting of three delegates from each state, is to be held at Chicago Monday next, the 14th of May, two days prior to the assembling of the Black Republican convention proper. Delegates from most of the northern states have already been selected and will be in attendance. The object is to forestall the action of the general convention, either by nominating a candidate of their own and compelling the party to accept him upon the peril of losing their vote; or else indicating a line of policy from which the other convention will not dare depart. The German Republican convention will either nominate Seward, or express such a preference for him that a refusal on the part of the general convention to nominate him will peril the whole German vote. It is doubtful if they would accept any other candidate than him or some one equally as radical and extreme. Since they hold the controlling power in the Black Republican party they consider it no more than right that the party should yield to their preference.

The Democrats generally, and the friends of Seward too, assumed that the German Conference would declare for Seward or throw its influence directly in his favor. We have seen that Germans were not so uniformly for Seward; some of them had cooled in consequence of his "Capital and Labor" speech in the Senate Feb. 29. They made frequent mention of their willingness to support such a candidate as Chase or Wade or Lincoln. We shall see that such commentators did not quite sense their state of mind, and did not estimate justly their common sense and political shrewdness.

Three facts explain the seeming indifference of the public to the Call for the Conference. First, the German press was not familiar to the generality and the newspapers in English would not realize its significance or importance for some time. Second, Republican editors deemed it prudent not to promote what suggested a bolt or "trouble-making" Conference and they thought it best merely to await developments. Third, in view of much opposition to Bates, the open threat of the *Enquirer and Courier* of New York to bolt his nomination, Germans were not all of one mind about the need of a special conference.

XXIII.

Before dealing directly with the Conference it will add to our sense of the coercion to which the Republican leaders felt themselves subject if we notice several other apparently isolated items. We may discover the direction of the winds and the currents by feathers in the air and straws in the stream.

Between the opening of that year and the assembling of the delegates at Chicago, German editors were constantly referring to and attacking the "Zwei-jahrs-Amendment" of Massachusetts. *Der Pionier,* edited and published by Mr. Karl Heinzen, one of the most vigorous penmen among the German newspaper men, or his ardent co-worker, Dr. Adolph Douai, flung darts at it in almost every issue and frequently heavy bolts in powerful leaders. Thus, for example: Jan. 12 "Das Zwei jahrs-Amendment revidirt"; Jan. 26, "Das Zwei jahrs-Amendment abernals"; March 8, "Cassius M. Clay und Das Zwei jahrs-Amendment"; and in his issue of May 10 he printed a two column broadside under the caption—"Ist Die Republikanische Partei Fŭr Das Zwei jahrs-Amendment d. i. Fŭr Die Befolgung Ihren Platform Veranwortlich?" Readers of German papers the country over were not allowed to forget the significance of the "Zwei jahrs-Amendment."

The other side of the shield is clearly shown in a demand made of Mr. Lincoln when he was announced to speak in Providence, Rhode Island. The next morning, February 28, the *Providence Daily Post* under the satirical caption "Mr. Lincoln is Sent to Us" indulges in sundry caustic comments and then says:

> "We hope Mr. Lincoln will not fail to define his position fully and intelligently tonight. As an Illinois Republican he differs essentially from the Republicans who have done our preaching in Rhode Island. *He is in favor of allowing foreigners to vote, even before they are naturalized.*"

The Democrats were not at all backward in directing the attention of Germans to the act of Massachusetts, and asking if it signified an earnest concern for the equal rights of all citizens under our flag and constitution. In the crucial campaign in Connecticut in March and April that year, the Democrats made a dead set at the Germans and they rang the changes on the "Two Year" Amendment. How serious their strategy and tactics were deemed to be may be inferred from the fact that Greeley's *Tribune* frankly admitted that the Germans saved the Hartford district in 1859. The effect of their incessant hammering on the act of Massachusetts drew from the pen of Mr. Samuel Bowles a strong editorial expression in the *Springfield* (Mass.) *Daily Republican* on the morning of March 27, a portion of which is given:

The Two Year Amendment in Connecticut.

The Democrats, in their desperate attempt to carry Connecticut, have an appeal for every class of voter; * * * *; the foreigners through their hatred of Know-Nothingism and apprehension of its influences. * * * * But Germans, by principle, by nature, almost, are republicans; they are born oppositionists, and are intelligent enough to know that the slavery party is against their instincts as well as their interests. But they hate Know-Nothingism with a cordial and righteous hatred. When you get a German between slavery on one side and Know-Nothingism on the other, you get a stubborn fellow in a very tight place, and he is quite as apt to let slavery slide for this time in order to make his vote tell against the Know-Nothings. * * * *

"So the Democrats in Connecticut are plying the Germans with the Massachusetts Two years Amendment as evidence of what republicanism is and will do. But they do not tell them the truth about the matter..... * * * * The thing was a crime because it was a blunder, and, because also. it was a piece of bigotry and injustice, inconsistent with the spirit of American institutions. But it was an accident, an excresence, a piece of thoughtlessness, regretted as soon as done, even by those who assisted in doing it; and in no danger of repetiton or perpetuation. Though the republicans have had the power in half the states in the Union, for four years, no similar enactment has been adopted or even seriously proposed in any other state. * * * It was opposed by the more prominent and distinctive Republicans—Senators Sumner and Wilson, John A. Andrew, Julius Lockwell, Henry L. Dawes.....The only opposition to it came from the Republicans, and it would not have been carried finally, had not the Democrats purposely, and as if by concert, withdrawn the opposition and refused to vote against it. * * * *

Mr. Bowles' assertions were correct, but nevertheless the Germans generally charged the Republicans of Massachusetts with the responsibility for the amendment. They could not forget. The connection of Judge Bates with the Fillmore convention in 1856, and its "American" program and the steady growth of his candidacy for the nomination for the presidency were taken by them to mean a recrudescence of nativistic prejudice.

The consciousness of the vital part the Germans would have in the success of the Republican party in the impending campaign is clearly exhibited in an instructive editorial which appeared in the Detroit *Free Press* April 17. The fact that its editorial policy was Democratic merely enhances the pith and force of the statements made. A considerable portion is reproduced: •

"The German Vote."

"Nothing has been more evident for a long time than the fact that the main dependence of the black republicans in all the states where they have an existence is on the German vote. In that lies their main strength. If it is to be taken from them in any single state except possibly Massachusetts and Vermont, they immediately go into a minority. It is not necessary that it should be given to their opponents, but let that vote be silent during a single election and there is not a single state in the Union, with these two exceptions, in which the party would not be beaten. In St. Louis it is the German vote that has brought the black republicans into power. In Cincinnati it is the same vote that has given them whatever triumphs they have ever enjoyed. The same is true in Chicago and it was the two German wards of that city that gave Wentworth his whole majority of twelve hundred at the late municipal election, the strongest of these wards, the sixth, rolling up a majority of not less than seven hundred fourteen in his favor. It was in the German wards of Detroit last fall that the black republicans made all the gains by which their Mayor was elected. * * * * All those states which have the largest German population are the strongest black republican as New York, Ohio, Michigan, Iowa, Wisconsin and the northern portions of Indiana and Illinois. The Germans at this day are the main stay of the black republicans. * * * *

The incessant perplexities or reactions of politics are indicated in an action of the German Republican Clubs of New York City on the night of April 25. The *Evening Post* tells us that resolutions were introduced condemning in strong terms the Syracuse State Republican convention, which selected the New York delegates to the national convention at Chicago, for completely ignoring the German members of the party who were especially numerous in New York City. It was the second or third of similar meetings and similar action. Thurlow Weed, who probably determined the most of the selections, evidently had his eye on the "American" partisans, who had done the Republicans damage in New York state in the previous elections. It is not uninstructive that in a previous issue the *Evening Post* had expressed itself in very harsh terms about the delegation generally. With the exception of George William Curtis and a few of the delegates-at-large, "among the names. . . . are quite too many of those men who have figured in some way at the late session of the legislature in the iniquitous proceedings which have justly aroused the anger of all honest men." Mr. Theodore Bracklow, who introduced the resolutions, pointed out that "a host of spoilsmen well known in this city were put on the ticket who are a disgrace to the hitherto pure Republican party."

XXIV.

Proof of the constant, the insistent, and the emphatic interest of the Germans, (and of the party press in regions wherein Germans were potent factors in the success of the major parties at the polls) in the "Zwei Jahrs" Amendment of Massachusetts, right up to the time when the delegates to the national Republican convention were assembling in the Wigwam May 16, 1860, is afforded in two incidents. One is general in its significance, and the other is particular in its significance. Each is luminous in its import. Any one that knows a hawk from a hand saw in politics knows that *that amendment* was the rock in the middle of the stream on which candidacies would break if they did not get around it successfully.

In the *Wisconsin State Journal* of Madison for May 11, there appeared an editorial article entitled, "Origin and History of the Massachusetts Amendment." Its length was two and a third columns. It contains (and consists chiefly of) a long letter dated at Boston, May 1, "from a Republican of high standing in Massachusetts to a distinguished gentleman of this state, by whose favor we are enabled to lay it before the readers of the *State Journal.* It is a full exposé * * * and at this time will be read with interest and profit." Then follows the letter, which is an earnest effort on the part of the writer to locate the blame of the passage of the act of Massachusetts upon the shoulders of the Democratic party, an attempt that did not get very far with the suspicious Germans and with practical partisans in the hurly-burly of ordinary American politics.

Wisconsin was a Northern Free State. Radical anti-slavery sentiment was rampant. The Republicans had occupied the seats of authority for several years. Fillmore received only 579 votes in 1856 and Fremont's majority in the state had been 12,668 over Buchanan and Fillmore. Nevertheless the Republicans were decidedly uneasy in that state. Carl Schurz had been defeated for the office of lieutenant governor in 1857, and in the then recent elections in Wisconsin they had won by a painfully narrow margin. *That amendment* was not spent powder. It was precisely what Abraham Lincoln called it eight months before in his letter to Schuyler Colfax—one of the "explosive matters" powerful enough to blow up the national convention. The *State Journal* knew it and knew that its readers in Wisconsin knew it.

The next incident is the most luminous among the many radiant points in Abraham Lincoln's astonishing career as a political leader. The late Horace White, who followed his career closely and with intimate knowledge, declares that Abraham Lincoln was the shrewdest politician this country has produced, and his tactics on the eve of the Chicago convention conclusively demonstrated Mr. White's unqualified assertion.

In another connection I have dealt at length with Lincoln's celebrated letter of May 17, 1859, to Dr. Theodor Canisius, editor of the *Staats Anzeiger* of Springfield, Ill., declaring his opposition to the principle of the Two Year Amendment of Massachusetts. Its clarity, its force, its courteous consideration for all concerned, its adroitness and tact, its insight and foresight in contrast with sundry other letters written and proclaimed by his confreres in politics in Illinois at the time compel the admiration of the most critical. That same acute and alert perception of the central strategic facts in the political terrain, that same marvelous insight and foresight of the ground forces and the great controlling factors in the surging contention then concentrating in convention hall in Chicago was again displayed in his tactics in his instructions to his friends in the Decatur convention which first put his name formally before the country as a candidate for the presidency May 10, just eight days before his nomination was compassed in the Wigwam.

The deliberations and the determinations of the Decatur convention were controlled by Mr. Lincoln's friends. Mr. Lincoln's wishes

controlled that majority of the delegates which we are confidently told by sundry did not expect him to score high in the balloting and did not expect his nomination. The action of the convention, the form of its pronouncement as to his candidacy and the resolutions adopted reflected his particular wishes, and of course his judgment as to strategy in the coming struggle in the convention. Hence, the significance of two resolutions proclaimed by the Decatur convention. They represented his keen judgment as to the paramount matters in the pending presidential campaign if the Republicans were to capture the seat of authority at Washington. The pronouncement of the convention, or its platform, was the following:

"The Republicans of Illinois, in Convention assembled, hereby declare that we re-affirm the platform adopted in State conventions at Bloomington, May 29th, 1856, and at Springfield, June 16th, 1858, and we also declare:

"*First*—That we are in favor of giving full and efficient protection to all the rights of all citizens, at home and abroad, without regard to the place of their birth. That our naturalization laws, having been enacted by the Fathers of the Revolution and the Constitution, and being just in principle, we are opposed to any change being made in them intended to enlarge the time now required to secure the rights of citizenship under them, and that the State Legislatures should pass no law discriminating between native born and naturalized citizens in the exercise of the right of suffrage.

Second—That we are in favor of the immediate passage of a homestead bill by Congress, which shall secure the public domain for homes for the people and protect it from the rapacity of speculators."

The Philadelphia platform of 1856 was the *sine qua non* of the German Republicans in all of their protests against the act of Massachusetts in 1859 and in all of their contention against the candidacy of Judge Edward Bates of St. Louis. Its tenth plank read:

"*Resolved*, That we invite the affiliation and cooperation of the men of all parties, however differing from us in other respects in support of the principles herein declared; and believing that the spirit of our institutions, as well as the Constitution of our country, guarantees liberty of conscience and equality of rights among citizens, we oppose all proscriptive legislation affecting their security."

Ex-President Millard Fillmore had been nominated for the presidency in 1856 by the "Americans" in council in Philadelphia, February 19. The ninth plank of their national platform demanded an extension of the probationary period for naturalization from five to twenty-one years. A convention of the Old Line Whigs in Baltimore, September 17, 1856, presided over by Judge Edward Bates of Missouri, had endorsed Mr. Fillmore and worked for his election. Hence, most of the troubles of Greeley and the Blairs in promoting the presidential canvass of Judge Bates.

It is not inappropriate here to point out that the tenth plank of the Philadelphia platform of the Republican party was the work of George Schneider, editor of *The Illinois Staats Zeitung* of Chicago and of Mr. Abraham Lincoln of Springfield. Malevolent Know-Nothingism had rent the old party alignments between 1852–1856. Mr. Schneider, who had joined the opponents of Douglas' Bill to repeal the Missouri Compromise, was anxious to secure a clear-cut pronouncement of the new party of Freedom against measures and policies hostile to the naturalized citizens—especially the Germans, who were such staunch anti-slavery men. He took a proposed plank to the first Republican

state convention when it convened in Bloomington May 29, 1856. With the counsel and cooperation of Abraham Lincoln, he got his plank adopted by the committee on resolutions, of which Lincoln was a member, and later by the convention. That plank Mr. Schneider, as a delegate of Illinois, took with him to the Philadelphia convention and in that body, with the aid of N. P. Judd, Owen Lovejoy, Hermann Kreismann of Chicago and Francis Grimm of Belleville and others, got it incorporated as the tenth plank of the first national Republican platform, with consequences of momentous significance in the history of his adopted country.

Another item scintillates with significance. Mr. Lincoln was allowed, of course, virtually to determine the personnel of the delegation to Chicago. It is instructive that the name heading the list of delegates at large was no less than a distinguished German refugee of the Revolution of 1830, a sometime Douglas Democrat, a sometime Justice of the Supreme Court and Lieutenant Governor of Illinois, Gustav Koerner of Belleville—who had presided over the noted convention in Springfield on June 16, 1858, when Abraham Lincoln delivered his speech in which he proclaimed that celebrated utterance "A house divided against itself cannot stand. I believe this government cannot endure permanently half slave and half free. I do not expect the Union to be dissolved." There was Olympian wisdom in Mr. Lincoln's choice of the first man on his delegation. His influence in several critical junctions in the fierce contention of that celebrated convention week was decisive—for he determined the tilt of the scales.

This extended survey of the preliminaries of the Conference in the Deutsches Haus and of the National Republican convention in Chicago in May, 1860, may fittingly conclude with an exhibit that I have never seen referred to in any of the innumerable accounts of the work of the Chicago convention. It appears on the editorial page of the *Peoria* (Ill.) *Transcript* under date of May 7.

Lincoln and the Germans.

The Baltimore *Turn Zeitung*, the Central organ of the German Turner Bund of the United States which Society consists of [more] than 50,000 members, has declared in favor of Abraham Lincoln for the Presidency, believing him to be the strongest candidate the Republican party could put forward. The *Turn Zeitung* predicates its preference for Mr. Lincoln on the ground that he is the safest and most available in the Republican party, and that with him we can whip the Democracy, whoever may be the Charleston nominee. We translate the following from that article:

"Will Douglas be nominated by the Democrats; it is then the imperative duty, not only on the ground of honor, but also of availability, for the Republicans to assemble around a man, for whom the better part of the people can be excited to enthusiasm. If on the score of expediency we must pass Seward by, then will Mr. Lincoln be *the* man, as a matter of course. He has already fought a battle for life and death with the little Giant and came out of the Titan fight as victor because he conquered for his party in Illinois more votes than Douglas for his: and Mr. D has only to thank the unjust apportionment of the state for his re-election to the Senate of the United States. *Under a standard bearer like him The Republican party would be certain of victory*, even against Mr. Douglas, and at all events, it would be shielded against the reproach of dishonest defeat. In the worst event, our party could but retreat with flying colors from the battlefield, and obtain, after a lapse of four years, in accordance with the sentence

of 1860 which will lay the destinies of this Union into the hands of the great Northwest, a certain victory."

The loss of the local files of the Baltimore *Patriot* and the *Turn Zeitung* for the month of April and May and of the Turner Bund of that city leaves us in a miscellany of queries as to the various circumstances of the action of the Turners, the exact date, the movers, and the immediate considerations inducing it. Their action had the highest political significance; and a significance but little appreciated outside of political circles. The Germans, as we have seen by many an illustration, were the most outspoken and energetic anti-slavery elements in the Republican party. The Turners were the best organized and the most effective organization among them. The beginnings of the Turn Vereins was the promotion of liberty and resistence to the arbitrary and tyrannical government of the rulers of the various kingdoms of old Germany. The athletic and social phases of their work which became in time so prominent were originally merely incidental blinds to protect them in the realization of the primary purpose of their founder, Jahn. The Turners were to the Germans what the Masons have been to the general public throughout much of our national history, an effective, widespread complex wherein and through which public sentiment among the Germans was easily developed, crystallized and made efficient. From 1846 on the German Turners began to affiliate with and to promote the "Free Soil" parties in this country.

The action of the Turners in Baltimore becomes noteworthy for we have been so generally informed that the Germans were all radical Seward advocates. If the action was the decision of the Verein of Baltimore, or of the State of Maryland, it was significant—but if it was the action of a central Executive Committee or of a delegate body of their national Bund then it was of maximum significance. The Turners were strong in all of the industrial and commercial cities of the Atlantic seaboard states.

That action of the Turners, it need hardly be pointed out blows up the blissful assumption and the endlessly repeated assertion that Abraham Lincoln was an "Unknown" on the morning of Friday, May 18, 1860, when the delegates of the national Republican convention in the Wigwam nominated him for the Presidency of the United States.

Let us attend at the Deutsches Haus, Chicago, wherein many of the German Turners assembled on Monday and Tuesday, May 14-15.

XXV.

The delegates to the Conference of the German Republican Clubs under the Call issued by the Central Committee of the German Republican Clubs of New York City under date of March 20, assembled at the Deutsches Haus, at the South East corner of Indiana Ave. and Wells street on Monday, May 14, 1860.

The meeting place was a three story brick structure of simple Gothic design. It had been built in 1856 because of the need of a forum for holding meetings in consequence of the bitter resentment aroused by "Know-Nothingism" in 1855-56. Francis A. Hoffman, George Schneider, Casper Butz and Ernst Preussing were the leaders

DAS DEUTSCHE HAUS
So. E. Cor. Indiana Ave. and Welles St.,
Chicago, Illinois
1860

chiefly in charge of its construction. It served as a sort of German Townhall and Theater and Assembly room for bunds, clubs, lodges, societies and vereins of various kinds—in short it was, in the latter-day parlance—a sort of Community House for the German folk of Chicago.

The delegates did not arrive in any considerable numbers the first day. But it was evident that the newspapers had given their reporters instructions to keep their eyes on its sessions. I give a few extracts.

The correspondent of the *Springfield* (Mass.) *Republican* writing from Chicago, Saturday evening, May 11, thus anticipated its sessions on Monday:

"The German Conference on Monday will be fully attended. It is a Seward move."

Its next dispatch sent out Monday night, the 14th, reads:

"The much talked of German Conference convention, for today, to forestall the National convention and indicate its action, has fizzled. There were only eight delegates present.

"Mr. Seward's nomination is now claimed on the fourth ballot. His friends are firm, but New England is deserting him. Everything is doubtful. Abe Lincoln is gaining as a Western candidate.

On the same date the Boston *Courier* was informed by its correspondent at Chicago that

"The idea of holding a convention during the sitting of the National Convention, seemed to meet with no favor."

The dispatches to the *New York Tribune* give us fair samples of the first reports and appraisals of the German Conference sent out to the press of the country by the "English" or "American" correspondents to their home papers. Not all probably—but the majority during that crowded week were sent by that incomparable observer and reporter Horace Greeley. In part of course he represented a very common state of mind of the average "American" when dealing with any persons or matters of a "foreign" origin—a certain contemptuous, top-lofty disdain—"would-rather-not-mention-or-touch" attitude. But in part he displayed, naturally, his resentment of the course of the Germans towards the candidate whom he for a year and a half had been promoting and whom the Germans had been consistently opposing. On Sunday night he sent a dispatch which stated:

"The German Convention is repudiated and denounced by the Germans generally and will amount to nothing."

Monday night at 10 p. m. he sent his paper the following:

"The German convention today did nothing—only eight delegates were present. They could not even pass a resolution demanding that the National Convention should denounce the famous Massachusetts Two Years Amendment.

"The German friends of Judge Bates are increasing."

Even the Chicago *Press and Tribune* could not resist direct jibes with derogatory implications in its first mention of the Conference. The following appeared in the first column in its issue of the 14th:

THAT GERMAN CONVENTION.

"That German Convention about which there has been some unnecessary fume, in view of the fact that it was to be held at the same time and place with the Republican national convention, met in a quiet room yesterday morning, and after a short consultation voted that there was no business before the meeting and adjourned. It was attended by less than a dozen persons, and they were quite agreed that the Massachusetts Amendment

(concerning which the convention was first mooted) was a defunct issue, so far as the Republican party is concerned."

Messrs. Medill and Ray clearly had not given their reporters the prudential instructions that shrewd political tactics enjoined or they did not see as clearly as the keen judge of *genus politicum* at Springfield.

Suddenly the tide turned and everybody and all the gods began to watch the gathering delegates in the Deutsches Haus. The Associated Press sent out reports that the Conference of the German Republicans was not a mere splutter in the pan. A dispatch to the *N. Y. Tribune* informed its readers under date of Monday, May 14, in noticeable headlines:

Meeting of Germans at Chicago.

"An informal gathering without any organization whatever, of the German Republicans from different states took place today, to consult about the manner and how it was best to secure the largest support on the part of foreign born citizens for the nominee of the Chicago convention.

"The resolution arrived at was to endeavor to obtain from the Republican national convention a plank in their platform recognizing perfect equality and protection to all citizens at home and abroad, and declaring against any extension of the present term of naturalization, and against any discrimination between native and adopted citizens as to their qualifications as voters.

"There was no convention and the idea of holding one during the sitting of the national convention seemed to meet with no favor.

"Messrs. Chase, Seward, Lincoln and Wade were the presidential preferences of the gentlemen present.

"The best feeling prevailed and all present appeared animated with a desire to do every thing to secure a Republican victory in November.

This turn-about meant that Greeley or his reporters had seen something portentous. It was the character and the numbers of the men who began to foregather in the Deutsches Haus which made the argus-eyed gentry of the press turn again and look sharply at the delegates and participants in the conference in progress in the Deutsches Haus. They saw men of fame wending their way thitherward.

They saw anti-slavery leaders of great force of character and influence in their states. They noticed educators, members of college faculties, physicians of note, men of letters of distinction, men whose pens contributed to the columns of Greeley's *Tribune* and Bryant's *Evening Post;* political speakers who spoke with fiery eloquence in both English and German, editors of German papers in all of the states of the Northwest and in the Middle States and parts of New England. They saw men who had achieved distinction in the government of the states and who were influential leaders in the party politics of the Republican party in the cities and commonwealths. They saw, too, that most of those delegates and participants in the two hundred or more who attended the second day's sessions of the conference had suffered martyrdom and exile from native lands because of their love of freedom and demands for constitutional government. They had hurled their bolts at kings and tyrants in Austria and Germany and France, and they were ready to do so again if dire need forced them to do so. They were sturdy foemen of slavery who had come to the Republican standards in 1856, but they would not abide by them

in 1860 if they were affronted by either the lack of consideration in the platform or in the character of the candidate—who would halt and sustain the *status quo* in their resentment. They noticed, too, that the friends and advocate of the candidates, of Seward and Bates and Chase and Lincoln, were assiduously cultivating the notable leaders of that conference, seeking ardently for support of their favorite sons.

Let us examine the personnel of that conference.

XXVI-XXVII

The Conference in the Deutsches Haus was technically composed, under the Call sent out by Andreas Willmann March 20, of three delegates from any duly organized German Republican Club in any city in any state of the Union. Precisely what number of Clubs sent delegates I have, at the present time, no certain means of knowing. So many German leaders attended the sessions of Tuesday and participated in the discussions, some attaching their names to the *pronunciamento,* or resolutions put forth at the close, and some declining to do so, or at least not doing so, that it is mere presumption to make a hard and fast statement and it is not feasible either to offer a fair estimate of the numbers of each. The German papers of Davenport, Cincinnati, Philadelphia and Boston give lists and from them I venture to list the reported attendants.

In what follows those who signed the resolutions or broadside put forth by the Conference are given first—the next paragraph lists the reported attendants. The lists in *Der Demokrat* of Davenport, of *Volksblatt* of Cincinnati, of *Freie Presse* of Philadelphia and *Der Pionier* of Boston, differ slightly in the spelling of names and initials and the names included. I have been unable to secure clues to the careers of several—and any reader will confer a favor by communicating any sources of information as to written sources or the addresses and names of relatives. I shall take them by states—beginning with Massachusetts and the Atlantic Coast states and come west in the enumeration.

Massachusetts was accredited with Dr. Adolph Douai, A. Hunstolk, P. Kalkman and A. Kammerling

Mr. Reinhard Solger of Roxbury was the only attendant listed.

Dr. Carl Daniel Adolph Douai was born in Altenberg, Germany, in 1819 of Huguenot ancestry in part. He was educated in the Gymnasium of Dresden and the Universities of Jena and Leipsic. He was called to the Russo-German school of Dorysat. He took part in the Revolution of 1830 and again in the Revolution of 1848. He was elected to the Provisional Landtag. Upon the collapse of the Revolution he was imprisoned on charge of treason and held until 1852 when he was pardoned and came to Texas. He established the San Antonio Zeitung which he conducted for three years advocating anti-slavery notions. In 1856 he was forced to emigrate. After many hardships he got to Boston where he became a contributor to Karl Heinzen's *Der Pionier* and started the first Kindergarden in that city. An imprudent speech at some exercises commemorating the death of Humboldt affecting his alleged atheism brought a storm on his head and wrecked

his new venture. After the Conference he was called to the *N. Y. Demokrat*: but soon became connected with the Schools of Hoboken, Newark and New York City. From 1868 to 1871 he was editor of the *Arbeiter Union,* the organ of the Trades Unions and from 1878 to his death in 1888 he was editor of *Volkszeitung*. He was a brilliant, courageous and forceful writer. Unpopularity had no terrors for him.[43]

Reinhard Solger of Roxbury was another brilliant representative of the Germans of Massachusetts. He was a native of Prussia and was one of the Revolutionists with whom Carl Schurz was associated. He had to leave his homeland in consequence. It was while staying at Solger's home in Paris that Schurz was arrested. Dr. Solger lived in England for a time. While in England he published *The State Systems of Europe*. He came to the United States with Kossuth. He won the prize for the best poem submitted at the Schiller Centenary in 1859 in New York City. In 1862 he published a *Memorial of the Schleswig-Holstein Question* and a *History of the Rebellion in the United States* (in German). He was appointed Assistant Registrar of the United States Treasury by President Lincoln. He was a novelist of merit—*Anton in America* being one from his pen. He was a forceful speaker. He was on the platform with Frederick Hecker and Fred. Muench and Julius Froebel at the great mass meeting in the Academy of Music in the Fremont campaign in 1856 when that quartet of notables appealed to their fellow countrymen to support the party of freedom.[44]

Connecticut's signers of the Conference resolutions were Louis Guettich, John Sauerwein, of New Britain and W. Stengel of Bridgeport (?) or possibly of St. Louis.

Dr. B. von Beust of New Haven attended the sessions of the Conference.

My information of Connecticut's representatives is meagre. Mr. Sauerwein was an active member of the Turnverein of New Britain and he was sent as a delegate of the New Britain Verein to the national meetings at Wheeling and Pittsburg.[45]

W. Stengel may have been either Wm. Stengel of Bridgeport or W. von Stengel who was later on the *Westliche Post,* St. Louis. Dr. C. von Beust was probably the one mentioned by Professor A. B. Faust in his *German Element in the United States* as doing notable work in connection with the prosecution of the Union cause.[46]

The delegates from New York were Wm. Kopp, Ph. H. Bender, L. C. Deumpleman (Diempleman), H. Bursch, Jacob Webber, Dr. A. Maier (Majer).

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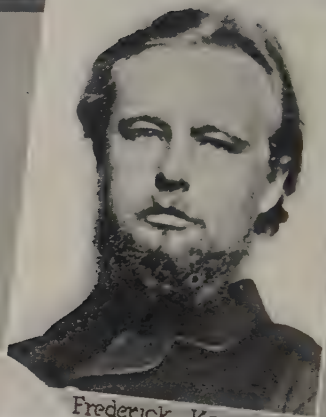
[43]Faust *German Element in the United States* II. pp. 192, 369; Appleton's *Annual Cyclopaedia* (1888) p. 631; *History of Newark* Vol. II. pp. 1076-7, 1096; Hilquit's *History of Socialism in the United States passim;* Commons *History of Labour In the United States*, Vols. I-II passim.

[44]Faust II, pp. 132, 350; Allibone's *Dictionary of Authors*, Vol. II, p. 2173; Drake *Dict. Amer. Biography* (1879), p. 850. Schurz *Reminiscences*, Vol. I, p. 357.

[45]*Deutsche Amerik Turnerei*, Vol. I, p. 214; III, p. 50.

[46]*Der Pionier* of Boston for April 23, 1859 gives a Protest of the "German Organization Committee" of Bridgeport, Conn., against the Two Year Amendment with the name of Wm. Staengel among the signers.

Prof. John Gambs



Frederick Kapp

Prof. Elias Peissner

Constantine Hering

Rochus Heinisch

The attendants were Dr. A. Mayer, Professors Rudolph Dulon, Johannes Gambs, C. Peissner, Frederick Kapp, H. Vortriede and A. Wiesner.

Concerning Messrs. Diemplemann, Bursch and Webber I have no data. Wm. Kopp was the editor of the *New York Demokrat.* He probably is the Wm. Kopp who established the *Beobachter des Westens* at Keokuk, Iowa, in 1856. He was a frequent contributor to Karl Heinzen's *Der Pionier* while it was published in New York City. He became editor of the *N. Y. Demokrat* in 1859. I can find little or nothing about his career after 1860.

Philip H. Bender of Buffalo was the founder in 1845 of the Telegraph which at the outset supported Whig policies and then the Republican program. The paper become a daily in 1854. In 1863 Mr. Bender took over the *Journal* of Buffalo.[47]

Dr. Adolph Mayer (Maier, Majer) was a prominent Physician of Watertown, New York. He became a Regimental Surgeon and died in the service in the Civil War.

Professor Rudolph Dulon and Johannes Gambs were residents of New York city and Brooklyn respectively and each associated with a German-American School conducted by Professor Dulon at 11-13 Market Street, New York.

Professor Johannes Gambs was born in Strassburg, Elsass, May 14, 1797 and died in Frankfort-on-Main April 13, 1879. He married in Germany in 1819. He was Professor of Languages and Mathematics in the Gymnasium of Buedingen, Hessen, for many years. He took an active part in the Revolution of 1848 and in consequence was retired—in his case with a small pension. He came to the United States in 1857—or 1858—He was a teacher of languages in Williamsburgh (now part of Brooklyn) and for a time connected with Professor Dulon's School. He was an active Turner and was sent to their national meetings. He returned to Germany in 1862 to preserve his Pension rights. There he continued his interest in the contest for freedom from governmental oppression. On his death the outpouring of friends at his funeral caused the police of Frankfort no little concern.[47a]

Professor Elias Peissner was head of the department of Modern Languages at Union College, Schenectady. His character and career were romantic. He was born March 27, 1826, at Vilseck, Bavaria. His father, Jacob Peissner, held an office under Louis the old King of Bavaria. He attended the Gymnasium of Arnberg for eight years, graduating at seventeen years of age (1843). He then entered the University of Munich, graduating in Law and Philosophy in 1849. Admitted to the bar in 1849; spent part of the year at the University of Giessen. He was suspected of favoring the German revolution and obtained with difficulty a passport to visit Foreign Universities.

He arrived in New York July 3, 1849. While on a trip to Niagara Falls on foot, he stopped at Schenectady and began teaching German, fencing and broadsword to Professors and students at Union College,

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[47]Perry Smith *History of City of Buffalo*, Vol. II, p. 156.

[47a]Data supplied by grandson Mr. August Walther of Brooklyn in mss letter to author Sept. 19, 1928.

(1850). Tutor in Latin and Lecturer in Political Economy 1851. In 1855 the College founded for him the Chair of the German Language and Literature. Honorary Phi Beta Kappa, 1852.

He organized the Union College Zuaves in 1861. He declined the offered command of a Cavalry regiment. He raised the 119th Regiment of New York Volunteer Infantry in June, 1862 and was commissioned Colonel. Col. Peissner was killed at the Battle of Chancellorsville on May 2, 1863.

Professor Peissner, or Colonel Peissner was brevetted Brigadier General for his distinguished service at Chancellorsville. His regiment was brigaded with the sixth division of the noted Eleventh Army Corps of which Carl Schurz was one of the commanding Generals. In his *Reminiscences* Schurz says: "Colonel Peissner was a gentleman of the highest type of character, exquisite refinement, large knowledge, and excellent qualities as a soldier." Describing the catastrophe of May 2 Schurz again says: "At their first onset (the enemy) the noble Colonel Peissner of the 119th New York fell dead from his horse."[48]

Frederick Kapp was another brilliant figure. He was born in Haun, Prussia, April 13, 1834 and died in Berlin on October 27, 1884. He studied in Heidleberg 1842-45. He came to New York in 1850 and practiced law in that city until 1870 when he returned to Germany where he was soon elected several times to the German Parliament. Gustav Koerner, sometime Justice of the Supreme Court and later Lt. Governor of the State of Illinois thus describes Kapp in his Memoirs:

"We also met Frederick Kapp at Frankfort. I had known him by reputation only. His personality was most striking. He was the ideal German, such as Tacitus has painted our ancestors. He would have made a splendid model for the statue of Arminius erected some years ago in the forest of Teutoberg, where Varus and his legions were destroyed. An able lawyer, versed in economical and political science, he had turned his attention to history. He had intended to write a history of the German element in the United States, but had only completed one on the German immigration into New York up to the commencement of this [18th] century. His biographies of Generals Steuben and DeKalb, and of Dr. Bollmann are exceedingly well written, as his account of the trade in soldiers by the German princes during the Revolutionary war. A History of the German Book Trade to which he devoted the latter part of his life remains unfortunately incomplete. He was a contributor to many American and German Journals and reviews. As President of the Board of Immigration Commissioners of the State of New York he published several most valuable reports. During our Civil War he supported our cause most ably by his pen and his speeches.[49]

Frederick Kapp was one of the Republican Presidential electors of the State of New York in 1860.

Heinrich Karl Julius Vortriede, editor of the *Buffalo Telegraph* was born in Enger, Westphalia on December 25, 1820. He took part in the Revolutionary disturbances of 1848 in consequence of which he had to leave and emigrated to the United States in the spring of 1850. He taught in the public schools of Dayton, O., Louisville, Ky. and Toledo. In 1857 he went to Buffalo where he became the editor of the *Telegraph* which he conducted with vigor until 1872. Meantime

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[48]Data supplied by Miss Anne Beattie, Secretary to President Charles A. Richmond of Union College in Mss. letter, Aug. 9, 1928. Schurz *Reminiscences* Vol. II, pp. 406-7, 424.

[49]*Memoirs of Gustav Koerner*, 1809-1896, Vol. II, pp. 246-7.

he did more or less teaching of German in the Schools of Buffalo. He was one of the five Commissioners appointed by Governor Hoffman of New York to revise the city charter of Buffalo in 1872 which became effective in 1872. The latter year he left the *Telegraph* and purchased the *Toledo Express* which he conducted until his death in 1899.[50]

Dr. Adolph Wiesner was born in Prague in 1815. He died in New York in September, 1867. He was a noted Liberal. He first attracted attention by his work against the Russian Zeugoburski. He was prominent in the Revolution of 1848. He represented Vienna in the Parliament of Frankfort. He was a member of the extreme Left. On the collapse of the new Regime he emigrated to Switzerland; thence to the United States. He was prominent in the Turn Verein of Baltimore. He lived in Maryland for several years and became an active German Republican in that state when it was often dangerous to stand forth in defense of his principles. One important Annalist informs us that he "rendered great service to his party in Maryland.." Dr. Wiesner had started for Europe and learning of some serious reason for not proceeding he was resident in New York at the time of the Chicago convention.[51]

The representatives of New Jersey in the Conference in the Deutsches Haus were Rochus Heinisch and Philip Schrag.

Dr. Ludvigh Greiner was the only reported attendant.

Rochus Heinisch was born in Bohemia, Austria, February 14, 1801. He died in Newark, New Jersey in 1874. After receiving a general education he learned the trade of making surgical instruments. He went to Paris and soon became foreman of a plant. Thence he emigrated to New York City. He established a factory for the manufacture of scissors in Elizabeth and then in Newark in 1829. He was an inventor of tailoring shears. He was first a Whig and then a Republican. He was first Captain and then Major of the Putnam guards of Newark. He had charge of the Kossuth parade when the celebrated Hungarian visited Newark and addressed her citizens on behalf of his countrymen. Mr. Heinisch was one of the movers in the mass meeting in Newark on March 9, 1854 to protest against the passage of Douglas' Kansas-Nebraska bill and was one of the vice presidents of the meeting of April 3 in Liberty Hall again in protest against that notorious proceeding.[52]

Dr. Ludvigh Greiner was a "Forty-eighter" but the major details of his life prior to coming to the United States are unknown. But the annals of Newark display that he was among the foremost of the German leaders of Newark. He was always in the front rank of the advocates of Freedom. He was a prime mover in the German mass-meeting against the Kansas-Nebraska bill of 1854. He was member of the Committee to provide relief for the families of the Germans who

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[50]Ms. Letters of Mr. Paul Koberstein of *Buffalo Demokrat* to writer March 21, and 29, 1911.

[51]*Appleton's Annual Cyclopaedia* for 1867, p. 578.

[52]*History of Newark*, Vol. II, Section on The Germans by Wm. von Katzler, pp. 1048-9, 1053, 1057.

enlisted in the Union Army; and in all the noteworthy occasions in later years he was certain to be one among the conspicuous speakers.[53]

Pennsylvania's delegates consisted of two from Philadelphia, Messrs. Peter Fasel and Theodor Kell, as to whom I have little biographical data. Mr. Fasel was appointed Assistant Appraiser of the port of Philadelphia. Theodor Kell was editor of *Freie Presse.*

Pennsylvania had two others in attendance—each of whom has scored his mark—F. Schünemann-Pott and Dr. H. Herring (?K. Hering).

Friederich Schünemann-Pott was born in Hamburg April 5, 1826 and died in 1881. His father tried to compel him to become a baker—but while at school in Rodenberg, Kurhessen, he came under the influence of Carl F. Meyer who perceived his marked mental ability and through his intercession permission was obtained for him to study at the Gymnasium at Kassel where he began the study of Theology. Later he studied under Theodor Bayrhoffer at the University of Marburg where the ideas of Freedom implanted by his first teacher Meyer had a chance to develop. He was licensed as a Lecturer or Preacher but his first public expression resulted in the recall of his permission and he broke with the Ecclesiastical authorities. He was exiled from Halle, forced to leave Nordhausen where he worked with Edw. Baltzer. In 1848 he was charged with treason and imprisoned in Halberstadt for a time. He attracted Baron Ernst Pott who in order to protect him adopted him—hence his name. After brief sojourns at Hamburg and Lübeck as a sort of Free-Lance preacher he came to the United States in August, 1854. In Philadelphia he began a long career as a liberal minister and advocate of freedom in religious matters and also as an editor of liberal religious papers.[54]

Konstantine Hering was a native of Oschatz, Saxony. He early displayed a fondness for "Nature studies"; attended the Gymnasium at Zittau; then the Medical School at Dresden and the University of Leipsic. He was soon distinguished. Sent by the faculty to investigate the claims of Homeopathy, a subject then in fierce controversy, he became a convert thereto and fell from favor in high places—but undeterred he forged ahead. Dr. Hering came to Philadelphia in January, 1833 and from that time forward he was one of the leaders of the "Hahnemann" theory of medicine. He founded the first School of Homeopathy in America and was the centre of the fierce contention in medical circles. He was the author of several learned texts and the editor of the *American Journal of Homeopathic Materia Medica.* The bitter contests, personal and public, in which he became involved, naturally made him a staunch advocate of liberty of discussion, and freedom of promotion of any humanitarian program.[55]

Maryland is accredited with but one representative in the Conference in the Deutsches Haus—E. Wiss—who in fact was probably

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[53]Ibid. pp. 1057, 1073, 1076, 1122-3.

[54]*Mitteilungen des Deutschen Pionier-Vereins von Philadelphia*, Elftes Heft, 1909, Friederich Schünemann-Pott, pp. 33-35.

[55]*Der Deutsche Pionier* Erinnerungen aus dem Pionier-Leben der Deutschen in Amerika, H. A. Rattermann, editor (Cincinnati) Vol. 12, pp. 290-7.

George E. Wiss—or Wies, of Baltimore. There is little concerning him which I have been able to gather. He was born in Bavaria. He was a resident of Baltimore in 1850 and was one of the prominent members of the Turn Verein of that city. He was one of the Executive Committee appointed to look after the election of the Electoral ticket in 1860. President Lincoln appointed him Consul to Rotterdam.[56]

Kentucky's German Republicans apparently sent no delegates but two of her leaders, Mr. J. H. Schroeder, and Dr. Edward Caspari, both residents of Louisville, were participants in the sessions.

Dr. Edward Caspari of Louisville, Ky., was born in Bandau, Prussia in 1809. He came to the United States in the early 30's. He settled in Philadelphia. He soon was attracted to the work of Dr. Konstantine Hering's Academy of Homeopathy at Allentown. He graduated therefrom in 1835. He then went to Norfolk, Virginia where he practiced for several years. He emigrated to Ravenna, Ohio, in 1843. In 1846 he removed to Louisville, where he soon achieved an enviable position of usefulness and influence in that city. His influence is indicated by the fact that many of the children born in and near Louisville were named after him, so highly was he esteemed by his patients and friends. In 1867 he established an institution near Louisville wherein his patients could come and receive continuous personal attention in the principles of Homeopathy and hydropathy in which he was a pioneer practicing in that section—a Sanitarium in modern parlance. Dr. Caspari died March 5, 1870 at the age of 61.[57]

Missouri did not have as many reported present as one would have presumed—but the turmoil in which the German Republicans of St. Louis found themselves in consequence of the dissention over the candidacy of Judges Bates may account for the fact.

Mr. Carl Daenzer and M. Pinner constituted the delegates.[58]

Mr. Frederick Muench was an interested participant because of his relations to the Delegation to the National Republican convention under its instructions.

Carl Daenzer was born in Odenheim in the Province of Baden in 1820. He was a student of Law in Heidelberg. He took an active part in the Revolution of 1848-49. On its collapse he had to flee to Switzerland where he remained for some time; thence emigrating to the United States settling in St. Louis. He soon found employment as Associate Editor of *Anzeiger des Westens.* He resigned this position in 1857 to establish the *Westliche Post,* a daily Republican. He continued in charge and made it one of the notable German papers in the Mississippi valley. Ill health compelled him to desist and in 1860 he sold his interests and because the Royal proclamation of Amnesty for the one-time Revolutionists he returned to Germany. The Anzeiger without Mr. Daenzer was Hamlet without Hamlet. Its influence died

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[56]*Deutsche Amerik Turnerei,* Vol. I, p. 91; *N. Y. Herald* April 27, 1860, p. 10, col. 1.

[57]King *History of Homeopathy and its Institutions in America,* Vol. I, p. 286 and mss letters of his daughter Mrs. A. W. Graham of Louisville to the author, Sept. 18 and Oct. 19, 1928.

[58]*Encyclopedia of the History of St. Louis.* Vol. I, p. 540.

rapidly and in 1863 it ceased publication. Influential citizens of St. Louis induced him to return to the paper. It became an independent paper and continued under his effective editorial management until the consolidation of the *Anzeiger* and the *Westliche Post* in 1898 when he returned again to his native home in Baden.[58] One of the local chroniclers of St. Louis says of him that he was distinguished for "the clearness and vigor of his style and the extent and variety of his general information."[58a]

Frederick Muench of Marthaville, Missouri, was a star of the first magnitude: Born January 25, 1799 in Niedergemieden in Upper Hessia, he entered the University of Giessen in 1816 whence he graduated in Theology in 1819 and at 21 years was ordained a Minister. He had become as a student an enthusiastic member of the Turn Verein of a noted patriot, Frederick Ludvig Jahn. He had not been preaching long before his liberal ideas brought him under suspicion of the High Powers and resenting the espionage he began to look across the sea. Inspired by the idyllic pictures of Gottfried Duden, young Muench and Paul Follenius (brother of Carl Follen of fame), formed in 1833 the "Giezen Emigration Society" that lead to a considerable emigration of Germans with him to America and to St. Louis." Frederick Muench was, to quote Professor Wm. G. Bek, "a truly remarkable man." He was in truth a Patriarch among the "Latin Farmers" who came to this country to realize the Dudenische Idyll and suffered so much disillusionment. He was not only an acute and learned student of Philosophy and the Classics but a constant contributor to newspapers and to literary and scientific periodicals. He was an expert in farming and horticulture and became editor of the "Farm Zeitung." Missouri sent him to Europe to induce German emigration to that state. He took little or no part in politics until 1856: thence forward to the outbreak of the war he was one of the men always consulted by the anti-slavery leaders. His learning, his sanity, his humanity and the love and respect of native and German-born for him made him a "Power" among his fellow citizens. It was appreciation of this fact that made the friends of Judge Bates so anxious to secure his consent to go to Chicago as a delegate under the instructions.[59]

Other Germans on the Missouri delegation to the larger convention, such as Carl L. Bernays, editor of the *Anzeiger des Westens,* a brilliant and forceful penman; Peter L. Foy, another flashing newspaperman; Attorney Arnold Krekel of St. Charles, whose father was one of Duden's followers, later a distinguished Federal Judge, an appointee of President Lincoln; B. Bruns of Jefferson City; Dr. Adam Hammer, a native of Baden—a medical practitioner, an exceedingly active, fiery, courageous man who pushed through to achieve his objectives, a man who always "spoke out in meeting" when he thought a

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[58a]Scharf. *History of St. Louis.* Vol. I, p. 942.

[59]*Missouri Historical Review,* Vol. 18. See Professor Wm. G. Bek in series of articles on "The Followers of Duden," especially the 15th p. 415; the 16th p. 562. He was a frequent contributor of poems and articles to Rattermann's *Der Deutsche Pionier.*

thing was wrong and cared not who might be hit or hurt[60].—all these were probably in the meeting because they were seeking to bring the other fellow Germans around to the support of Bates.

The one delegate from Kansas in the Conference was John P. Hattersheidt of Topeka. But little may be recorded. He was a Bavarian by birth. He evidently was a man of force and secured public esteem soon for he was a member of the state constitutional convention of that state in 1857 and took an active part in its deliberations.[60] He was one of the delegates of Kansas to the national convention. President Lincoln appointed him Consul to Moscow in 1861.

The state of Texas had as a delegate a Dr. Nohl of San Antonio.[61]

Dr. Louis Nohl of San Antonio, Texas, the sole reported delegate in the Conference from that southernmost state, was a native of Germany. He came to the United States with one of the group of German emigrants that settled in or about New Braunfels—later removing to San Antonio. Like so many of the Germans of that date and region he was not favorable to Slavery and did not hesitate to speak his sentiments and, like Dr. Douai and others in that city, found himself in trouble in consequence. I have been unable to obtain much concerning his career in Germany—but he left a tradition that he was learned in the medical profession and was associated with highly educated Germans before coming to New Braunfels.[62]

From Ohio came a number of strong characters—men in various professions and influential within and without that state, then and later. Four delegates—Messrs. A. Thieme, H. Reuse, Jacob Mueller, and A. Becker, are listed.

Judge John B. Stallo attended the sessions and took part therein.

August Becker was born in Hochweissel in Wetterau. His father was a pastor. Young Becker was educated in theology taking his work in the University of Giessen. He become involved in the revolutionary movements of the '30's. He was arrested and for four years suffered more or less restriction and constant surveillance. Later he stood for the national legislature. He established in Giessen a Democratic organ *Der Jungste Tag*. In 1852 he came to the United States; from 1853-4 he was associated with the Baltimore *Wecker* that had many a bitter fight with the slave-holding majority of Maryland because of its abolitionistic tendencies. Becker went to Cincinnati in 1857 where he took over the *Republikaner*. Soon after it was changed to the *Arbeiter Organ*. In conjunction with Otto Reventlow he edited the *Hochwachter*. He was called to the *N. Y. Demokrat*. During the Civil War he entered the 7th New York Regiment as Captain. After the war he was on *Der Wecker* for a time and then on the *Volksblatt* of Cincinnati. He died about 1871.[63]

Jacob Mueller was one of the founders in 1852 of the *Wächter am Erie*. He was a native of Rhenish Bavaria. His father was a

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[60]W. S. Stevens *St. Louis, The Fourth City*, Vol. I, pp. 605, 935, Rattermann's Der Deutsche Pionier Vol. X, p. 242; Vol. XI, p. 146.

[61]Kansas Historical Collections. X p. 211.

[62]Mss. letter of Mrs. George Koerner, a granddaughter to the author, September 27, 1928.

[63]Der Deutsche Pionier, Vol. III, pp. 290-4.

manufacturer. He was educated in the law and became an Advocate. He joined the Revolutionists in 1848—was appointed Civil Commander of one of the Departments of the Rhenish region. On the collapse of the Provisional Government he fled to the United States—settling in Cleveland. In 1859 he became the head of the German Fire Insurance Company of that city. In 1871 he was elected Lieutenant Governor of the State on the Republican ticket.[64] He was later sent as the delegate of Cleveland (or of Cuyahoga County) to the Constitutional Convention wherein he played a prominent role.

Concerning H. Reusse I have no data.

August Thieme was born in Leipzig in 1822. Although his parents were poor, and his father died when he was young, young Thieme managed to secure a good schooling at the Thomas School in Leipzig. Later he pursued studies in Theology in the University and obtained his Doctorate in Philosophy. For several years thereafter he devoted himself to teaching, first as a Tutor in a private family in Hirschberg in Voigtlande and then in a Girls Training School. Meantime at the University and later he had been in close contact with the young leaders in the movement for constitutional government. He soon became one of the leaders in Saxony. He was the spokesman of the deputation that sought to secure a promise of a new constitution from the constituted authorities. After the execution of Robert Blum, his friend and guide, August Thieme was elected to the Diet or Parlement late in the Fall of 1848, where he became a member of the extreme Left. Upon the collapse of the Revolutionary movement young Thieme fled to Switzerland to avoid persecution. He came to the United States in 1849, establishing himself in Buffalo where he engaged in teaching and journalistic writing for a year. He then went to Cleveland where he was asked to join in the launching and editing of the *Wächter am Erie* with which paper, at first a weekly, then a daily, he was connected until his death, December 15, 1879. All accounts of his life concur in stating that he was a man of great force of character, earnest in promoting all that he deemed for the public welfare, an outspoken opponent of all oppressive government. In Cleveland he was a staunch advocate of German culture in the public schools and did much to build up the German section or division of the Public Library of Cleveland.[65]

John B. Stallo was one of the men of nation-wide note in the Conference. He was born in Sierhausen in the Grand Duchy of Oldenburg. He was the son of a teacher and was trained in the ancient classics and mathematics. He came to the United States in 1839, settling at Cincinnati, where he soon became connected with St. Xavier's College. Chemistry, Physics and Mathematics engaged his leisure interest. From 1843 to 1847 he was Professor of Physics and Chemistry in St. John's College, New York. In 1848 he published "General Principles of the Philosophy of Nature" (Boston). He began the study of law and was admitted to the bar in Cincinnati in 1849.

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[64]Cleave's Biog. Cyclopaedia-Ohio pp. 82-83.

[65]*Cleveland und sein Deutschtum* pp. 137-8; *Cleveland Plain Dealer* Dec. 15, 1879, p. 1, col. 6.

His progress was so rapid that he was appointed Judge of the Court of Common Pleas in 1853 by Governor Wood; later was elected to succeed himself. He left the bench in 1855. In 1870 he argued the famous case of Minor vs. the Board of Education in which he successfully protested the attempt to force scriptural or indirect religious instruction into the public schools. He was appointed Minister to the Court of Italy by President Cleveland. In his later years he wrote a substantial work on "The Concepts and Theories of Modern Physics."[66]

Frederick Hassaurek was born in Vienna, Austria, October 8, 1832. The revolution of 1848 broke out when he was a student in college. He joined his academic legion in the defense of his city against the Imperial troops. He came to the United States in 1849 and to Cincinnati. His first newspaper experience was as sub-editor and translator of the *Ohio Staats Zeitung*. In 1850 he launched the weekly *Hochwachter* which he conducted successfully for several years. He was admitted to the practice of the law in 1857. He was one of the active organizers of the Republican party in Ohio. His courage in the anti-slavery discussions was noted. Once he put a revolver beside him on the speaker's table and threatened to shoot anyone who interfered with his meeting. He was a brilliant orator, as well as an effective editor and lawyer. President Lincoln appointed him Minister to Ecuador. During his residence at Quito he accomplished several substantial international agreements and promoted international amity in a marked way. He returned to editorial work on the *Daily Volksblatt* of Cincinnati. His volume "Four Years Among Spanish Americans" is a book of merit.[67] Frederick Hassaurek was not listed among the delegates or attendants at the Convention; but he was so sympathetic with the opposition to the candidacy of Judge Bates and so prominent in the political affairs of Cincinnati that it is more than probable that he was among the participants in the discussions in the Deutsches Haus.

Michigan's representation consisted of five reported delegates and two attendants. The former were John Bloynk, M. Darmsteter, C. A. Johnson, J. G. Petersen and G. T. Vanfliet. Dr. Hermann Kiefer of Detroit and Mr. M. C. T. Plesner of Saginaw were reported as in attendance.

August Marxhausen was the only reported attendant.

Mr. Bloynk was a resident of Detroit. His name was attached to a protest dated April 16, 1859 sent to *Der Pionier* of Boston (see issue of April 30) to be presented with other protests against the "Two Year" to the Governor of Massachusetts. Mr. M. Darmsteter was a prominent brewer. I have no data as to Mr. Johnson. Mr. Petersen was also a signer of a protest sent to *Der Pionier* in April, 1859. He was appointed Register of the U. S. Land Office at Detroit by President Lincoln.

August Marxhausen, the founder of the first German Republican Newspaper in Michigan, was born in Kassel, Hessen, Germany, April 2, 1833. His mother bound him out as an apprentice in the printing

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[66]*History of Cincinnati and Hamilton County*, pp. 276, 561. Der Deutsche Pionier Vol.—.

[67]*Biographical Encyclopaedia of Ohio in 19th Century*, p. 569, Der Deutsche Pionier, Vols. IX, p. 496; XVII, p. 1-25.

establishment of the Allegemeiner Kesseler Zeitung. He and his brother Konrad came to New York in 1851; they established the *Handels Zeitung*. In 1853 they went to Detroit where they founded the *Michigan Staats Zeitung*. In securing subscribers he travelled over all of the regions between Detroit and Saginaw and could call all of his subscribers by name for years. He established the *Familien Blätt* in 1863 and in 1868 the *Daily Abend Post*. August Marxhausen was an effective speaker and energetic public spirited citizen. He was President for 20 years of the Harmonic Society of Detroit. He with Dr. Hermann Kiefer established the German Theatre of that city.[68]

Dr. Michael T. C. Plessner was a resident of Saginaw. He was born in Striegau, Prussia, October 20, 1813. He was the son of Professor Henry Plessner of the University of Berlin. He received his literary education in the Gymnasium of that city and his medical education in the University of Berlin. He came to America in 1849, settling at Saginaw in August of that year. Incidentally he was Justice of the Peace and Superintendent of the Poor from 1852 to 1860 and Captain of the Militia from 1859-1860. He was a prominent Mason (33rd Degree) and in 1868 was one of the Presidential Electors.[69]

Dr. Hermann Kiefer of Detroit was one of the notable citizens of Detroit and one of the leaders of the medical profession of Michigan. He was born in Sulzburg, Baden, November 19, 1825. He was educated in the Gymnasia or Lyceums of Freiburg and Carlsruhe, 1839-44. He studied medicine in the Universities of Heidelberg, Freiburg, Prague and Vienna, 1844-49. Dr. Kiefer took an active part in the revolutionary movements of 1848—presiding over the Freiburg mass meeting; he was a delegate to the Landeskongress of Baden, Offenburg, May 12, 1849 and elected member of State Committee; appointed Regimental Surgeon and was present at battles of Phillipsburg (June 20) and of Ubstadt (June 23); elected to *Triumvirat* June 29 to fill Brentano's place. He had to flee July 10, 1849. He came to Detroit in October, 1849. He joined the Republican party in the revulsion of the country against the aggressive programs of the Slave leaders in Kansas. He had become such a leader by 1854 that he was appointed Chairman of the State Executive Committee to organize the German-Republican voters of Michigan. A speech of his in the Fremont campaign was one of the notable events of that contest in Michigan and also his clash with the well-known Democratic champion, F. E. Grund, then of Philadelphia, over the proper attitude of Germans towards the problem of Slavery. Dr. Kiefer's assertion was pointed;

"You all stand, fellow citizens, on the side of the Republican party. No German *can* be a defender of Slavery, no one *will* be. But you still cling, to a certain extent, to the old name. The beautiful name, democracy, resounds so enchanting in your ears and its magic tone rocks you into care-free slumber:—Fellow Citizens! If you vote for Buchanan, for the Democratic party, you will vote for the legalization of slavery, for its results and consequences. . . . .Do you wish to vote for its perpetuation? Did you escape the yoke in Europe in order to support the oppressors here, and thereby extend their power?"

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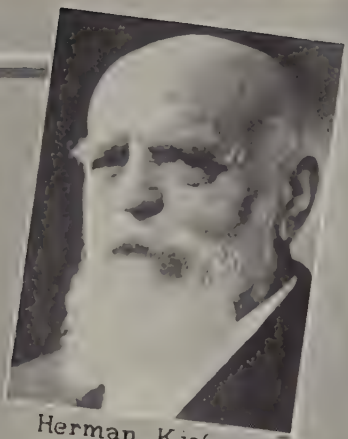
[68]Detroit *Free Press*, *Journal* and *Times* for Dec. 27, 28, 1910.
[69]*Michigan Pioneer Collections*, Vol. IX (1886), pp. 69-70.

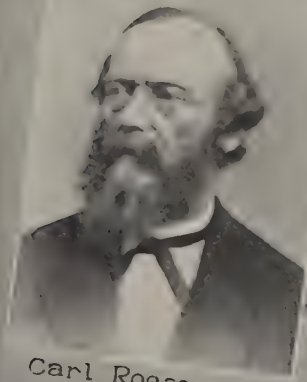
John G Guenther



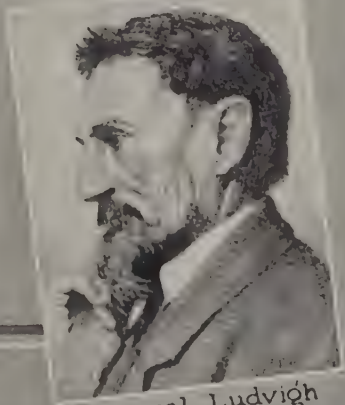
Herman Kiefer

August Pott

Bernhard Domschke



Carl Roeser



Samuel Ludvigh

Dr. Kiefer was active in the promotion of the *Socialer Turner Verein* in 1858 and the Schiller Centenary in 1859 whence developed his plan for an American Seminary in which the methods of the best German and European culture might be given the youth of Detroit. Dr. Kiefer was appointed Consul to Stettin, Germany, where he was from 1883 to 1885. Later he was elected to the Board of Regents of the University of Michigan. He was on the teaching staff of the College of Medicine; and in 1902 was Professor Emeritus of the Practice of Medicine.[70]

Indiana had no accredited delegates, so far as reported, in the Conference—but the names of two strong characters were reported as in attendance. Theodor Hielscher and Dr. Konstantin Homburg—both then residents of Indianapolis.

Theodor Hielscher, as already indicated, was a forceful character. Various inquiries as to his career before coming to Indianapolis have been unavailing. He established and edited *Freie Presse* in September, 1853, and continued its publication until after the outbreak of the Civil War. There is little biographical data given about him in the local annals of Indianapolis—but evidently he dented the memories of those who came in contact with him for all accounts refer to his "outspokenness" and his insistence at all times upon doing precisely what he believed to be right regardless of circumstances or consequences. One local commentator declared that he "was incapable of viewing any political question practically or impartially."[71] Another states that Mr. Hielscher was "a German of the wildest speculative kind, who never had a moderate opinion about anything; but withal a man of ability and scholarship."[72] In the State Convention of the Opposition or Republican party of Indiana on March 10, 1858, Mr. Hielscher spoke out very pointedly, and consistently. He asked the convention to amend the report of the Committee on Resolutions by a specific approval of the Philadelphia platform of 1856. He followed George W. Julian and is reported to have said that there were 40,000 Germans in Indiana of which number not 500 would support the Lecompton constitution. Mr. Hielscher wanted it said of the Republican party that it was a "free white labor party."[73] Mr. Hielscher was a writer of the first order. He captured the prize offered by the Turner Bund in 1860 for the best essay dealing with the question of the Dissolution of the Union—the competitor next to him was Frederich Muench of Marthaville.[74] He was a poet whose poems appeared frequently in the German press of his day.[75]

Dr. Conradin Homburg was born in Wachenheim in the Palatinate in Bavaria, November 16, 1798. He died in Indianapolis Febru-

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[70]*Warren Washburn Florer The Revolution of 1848: Dr. Herman Kiefer;* I am indebted to his son, Dr. G. L. Kiefer, for this volume of interesting memoranda and extracts from speeches of Dr. Kiefer, Sr.

[71]Sulgrove *History of Indianapolis and Marion County, Indiana* (1884), p. 244; H.

[72]Holloway *Indianapolis*, p. 159.

[73]*Indiana Magazine of History*, Vol. XIII, p. 363, quoting *Weekly State Journal*, March 11, 1858.

[74]*Missouri Historical Review*, Vol. XIX, p. 119.

[75]Der Deutsche Pionier, Vols. VI, p. 105, IX, pp. 338-9.

ary 11, 1881. He was the son of an Apothecary and was educated for medicine at the University of Marburg, his course however including, after the custom, both theological and philosophical studies. In the strenuous days under Napoleon young Homburg joined the "Tugendbund", a student organization that kept alive the hopes of Germans for relief from the royal oppression they were subject to. He evidently was energetic, aroused the animosities of the authorities for he had to flee in 1826, going first to Switzerland, thence emigrating to Holland, and thence to the United States. Here he found his former student associate, Dr. Weeselhoeft of Philadelphia. He also was interested in Dr. K. Hering's theory of medicine and became a follower of his. There is a tradition that he edited a paper in eastern Pennsylvania that was not a financial success. About 1835 he settled in Shelbyville, Indiana. There he practiced medicine until 1843 when he removed to Indianapolis where he continued until his death. He had an alert and aggressive interest in political, economic and social matters. He presided over the celebrated Wheeling Congress, a body of few delegates but with vasty and various ideas which they promulgated in resolutions, abolishing the Presidency, Congress, marriage, and money, and of all forms and means and products of industry— and substituting progressive taxation, communal control of children, slavery with which ideas we are not here concerned save to note that he was one of the innumerable German radicals who joined the anti-slavery contingent in 1854-1860 and constituted no inconsiderable proportion of the forces that made the nomination of Judge Bates impracticable.[76]

Wisconsin's representation in the Conference, as might be assumed, was considerable in numbers and importance. The reported delegates were Dr. J. G. Guenther, H. Lindemann, A. Pott, Carl Roeser and Charles White.

The participants listed were Bernhard Domschke and Carl Schurz.

Dr. Johann Georg Guenther was a prominent physician of Milwaukee. He was born April 29, 1808. He was a Revolutionist and was sent to the first German Reichstag and was a member of the radical side. He was a brother-in-law of the celebrated Robert Blum who was shot in Vienna for his part in the Revolution. Dr. Guenther fled from Germany with his defeated co-revolutionists and came to Milwaukee. He practiced his profession in Newport for some time and then moved in 1855 to Milwaukee. In 1861 he returned to his native land and died there in 1871. Dr. Guenther left behind him the reputation of a man of great ability, great learning. He was in a sense a co-editor with Bernhard Domschke in the publication of the Atlas.[77]

Mr. H. Lindemann was a merchant of Manitowoc. I have little about him save that he was regarded as so influential that he was one of the seven signers of the Manifesto of the Germans of Wisconsin in the Summer of 1858 against the Administration of Governor Randall, giving vent to their dissatisfaction with the course of the

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[76]Indiana *News* Feb. 12, 1881, p. 3; *Der Deutsche Pionier* Vol. VIII, pp. 93, 157, Vol. XIII, pp. 290-97.

[77]Louis F. Frank, *The Medical History of Milwaukee*, pp. 31-32.

Republicans in their treatment of the Germans about whose welfare they, the Republicans, professed to be so much concerned. Domschke, Roeser and Schurz were also signers.[78]

August Pott was born in 1826 in Rhenish Province of Prussia. He came to the United States in 1849. He first settled on a farm near Herman in Sheboygan county, Wisconsin. A short time thereafter he was elected County Clerk by the Democratic party. Thereafter he was a resident of that city. About 1857 he purchased a Holland paper and in 1860 he began publishing the *Sheboygan Zeitung* and advocating Republican doctrines upon Slavery. He continued to do so until his death in 1872.[79]

Mr. Carl Roeser of Manitowoc was one of the forceful leaders of the progressive Germans of Wisconsin in pre-civil war days. He was born in Germany in 1809. He was educated in the law, and became an advocate. He became involved in the Revolutionary disturbances of 1830. He was imprisoned for high treason but on his trial was acquitted. His resentment of the oppressive government continued and he took an active part in the Revolutionary movements of 1848. Again he was arrested, tried and this time imprisoned. He escaped and made his way to the United States. In time he found himself in the printing office of Gen. W. S. Smith. He displayed energy and marked ability. In 1854 he undertook the publication of the *Wisconsin Demokrat* of Manitowoc. He made himself felt. He was a delegate to the first Republican State convention and was the party's first candidate for State Treasurer of Wisconsin. He was so incensed at the defeat of Carl Schurz, the Republican candidate for Lieutenant Governor by a narrow margin of 107 votes that he joined in the publication of a vigorous declaration to the public that was tantamount to a declaration of war if the Republican native partisans did not curb and control the anti-foreign prejudice of their party. He was one of the prime movers in demanding the nomination of Carl Schurz for Governor "not as a German" but as a demonstration "against Knownothingism" in 1859. Mr. Roeser was one of the men who had to be reckoned with in Wisconsin affairs. President Lincoln appointed him to a position in the Treasury Department where he remained until his death. Meantime he was a frequent contributor to the *Volks Tribune* of Washington, D. C. His death occurred on November 14, 1897.[80]

Charles W. White appears to have been native-born, being the son of a missionary to the Indians. He was a lawyer in practice in Calumet county. Later he removed to Manitowoc and thereafter appears to have remained in practice until his death in a railway accident in Texas. He became the District Attorney of Manitowoc county.[81]

Bernhard Domschke was a native of Saxony. He was a man of marked ability, energy and strong character. He was so involved with

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[78]Ms. Letter to the author and Bruncken, The Political Activity of Wisconsin Germans. Proc. St. Hist. Soc. of Wisconsin (1901), p. 203.

[79]Ms. letter to author from son, A. W. Pott.

[80]History of Manitowoc County, Wisconsin, Vol. I, pp. 217-219 and mss. letters to author.

[81]Falge Hist. of Manitowoc County, pp. 98, 99; Anderson's *Pionier* Lawyers of Manitowoc County, p. 44; Ms. letters to author.

the protestants against the oppressive government of his native land that he had to flee with countless others on the failure of the provisional government in 1848.

For some time Domschke was employed on the *New England Zeitung* of Boston. He soon made himself felt and was looked to as a leader. When Kossuth visited Boston Domschke was asked to voice the welcome in the meeting in the Turnhalle. In 1854 he was associated with Karl Heinzen in the publication of *Der Pionier* at Louisville. He was also on the Committee that drafted the "Louisville Radical Platform" of that year—an interesting document containing many extreme notions or idealistic conceptions of government common among the German refugees of those days, calling for the immediate rule of the people in all of the minutiae of government—the leaders or officers were to be mere clerks carrying out the dictation of the people.

In 1854 the Germans of Milwaukee sought an efficient editor and Heinzen recommended Bernhard Domschke. Domschke accepted the invitation and became the editor of the *Corsair* which he conducted for fourteen months, when he started a daily called the *Journal.* The expense of the latter undertaking was too much and he abandoned it after ten weeks. In 1856 he started the weekly *Atlas* which was so successful that in November, 1858, he converted it into a daily. The expense, however, in time compelled its cessation. In September, 1860, he and Wm. W. Coleman (as business manager) began the publication of the *Herald,* which entered upon a successful career. When Mr. Domschke and the typesetters and others of the working force enlisted in the Union Army in 1862 the daily became a weekly until 1866 when Mr. Domschke came back. Until his death in April, 1869, his vigorous pen made its columns noteworthy. Mr. Domschke joined the 26th Wisconsin Infantry as a second lieutenant, rose to the rank of Captain. His regiment was a part of Carl Schurz' division of the 11th Army corps at the Battle of Gettysburg where Domschke was captured on the first day's battle and for twenty months thereafter he saw the interior of Libby Prison, which he later described vividly in his "20 Monate in Krieges-Gefangenschaft." Domschke's abilities were brilliant and various. He was not only a forceful writer on political subjects: he was a brilliant musical critic and devoted much time to the promotion of music in Milwaukee.[82]

Carl Schurz hardly needs exposition. His career is a part of the common knowledge of the educated American. A native of Rhenish Prussia: a brilliant student at Bonn; an enthusiastic member of the Burschenschaft; promoter of free government; a devoted admirer of Professor Gottfried Kinkel, poet and patriot; his rescuer from prison. Coming to the United States in 1852, settling in Watertown, Wisconsin, he soon achieved a marvelous mastery of the English tongue and was soon an eloquent evangel of liberty for all in that state. By 1858 his eloquent tongue and brilliant speeches were heralded from west to east and Republican party managers were vying with each

[82]Koss *Milwaukee*, pp. 456, 458; Wheeler *The Chronicles of Milwaukee*, pp. 255-259: Der Musikverein von Milwaukee *passim*, Roster of Wisconsin Volunteers, Vol. 2, pp. 318, 331.

other for his services in furthering the anti-slavery cause. A Minister to Spain in 1861, a Major General in the Union Army; editor of the *Detroit Post* in 1867; and of the *Westliche Post* in St. Louis later; United States Senator from Missouri in 1869; Secretary of the Interior under President Hayes; President of the National Civil Service Association; and withal a brilliant writer and author. The turn of the tide from Mr. W. J. Bryan to Wm. McKinley in the presidential campaign in 1896 was due as much to Mr. Schurz' convincing and luminous speech in Chicago, September 5, under the auspices of the American Honest Money League, as to any other single fact, factor or force.

One of the delegates to the Conference from Minnesota, Mr. A. H. Wagner, of New Ulm, was at the same time a delegate to the larger National Republican Convention.

Minnesota's other accredited participant in the Conference was Dr. Samuel Ludvigh, editor of the *Minnesota Staats Zeitung* and the more noted *Der Fackel.*

Mr. A. H. Wagner was a native of Calne, Würtenberg in 1826. He had his schooling in a Gymnasium and a mercantile college. He emigrated to the United States in 1848—not because of any connection with the revolutionary troubles, however, but to secure the benefits of new lands and free government. He settled in New Ulm, Minnesota, in 1856. New Ulm was the result of the efforts of two German land companies to promote the successful settlement of their countrymen in the West—the Chicago Land Verein which got started first, organized in Chicago in 1853; and the Colonization Society of Cincinnati. Mr. Wagner was connected with the latter probably. The Cincinnati group was especially bitter towards Know Nothings. Mr. Wagner was the first Treasurer of the Land Organization. He appears to have been prominent and successful in business, becoming Vice President of the Central Bank of New Ulm. He was elected County Auditor of Brown County in 1857; and nominated for the lower House of the State Legislature, but was defeated. He was killed in the Indian Massacre of August 18, 1862 perpetrated by the Sioux.[83]

One of the most interesting and influential characters in the Conference in the Deutsches Haus was Samuel Ludvigh of St. Paul, editor of the *Minnesota Staats Zeitung* and of the famous *Der Fackel.* He was born in or near Raab, Hungary, February 13, 1801. His father was a well-to-do citizen and upon the death of a brother entered the ranks of the nobility. Young Samuel had poor health during much of his youth and his father was not in close sympathy with his somewhat idealistic notions. He attended a Latin School, then a Gymnasium and Calviner Collegium in Odenburg where he acquired a fondness for poetry and found himself greatly concerned for the condition of the poor and needy. While later he entered in the Bookbinding trade he did not care much for it and soon set out upon some travels in Upper and Lower Hungary, Switzerland, Italy and Alsace which resulted in a book of travels. Between 1825 and 1830 he studied law and became an Advocate or practicing attorney in Pesth. In 1835 he became Secre-

[83]Fritsche *History of Brown County*, p. 737 and mss. letters of Charles Wagner, Albert Steinhauser, to author.

tary to Prince Frederick of Schwartzenberg, a diplomatic representative at the Court of the Ottoman Porte; and while thus connected he travelled extensively in Turkey, Greece and the lands about the Grecian Archipelago. His observations and reflections produced no little discontent with the ordinary conditions of life among the people. He published a volume giving his impressions of the workings of the Metternich system of government for which he was placed under bond not to do so again and was brought under the surveillance of the Hapsburg government at Vienna. In 1837 he published a "Romance of my Life" in which he recites his growth of feeling against governmental restraints and three novels in which much of his life is reflected. He saw that he was coming into conflict with the established order and in 1839 he left for the United States, landing in September at New York City. Almost immediately he found himself employed in an editorial capacity upon *Alte und Neue Welt* of Philadelphia at the generous salary of $8.00 per week. The success of his editorial writing induced him to ask for an increase to $10.00 and he was let go. He was then employed by the *Freie Presse* for which he wrote a weekly article or letter entitled "Wahrheitssucher" in which he expressed himself so frankly and ruthlessly upon religious claims and creeds and ecclesiastical matters that he produced a storm of violent criticism—being charged with atheism or "freethinking" and after fifteen issues his letters ceased. His powerful pen was becoming recognized and he was engaged to conduct a campaign paper for the Van Buren Free Soilers in Baltimore. After their defeat of 1848 he decided to start a paper or quarterly wherein he could express his personal opinions upon religion and moot problems in politics and show the great and important matters in human progress and rights. He started *Der Fackel* or "The Torch," a quarterly in 1849. Ludvigh made a heroic struggle to maintain it and succeeded—but to do so he had to travel about the country from north to south from east to west personally soliciting subscriptions and support. In consequence he obtained a most extensive acquaintance with all of the liberals of the country and enjoyed a fine reputation for honesty and uprightness among them, altho the clerical groups viewed him as a dangerous character. Baltimore was not very friendly to his publication or to his countrymen because of their attitude towards slavery. In 1857 Ludvigh left Baltimore and moved to St. Paul where he purchased the *Minnesota Deutsche Zeitung* and changed its name to the *Staats Zeitung* and conducted it and *Der Fackel* until 1865 when he sold the former paper and removed to Cincinnati where he remained until his death, February 12, 1869. His autobiography, which he dictated shortly before his death was published by the *Boston Investigator*. Ludvigh was an outspoken critic of any sort of human oppression, be it in the church or state and he recked not the consequences to himself personally.[84]

Iowa's contingent in the Conference had some names of prominence. There were two delegates, Conrad Greiner and Henry Ramming.

The attendants included Dr. Wm. Hoffbauer, Theodor Olshausen, Carl Rotteck and Nicholas J. Rusch.

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[84]*Der Deutsche Pionier*, Vol. I, pp. 354-360; Andrews *History of St. Paul, Minnesota*, p. 369.

Conrad Greiner accredited to Iowa, was probably a resident of Burlington. In 1864 he was one of three to take over the publication of the *Iowa Tribune* (nee *Freie Presse)*. I have no other data.

Henry Ramming, Associate Editor of *Der Demokrat* of Davenport from 1856 to 1860 and editor from 1860 to 1861, was a native of Hungary. Little seems to be known about his career prior to the Revolution of 1848, save that he was an officer in the Austrian army. We have seen that he was foremost in the political activities of the German Republicans of Davenport, being President of the mass-meeting of March 7, 1860, already dealt with. On the outbreak of the Civil War he apparently gave up his interests in Der Demokrat. He went to Chicago and enlisted in the celebrated Hecker Jaeger Regiment, the 24th Illinois Infantry, in which he was appointed Adjutant. When it was mustered out he went to Missouri and was soon appointed to General Fremont's staff. He was made Colonel of the Third Missouri Infantry. His appointment came just before the culmination of Fremont's troubles in Missouri and when the Pathfinder was recalled by the Administration his appointments were for the most part not confirmed by the Administration at Washington, Henry Ramming's among the number. Numerous inquiries have failed to discover what was Col. Ramming's career subsequent to that event. Rumor reached Davenport that he died in the Nation's service but the Adjutant General's Office at Washington cannot verify the assertion of the Chronicles of Davenport.[85]

Dr. Wm. Hoffbauer of Guttenberg, Iowa, was a native of Nordhausen, Saxony. He was born in May 1812. He obtained his education in University of Berlin from which he obtained his Doctorate in Medicine. His practice of Medicine was hampered somewhat by the loss of an arm, said to have been amputated because of injuries received in a duel. He was among the foremost in the revolutionary movement in 1848, and was sent as a member to the Parliament at Frankfort-on-the-Main, and was a member of the extreme Left. Upon the collapse of the Revolutionary Government he fled to Switzerland. Thence he emigrated in 1850 to the United States, settling in the latter part of 1851 in St. Louis. Later he went up the river, settling first at Guttenburg in Clayton and later removing to Dubuque where he remained until his death. Carl Schurz stopped with him in one of his visits to that city.[86]

Carl Rotteck, accredited in some of the reports from Chicago to Muscatine may also be accredited to Keokuk, Iowa. His ancestry is not entirely certain; but there is some reason to believe that he was the son of the celebrated Professor Karl Wenzelaus Rodecker von Rotteck, the distinguished Councilor and publicist of Baden, to whom the stout champion of the old German Regime, Treitschke pays his respects so frequently and copiously. The local tradition in Muscatine county is to this effect. He was educated for the law. He took an active part in the Revolution and had to flee in consequence. He came to Muscatine

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[85]*Davenport Democrat*, March 22, 1879; A. P. Richter, *Geschichte der Stadt Davenport und des County*, pp. 475, 477.

[86]History of Clayton County (1882), p. 868; mss. letter, Dr. Geo. Minges to author, April 15, 1914.

in the early '50s and settled on a farm which he tried for several years to conduct—but unsuccessfully. He then tried to conduct a shoe store and again without success. In 1857 he started the *Muscatine Zeitung*. Greeting the initial number the editor of the *Democratic Enquirer* said: "Mr. Rotteck is a thorough scholar and an able writer. The *Zeitung* will be independent in politics—speaking in the advocacy of principles which it may consider right and just—regardless of party obligations." Mr. Rotteck fulfilled expectations but he was so outspoken that he alienated not a few readers among his own German folk and in 1859 he decided to remove his press and paraphernalia to Burlington and then finally to Keokuk. In 1862 the local annals record that he purchased the *Beobachter des Westens*. I have been unable to secure any other data about his career.[87]

Another Iowan present was Nicholas J. Rusch. He was born in February, 1822 in Marne, Holstein. He attended the Gymnasium in Meldorf, then a Seminar in Segeberg, and thereafter the University at Kiel. The violent disturbances in North Germany in the Schleswig-Holstein induced a general *Auswanderungsfieber* and Nicholas J. Rusch decided to emigrate to America and in 1847 joined other Holsteiners in Scott county, Iowa, settling on a large farm near Davenport, which he soon conducted with notable success. In 1857 his public influence had waxed so that he was elected to the State Senate of Iowa to represent Scott county at the capitol. In that body he became one of the men of light and leading; and in 1859 when the "Two Year" Amendment of Massachusetts started the nation-wide blaze it was a powerful letter of Senator Rusch to Greeley's *Tribune* (April 11) that brought the Republican leaders of Iowa suddenly to a sharp realization of the dangers to their party's future success if that enactment in the Old Bay state was not instantly repudiated by the party chiefs throughout the North. His strength among the Germans and his general prestige led to his nomination by the Republican State Convention at Des Moines on June 22, 1859 for the office of Lieutenant Governor. One of the first acts of Governor Kirkwood (his running mate in the campaign of 1859) when the legislative session of 1860 was finished, was to appoint Lt. Gov. Rusch Immigration Commissioner for Iowa with his headquarters at New York City; and he came from that city to the Conference in the Deutsches Haus. He died September 22, 1864 in the Country's service at Vicksburg.[88]

One of the most distinguished editors in the Conference was Theodor Olshausen, editor of *Der Demokrat* of Davenport and later of *Westliche Post* of St. Louis. He was born in Glueckstadt on the Elbe in Holstein on June 19, 1802. He was one of five distinguished brothers. Young Theodor had his schooling first in the Gymnasium of his birthplace and then in the University of Jena. He was soon swept along with the student agitation against arbitrary government

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[87]*History of Muscatine County* (1879), p. 496; Treitschke *History of Germany in the Nineteenth Century*, Vols. I-VI, passim; *Democratic Enquirer*, April 1, 1858.

[88]Eiboeck *Die Deutschen von Iowa*, p. 417-420; see my *The Germans of Iowa and the "Two Year" Amendment of Massachusetts passim* and my *Germans in the Gubernatorial Campaign of Iowa in 1859 passim* in the Yearbooks of the Germ. Amer. Hist. Society of Illinois for the years 1913 and 1915.

and joined the *Burschenschaft,* the student Fraternity which the Royal rulers, and Metternich in particular, regarded with just suspicion. He escaped imprisonment but he had to leave the country and for some time had to live in Holland, France and Switzerland. Upon the proclamation of amnesty in 1828 he returned to Kiel where he studied Law in the University. He cared little for actual practice and soon was editing the *Kieler Correspondenzblatt.* A little later he was involved in pronounced opposition to the rigors of the Danish rule of Schleswig-Holstein provinces. From 1831 to 1848 he persisted in expressing opinions about the harsh and stupid government to which his fellow-countrymen were subject which caused the government and its bureaucrats to regard him with malevolence. His paper eventually became a great power in North Germany and Theodor Olshausen a man with whom Rulers had to reckon. When King Christian VIII of Denmark insisted on his right to succeed to the headship of Schleswig-Holstein in 1846, despite the Salic law governing in the premises, Olshausen would not stay his pen despite royal decrees prohibiting adverse discussion. He was imprisoned. His staunch admirer and friend Hans Reimer Claussen, then an Attorney of Kiel, made a successful plea before the Supreme court at Kiel and secured his release. His return from the penitentiary to Kiel was a sort of Roman triumph for the editor of *Correspondenzblatt.* In March 1848 a delegation consisting of five notables of which Olshausen, Dr. Guelich and H. R. Claussen were three members, was sent to Copenhagen to ask for relief from the irksome Danish rule. Their appearance was taken as an offense by the Danes and they were kept in a sort of restraint and then summarily transported on a man-of-war to Kiel. Meantime a revolution against Danish rule had started and Olshausen was by popular insistence placed in the Provisional Government. He was in the minority in the Government's decisions and soon devoted himself to a daily paper entitled *Freie Presse* which he started. When Austria and Prussia in January 1851 restored the Danish rule, the Danish King would not include Claussen or Dr. Guelich or Olshausen in the amnesty and they emigrated to the United States. Olshausen resided for several years in St. Louis. In 1856 he assumed the editorship of *Der Demokrat* of Davenport. In the latter part of 1861 he returned to St. Louis to the co-editorship of the *Westliche Post.* This position he gave up in 1865 and returned to Europe, living for a time in Zurich, Switzerland and partly in Hamburg where he died March 31, 1869.[89]

Illinois' representation was probably larger than reported. The following signers of the Conference report were attached to its resolutions printed and circulated: Caspar Butz, E. C. Dreyer, C. Haussner (C. Hansen?), F. Schilling, Julius Standau, Dr. W. Wagner, and Joseph Wedemeyer.

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[89]H. R. Claussen Biographical Sketch of Theodor Olshausen *Davenport Democrat* March 22, 1879. Treitschke who seldom could find favorable words for the liberals had the following: "....while in the *Korrespondenzblatt,* the only notable Holstein newspaper, Theodor Olshausen gave expression to democratic liberal ideas far in advance of the feudalist views held by Falck." *Hist. of Germany in the 19th Century,* Vol. V, p. 213.

The reported attendants as participating in the discussions were two noted refugees:—one from the Revolution of 1830, Gustav Koerner of Belleville, and the other from the Revolution of 1848, the famous Frederick Hecker, of Lebanon.

Caspar Butz was born in Hagen, Westphalia, October 30, 1825 and died in Des Moines, Iowa, October 23, 1885. He received a generous education and immediately with his brother took charge of the *Hagener Zeitung,* a paper which had been a family possession for many decades (and still so remains). His career generally is so aptly and generously characterized by a distinguished confrere in those pre-civil-war days, Gustav Koerner that I give his words almost entire:

"....as a commercial traveler....he frequently visited England, France and even Algiers; from early youth he was fond of literature and like his prototype, Freiligrath, delighted in translating from French and English poets. He soon contributed original poetry to various literary journals and when the revolution broke out in 1849, he became the editor of a strong Democratic paper. He participated in the uprising in Rhenish Prussia, and only avoided imprisonment by rapid flight to London. Shortly after he came to the United States and settled in Chicago, engaged in mercantile business, but still pursued literature. He was a contributor to some of the leading German journals. In 1854 when the slavery question came to be agitated, he entered with his whole soul into politics and as he was as able a speaker as writer, his services as a Republican orator were much in request in the political campaigns of 1856, 1858 and 1860. In 1856 he was elected a member of the legislature, and in 1859 clerk of the Superior Court of Chicago. From 1864 to 1865 he edited very ably a popular and literary monthly review "Die Monatshefte." In 1870 he was appointed one of the penitentiary commissioners at Joliet, a very responsible office, in which he served with great distinction. He filled several other offices in Chicago, but some years before his death he moved to Iowa. **** Some of his verses, particularly such as had reference to important events, are hardly inferior, if at all, to the best of Freiligrath's. Most of them are pervaded by an ardent love of liberty and a deep hatred of tyranny."[90]

In matters of any general concern to the German Republicans of those days Caspar Butz was nearly always within the close circle of leaders who directed or determined the course of action. The loss of his correspondence and papers in the Chicago fire deprives us of invaluable sources of information as to the undercurrents of feeling among the German Republicans and the true inwardness of the maneuvres among the leaders.

The careers of Messrs. Dreyer and Schilling I have not learned.

Julius Standau was a teacher in Languages in a School near the Deutsches Haus. I have but little about his career. Upon the outbreak of the Civil War he immediately joined the colors in the celebrated Hecker Jaeger Regiment, the 24th Illinois, was elected Captain, and concluded his service with the rank of Major.[91]

Charles Frederick Haussner, fourth son of Heinrich A. Haussner, City Magistrate of Plauen, Saxony, was born October 2, 1825 where he resided until the Revolution of 1848. When the Prussian troops were sent against his native state, he joined with his father and brothers in resisting their attacks but defeat compelled their flight to escape

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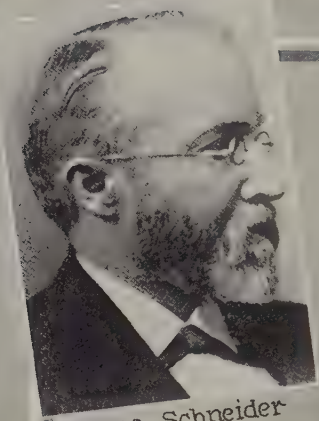
[90]*Memoirs of Gustav Koerner*, Vol. II, pp. 546-7.

[91]*Report of the Adjutant General of Illinois for 1866*, Vol. I, 314, Mss. Letter Emil Manhardt to author and a conversation with Mr. Walter Butz of Chicago Aug. 26, 1928.

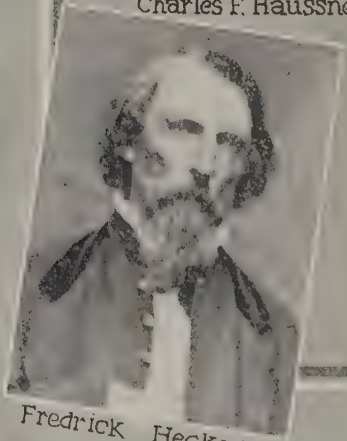


George Schneider

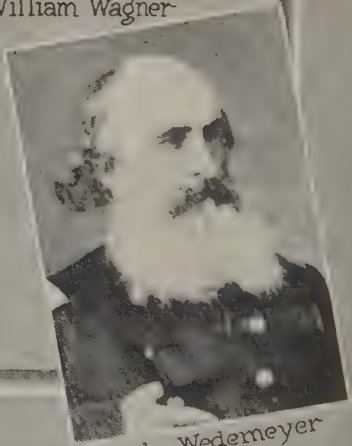
Jens Peter Stiboldt

Charles F. Haussner

William Wagner



Fredrick Hecker



Joseph Wedemeyer

prosecution, to Switzerland. He came to this country, landing at Castle Garden, October 4, 1849. For a time he was the traveling representative of several German publications in Wisconsin, Illinois and Iowa. He made Chicago his headquarters from 1855 to 1858. He soon became interested in the public and social activities of his countrymen, and assisted in founding the "Chicagoer Arbeiter Verein" and the "Chicagoer Turngemeinde," the first for charitable and social purposes and the second for physical and intellectual culture. Through such affiliations Mr. Haussner soon acquired a large political acquaintance. He joined the Republican party and supported Fremont for President in 1856, to which party he always adhered. In 1858 he was nominated and elected Clerk of North Town, Chicago, but because of the bitter relations with factions in Springfield he was denied his office. Under "Long" John Wentworth's term as Mayor he was appointed Clerk of the South Town Market. From 1866 onward to his death February 11, 1911, he engaged in the Real Estate business.[91a]

Dr. William Wagner was one of the leading physicians of Chicago. He was a matriculate of the Universities of Berlin, Bonn, Halle and Heidelberg—obtaining his Doctorate in Medicine from the last institution. He was President of the German Medical Society of Chicago in 1857, a member of the Cook County Hospital Staff and a member of the Board of Health when the cholera epidemic was stamped out. He entered the Union army with the first as the surgeon of the Hecker Regiment—a history of which he has given us; and he stayed with the colors throughout that awful struggle participating in Sherman's noted march to the sea. The esteem for him in the city was such that he was one of the committee of Chicago's citizens that accompanied the body of the murdered Lincoln to Springfield when his mortal remains were consigned to their last resting place.[92]

Joseph Wedemeyer was another of the forceful characters in the Conference. He was a native of Prussia, 1818; and died in St. Louis in 1866. He was an artillery officer in the Prussian army with Willich. He became assistant editor of a Liberal paper in Frankfort-on-the-Main. He was one of the Revolutionists who was so energetic that he had to flee to London on its collapse. While in that city he was intimately associated with Karl Marx—in fact he stood between him and distress in the struggle of Marx and his family to live in the English metropolis. Wedemeyer was also a correspondent of the N. Y. *Reformer*. He came to the United States in 1851 and soon thereafter became associate editor of the Philadelphia *Demokrat*. Later he was for a time a civil engineer in Milwaukee. At the time of the Conference he was editor of *Stimme des Volkes* of Chicago, the organ of the German working men. Between 1852 and 1855, we are informed that he was the "most prominent German Labour agitator in America."[93] Upon the opening of the

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[91a]Data furnished by his son Mr. R. A. Haussner of Chicago in mss letter to the author. October 6, 1928.

[92]Andreas *History of Chicago*, Vol. I, p. 467; Curry *Chicago* Vol. I., p. 344, Vol. II, p. 155; see his *History of the 24th Ill. Vol. Inf. Reg.;* ms. letter of Dr. Otto L. Schmidt to the author Aug. 30, 1928.

[93]Commons and others *History of Labour in the United States*, Vol. I, p. 617 footnote. Appleton's *Annual Cyclopaedia*—1886, p. 574; Faust *German Element in the United States*, Vol. II, pp. 189, 191; Spargo *Karl Marx* passim.

Civil war he became Lieutenant-Colonel of the Missouri Light Artillery, then Colonel of the 41st Missouri Infantry and was brevetted Brigadier General for his services. For a time he was associated with Dr. George Hillgaertner, as an associate editor of *Neu Zeit* in St. Louis. He was elected City Auditor of St. Louis but did not occupy the office long for he died August 20, 1866.[94]

Frederick Hecker was, in many respects, the most interesting and picturesque character in the Conference. He was born in Baden in 1811; he died in St. Louis March 24, 1881. He was a student of law at Heidelberg and upon graduation started in practice as an Advocate at Manheim, in 1838 continuing until his election to the second Chamber of the Baden Parliament. In that body his intense republicanism made him a member of the extreme Left; and with Gustav Struve he became one of the notable factors—so much so that Treitschke's pages note his activities in the growing agitation of the Republicans for constitutional government of a substantial sort; that historian regarding Hecker as one of two "leading Badenese Parliametarians." He was dramatically concerned with the escape of the daughter of the ex-burgomaster of Storkow, Tschech, who attempted to kill the King of Prussia.[95] He was expelled from Berlin because he was regarded as a dangerous influence.[96] He was a member of the Frankfort Parliament. He was a notable leader in the insurrection in South Baden. After the defeat of the Liberals at Kaudern he fled to Switzerland where he established a radical paper entitled *Volksfreund.* He came to the United States in 1848. He was given a public ovation on landing in New York and his journey westward was a triumphal progress. The Germans of Cincinnati and St. Louis received him with marked demonstrations. Of his personal attractions his fellow countryman Koerner says ".... his extraordinary conversational power, his wit and humor, intermixed with pathos, his handsome presence were apt to fascinate any person."[97] He took such a prominent part in the promotion of the Turners in Cincinnati that a monument to his fame adorns that city and "Hecker Haus" was the Turners rendezvous. He was elected Colonel of the celebrated 24th Illinois Infantry and later was appointed Colonel of the 82nd Illinois regiment and was with Schurz's Corps at Chancellorsville and was severely wounded in the same catastrophe in which Colonel Peissner was killed; happily recovering to lead his troops in many a battle later.[98] In the political campaigns of 1856 he was Abraham Lincoln's running mate for Elector at Large. He spoke in the east as well as in the west. From all accounts he was a man of tremendous force of character, earnest, enthusiastic and a stirring speaker.

Another vigorous character was Jens Peter Stibolt, editor of the *Deutsche Zeitung* of Peoria. He was born in Copenhagen, December 24, 1813. His people were of the higher official class. He had the best of schooling—first in the Latin school of Hadersleben and then in the University at Kiel. In the growing irritation and contention between

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[94]*War of the Rebellion Official Record*, see Index.
[95]Treitschke Opp. Cit., Vol. VI, p. 625.
[96]Ibid, p. 630-1.
[97]Koerner *Memoirs*, Vol. I, p. 529.
[98]Schurz *Reminiscences*, Vol. 424.

Denmark and Schleswig-Holstein young Stibolt sympathized with the protesting Germans and finally openly took sides with them. He was instantly cut off from his family's favor and notified that his inheritance would be denied him if he did not retract and return to the government's side. There was flint and iron in his disposition and he left his people and after a time of wandering came to the United States in 1847, sojourning in Baltimore for a time, proceeding thence to Missouri where he became a "lateinischer Farmer." In 1851 he went to Alton, Illinois where he undertook the editorship of the *Freien Blätter* which he later changed to or called *Vorwärts.* "Es war ein Wochenblatt mit radikal Abolitionischer Tendenz" in the same town in which twelve years before a mob had killed Elijah Lovejoy for trying to conduct a similar paper in English. But courage and righteous zeal could not insure bank balances or working capital in such an adverse atmosphere. He enhanced the frigidity of the air by bluntly denouncing ecclesiastical interference in schools and politics and the religious intolerance, then, as now, so common. On invitation of German admirers in Galena he moved his press and properties to that city in 1853 and in addition to *Vorwärts* also conducted a monthly called *Amerika.* In 1856 on arrangements with the Republican State Central Committee of Illinois Mr. Stibolt moved to Peoria and started *Deutsche Zeitung.* Some sorry misunderstanding in the initial days produced bitter memories but he continued there nevertheless until 1861 when he was asked by Julius Lischer, owner of *Der Demokrat* of Davenport, to take editorial charge of that paper which he did, and for twenty years thereafter conducted it with marked success until his death.[99]

Another man of light and leading who, we may presume, took part in the proceedings—although he was drawn in many directions by the larger convention—was George Schneider, editor of the *Illinois Staats Zeitung* of Chicago. He was a native of Pirmasens, in Rhenish Bavaria (Dec. 13, 1823). He had his schooling in the Latin school of his native city. Upon attaining his majority he entered journalism in his home place and soon was writing vigorous criticisms of the arbitrary government to which the people were subject; and in 1848 he decided that the sword was more efficient than the pen and joined in the insurrection against the government. He had to leave, of course, fleeing first to France and thence coming to the United States. After a short stay in Cleveland, he went to St. Louis. He soon started *Neue Zeit.* Its opposition to the extension of slavery soon made it and its editor noted, and notorious. A fire and inadequate returns compelled him to give up and he went in August, 1851, to Chicago where he began his connection with the *Illinois Staats Zeitung,* which under his guiding pen greatly increased its powerful influence. We have seen his potent part in the opposition to Douglas and his REPEAL and his influence in the Decatur meeting in 1860, in the Bloomington convention and in the Philadelphia convention of 1856. One well-known editor of Illinois has said:

"I have always insisted" says Mr. Jos. K. C. Forest, "that Mr. Carl Schurz and Mr. George Schneider did more to kill slavery and to save the

[99]Claussen in *Davenport Democrat,* March 22, 1879; Richter *Opp. Cit.,* pp. 499-501.

Union than any two other men of their, or of any other, nationality in these United States."

President Lincoln appointed Mr. Schneider consul to Denmark, later collector of internal revenue in Illinois. In 1876 President Hayes appointed him minister to Switzerland—the land which was such a haven of refuge for so many of his compatriots in the stormy days of 1830 and 1848-50.[100]

Last, but far from least, among the notables at the Conference in the Deutsches Haus was Gustav Koerner of Belleville. He was born on the 20th of November, 1809, at Frankfort-on-the-Main. He became a student in the universities of Jena, Munich and Heidelberg. In the agitations of 1830-33 he was much involved; he was in the *Burschensschaft* and the movement for national unity with the enthusiasm of an ardent collegian and after the outbreak, April, 1833, he had to flee—going to France, thence to St. Louis. His life and career as a citizen of Belleville is a part of the inheritance of Illinois—a lawyer of distinction; a Presidential elector in 1840; a member of the State Legislature; a Justice of the Supreme Court; Lieutenant Governor of the State; a Colonel in the Union Army. He was not only a very able and learned man, but he was a cautious, cool, level-headed councilor, a courageous, staunch public leader—one who was at once clear-eyed and undaunted by opposition or storms—a man whom his fellow countrymen followed gladly and with no question, because they sought his advice with confidence, knowing that the public's interest was paramount with him and believing that all would be well if he were guiding counsels and watching the gates. No man in Illinois probably had Abraham Lincoln's confidence more than Gov. Koerner. He might have had any thing at the hands of President Lincoln had he asked for it—but public office he did not hunger for. Offices were pressed upon him by his admiring friends and by the shrewd Republican leaders. President Lincoln committed into his hands without recourse the settlement of the Fremont imbroglio in St. Louis in the fall of 1861. President Lincoln later sent him to the court of Spain to carry forward the work of insuring Spain's friendship in the trying days of 1862-3. He was a jurisconsult of the highest order and a citizen to be proud of.[101]

From the columns of the German and English press I might discover the names of two score or more of the German Republican leaders who were in attendance at some time or other in the sessions in the Deutsches Haus; but I proceed to sum up some phases of the significance of the names just listed and then to the proceedings and the action of the Conference.

XXVIII.

It is hardly necessary to point out, but in the way of summary it may be serviceable to note the high level of personal ability, high character, and political potency of the men listed. It was an array of political chiefs that no political party could afford to ignore for a mo-

[100] *Contemporary American Biography.*
[101] *Memoirs of Gustav Koerner*, 1809-1896, Vols. I, II.

ment. Those business men, doctors, editors, "Latin farmers," lecturers, lawyers, ministers, professors, public officials were not bookworms, nor palefaced students familiar only with the dusty recesses of libraries, or the echoes of classrooms remote from the rough and tumble and hurly-burly of political strife. They were constantly in the center of conflict and they were not only alert but adept in the art of stirring up their fellow-countrymen to furious energy in all matters which aroused their public concern. They were men who held the thunderbolts of the Gods in their hands—if men and measures did not meet with their approval.

Germans are famous for their intensity of feeling and their downrightness and outrightness of blunt speech in times of aggravation or irritation; and if incensed or alarmed they become denunciatory and fiery in the stress of utterance. This trait was enhanced mightily by their flooding memories of harsh and oppressive government in their home lands and by the many futile sacrifices they had made in the cause of the promotion of liberty under a constitutional government which they sought to erect. Death had come to many of their kith and kin and imprisonment and wrecked health to many of them—exile and incalculable losses of wealth and rights of family embittered their lives. Were they to witness in this land of freedom an extension of slavery into the North and West especially in the regions where free lands were within their reach. The "Two Year" Amendment suggested the growth of ruthless propaganda against them and the German Republican leaders were in no mood for shilly-shally, for subterfuge or flimsy speech or pretentious performance.

The press reports of the Conference in the Deutsches Haus, because of the tremendous concentration of public interest in the doings of the delegates to the larger convention in the Wigwam were meagre in the English press and aside from the larger generalities they are not very specific or detailed in the German press—as to the actual course of discussion and the nature of the maneuvering in the discussions and proceedings of the Conference. The National Republican Convention did exactly what they wanted and insisted upon, both as to platform and as to candidate. In consequence the deliberations of the major convention and its dramatic developments and not the contentions in the minor Conference held the public eye and filled the public ear. Further, after the lapse of the years, Koerner, writing his *Memoirs* in the '90s and Schurz his *Reminiscences* in 1905-7, do not mention the Conference. They recalled only the notable and exciting experiences they had in the major convention. They were each prominent figures in its most momentous proceedings. The minutia of the preliminaries and the possibilities of many adverse developments, which might have occurred but which did not happen, did not loom up in their memories or hold their interest when what seemed more dramatic and general stood out. Nevertheless we may discover more or less in the press dispatches that indicate that the Conference was a lively affair and was watched and followed with concern by the alert watchers of the candidates and party chiefs.

XXIX.

The Conference was organized by calling William Kopp (in many press reports it appears Koppe and Kapp) editor of the *New Yorker Demokrat* to the chair and electing Mr. Caspar Butz of Chicago, secretary. As already indicated the attendance on Monday, May 14, was not large—the cynical reports first sent out, however, probably were under-statements. However, the lines and issues in the controversies were clearly seen and canvassed.

Should the German Republicans stand forth stoutly for independent action? Would they gain or lose by such procedure? The delegates asked for the privilege of the floor in the larger convention but this was not granted. Was this to be taken as an affront?

Had not the nation-wide disapproval of the "Two Year" Amendment of Massachusetts from coast to coast by the Republican leaders of virtually all the Northern states west of the New England states by Republican state central committees and conventions, including formal and informal actions in such states as Indiana, New Jersey and New York been sufficient? The Republican chiefs had bumped their heads on the ground in apologies and denunciation of that act. What more in reason could sensible men do and what more could the clamoring delegates want or ask for? Rusch and Koerner and Schurz were not favorable to independent action and particularly were they not in favor of denunciatory proceedings or resolutions which might put in jeopardy the many gains of the Germans in the course of the Republican party since in 1856. They felt in this juncture just as they had in the summer of 1859 about calling a national convention of the Germans to protest against the action of Massachusetts. The Republicans had done all that they could reasonably be expected to do in the way of rectification.

The eastern delegates in the Deutsches Haus seem to have been more extreme and radical in their demands than their western confreres. This fact was due probably to the preponderance of more academic and idealistic and literary folk among the delegates of the east. They are wont to insist upon drastic and sweeping procedure and to be impatient with prudential considerations. They are prone to be "just so" and "two-and-two-make-four" in their reasoning. Any feathering of the edge, any concessions to the advocates of compromise, is not congenial to clear thinking, conscientious men. The Republicans of Massachusetts had done the Germans and the foreign-born an open, flagrant wrong and it required an equally open and sharp reprimand from the party to rectify the affront. The westerners were much more practical. They had had much participation in the inner councils of the Republican party. They had enjoyed much distinction in the Republican conventions. Thus Hackelman and Lange and Otto in Indiana; Hecker and Hoffman and Koerner in Illinois; Judge Stallo in Ohio; Nicholas J. Rusch in Iowa; Schurz in Wisconsin; A. H. Wagner in Minnesota; John P. Hattersheidt in Kansas.

Henry Ramming of *Der Demokrat*, who had been the President of the meeting of March 7, when the anti-Bates resolutions had been passed, in his reports of the Conference, as in his previous attitude

towards it, seemed to be in a cynical or slightly contemptuous state of mind about the wisdom of doing anything exceptional or denunciatory for the candidacy of Judge Bates did not seem to have either energy or prospects and thus there was no reason for embarrassing the party chiefs of the Republican party by an irresponsible outside action that could not effectuate much. The attitude of the Davenport Germans is probably fairly presented in a dispatch to the *Davenport Gazette* from Mr. Sanders under date of May 15:

"Lt. Gov. Rusch came in this afternoon [from New York] under charge of a portion of the Pennsylvania delegation. About an hour afterwards he was making a speech before a German meeting, maintaining conservative views in opposition to the ultraism of a few, or in plain words endeavoring to prevent them making fools of themselves. The German meeting was adjourned from yesterday and not very largely attended. Resolutions declaring very emphatically against certain nominations were laid over for consideration tomorrow."

The Conference was more or less generally regarded as a "Seward" maneuvre and for this reason was watched with peculiar alertness and cynical feeling by many correspondents. The *Milwaukee Sentinel* informed its readers editorially on May 12 quoting Domschke's *The Atlas* "that the German Republicans throughout the Union prefer Seward, Wade or Chase and such like liberal, progressive Republicans to Bates. As the German Republicans meet in general convention this week. * * * We do not doubt that their first choice is William H. Seward."

Readers of Mr. Samuel Bowles' columns in the *Springfield* (Mass) *Republican* were assured (May 14) that "the German Convention" was a "Seward move." This common presumption made the discussion sharp and bitter among the delegates differing as to the wisdom of declaring for any candidate. We have seen that there may be substantial reasons for doubting the earnestness of the Seward sentiment outside of Wisconsin and Michigan—but it was probably quite pronounced among the Germans.

From Mr. Ramming's letters to *Der Demokrat* we learn that soon after the Conference got under way Dr. Adolph Douai of Boston and Caspar Butz of Chicago were asked to serve as a Committee to draw up a set of resolutions that would sum up and express the serious sentiments of the German Republicans upon the matters which especially concerned them. They were directed to take or it was expected that they would take the Decatur resolutions of May 10 placing Lincoln in nomination for the Presidency into consideration, and perhaps let them serve as a base or outline of their demand—at least as regards the general matters of national and state policy affecting the status of the foreign-born citizens at the ballot box. I am inclined to suspect that some shrewd friend of Lincoln's candidacy had his guiding hand in that suggestion.

Another fact looms up clear in the reports. Judge Bates did not have a ghost of a show with the Germans. The sturdy friends of the distinguished jurist of St. Louis—the Blairs, and John H. DeFrees, plead with their friends among the number. Dr. Adam Hammer and Mr. Bernays of St. Louis sought to persuade their doughty German brethren that Judge Bates was all that they wanted in an opponent

of slavery. He had no use for it. He had emancipated all of his slaves—depriving himself of a large patrimony by so doing. His stand upon the fugative slave law did not mean any more than all citizens under the Constitution should stand for. The constitution of the Union which had given the people their freedom and their liberty commanded its observance whether under the old procedure prior to the Clay compromise or under the national statute passed in the compromise of 1850. But they could get nowhere with that—even if the claim might be conceded. Judge Bates had stood upon the Whig program of 1856 which endorsed the platform and the candidate of the American Council in convention in Philadelphia when they nominated Millard Fillmore for President in 1856, and that program called for the extension of the probationary period for naturalization from five to twenty-one years. Bates, thundered Douai, was impossible and he had a chorus of applause in support of him.

When the committee appointed to draw up resolutions reported. there was some sharp tilting over whether or not the voting should be by states or by delegates present. The delegates from the western states were more numerous than those from the east. The first report was favorable to the voting being by states—but this raised a vigorous debate with the result that it was determined to let each delegate cast a vote. Chairman Kopp at one time seemed so stirred by the matter that he stated that there was some danger of the delegates of the east deserting or bolting the convention. Another question was somewhat mixed up with that question — namely whether the numerous attendants who came in and apparently took more or less part in the discussions should be allowed to vote, for obviously if such were permitted, the privilege of being a delegate did not signify any exclusive right or superiority in the balloting. There was also some sparring over the proposal to instruct or request the German delegates to the larger convention to give heed to the resolutions that should be passed. The milder and more appropriate suggestion was followed.

Several facts disclose themselves. First both prudence and superior political wisdom prevailed in their decision not to endorse any of the candidates before the convention. The friends of Chase and Lincoln while not as numerous as those of Seward, were nevertheless considerable in numbers and influence. Discussion disclosed clearly that the delegates were more interested in the insurance of a strong pronouncement upon principle and sound public policy than they were in the furtherance of any candidate. Further, they took the advice of the shrewd and experienced heads that if they confined themselves to a resolution dealing with the Massachusetts amendment and slavery and collateral issues in the matters of public legislation, they would have twice the political effect that they could have should they declare for both a program of principles and a preference for this or that candidate in a field of many candidates. They could get support for their platform or resolutions while a pronouncement for a candidate would split the convention and their friends into sharp factions which would react in more or less opposition.

Mr. Ramming does not give much detail. The hurry and rush of things—trying to keep his eyes open for matters in the larger con-

vention and ears open for the discussions in the Conference—did not permit much expansion in his reports. While not enthusiastic for the Conference he allowed his name to be attached to the resolutions agreed upon.

The resolutions finally agreed to and printed and circulated were the following:

"The German American delegates to the National Republican convention are requested to submit the following as the sentiment of the majority of the German Republican voters of the Union and to use all honorable means to secure their recognition in proper form by the national convention, to-wit:

"1—That, while we firmly adhere to the principles of the Republican party as they were laid down in the Philadelphia platform of 1856, we desire that they be applied in a sense most hostile to slavery.

"2—That we demand a full and effective protection at home and abroad of all the rights of all classes of citizens irrespective of their descent, that our Naturalization laws as handed down by the Fathers of the Revolution and the constitution are just in principle, and ought *not* now to be changed in a manner that the time of probation for acquiring the rights of full citizenship and suffrage be prolonged, and that state legislatures be prohibited from passing any laws discriminating between native and adopted citizens in regard to the exercise of the right of suffrage, as was intended by the so-called Massachusetts Amendment.

"3—That we favor the immediate passage by Congress of a Homestead law by which the public lands of the Union may be secured for homesteads of the people, and secured from the greed of speculators.

"4—That the territory of Kansas which now, under a constitution republican in form and expressive of the will of an overwhelming majority of the people, asks admission into the Union, be admitted without delay as a sovereign state and without slavery.

"5—We pledge ourselves to support any aspirant for the presidency and vice-presidency who stands on this platform, and has never opposed the republican platform of 1856, nor has ever been identified with the spirit of the Massachusetts Amendment."[102]

XXX.

A number of facts stand forth in that platform or set of resolutions which it may be desirable to note in passing for they typify much of the situation and sum up the course of discussion of the preceding year.

First, there is the same ruthless opposition to slavery that the Germans, especially the "Fortyeighters" almost invariably exhibited. It was this unmitigated and unrelenting opposition that made it so hard for the Republican leaders trying to roundup and hold the "Americans" who came from the South and while not desiring slavery in their midst nevertheless were adverse towards any harsh procedure against the Southern slave owners. It was the manifestation of the intense antipathies of an idealist who has suffered tyranny and oppressive government and who shies and shrinks from even the thought or shadow of the evil they dread.

Second, no one now can doubt the shrewdness and the subtle strategy of Abraham Lincoln in determining the content of the Decatur resolutions of May 10 that first announced formally his candidacy for the Presidency. The "Two Year" Amendment was the major rock

[102]*Der Demokrat*, May 16, 18.

in the way of the success of the Republicans at the polls. There was little or no controversy in the larger convention or in the lobbies as to Slavery. The John Brown affair had shocked the country into a state of dread and slow creeping fear was growing that if there was not a cessation of the incessant ruthless abolitionistic agitation Civil war was sure to ensue and the Southern leaders were already expressing themselves in the most menacing terms. Kansas had been and was a sore matter to deal with but John Brown's course could not solve the troubles. As I will undertake at a future time to show in detail, the question of the status of the foreign-born naturalized citizen and *not* slavery was the major cause of dissension in the national Republican convention. It was that controversy that split the committee on resolution and which caused the most bitter differences in the lobbies aside from the factional dissensions anent the claims of candidates for the first nomination.

Third, the shrewdest of counsels controlled the leaders in refraining from saying any thing about this or that candidate and especially in refraining from endorsing any one or disapproving of this one or that —save as they might be affected by the discriminating terms of the resolutions. The friends of all candidates would perforce be constrained to regard the resolutions with favor and to vote for them—just to secure what votes the Germans might command for their candidate, so far as such action might attract their favor. It put a stop to the Seward talk that the Conference would declare for him. This restraint enhanced the political potency of the resolutions many fold.

Fourth, the last resolution or pledge effectually ruined the chances of two candidates, Messrs. Bates and Banks. But for the irrepressible and relentless opposition of the Germans to the candidacy of each statesman named each would have stood an excellent chance in the throw and toss of the contending factions in the convention of capturing the nomination. But in the face of that pronouncement from the Deutsches Haus, neither had a ghost of a chance. The nomination of either would have driven the Germans into a third party, or into their old Democratic circles again or they would have stayed away from the polls and the Democratic party would have had a more than fighting chance for reentering the White House.

Fifth, the plank prepared by Mr. George Schneider, editor of *Illinois Staats Zeitung*, and by him submitted to the Illinois State Republican convention at Bloomington in 1856, and with the assistance of Abraham Lincoln incorporated in its state platform, and later by the efforts of Mr. Schneider incorporated in the national Republican platform adopted at Philadelphia—that plank became the insurmountable obstacle to the success of Judge Bates' candidacy. Further that plank was the essence of Mr. Lincoln's views in opposition to all propaganda prejudicial to our foreign-born citizens as expressed in his celebrated letters to Joshua Speed of Aug. 24, 1855 and to Dr. Theo. Canisius of May 17, 1859. Further, that plank was the sum and substance of the pronunciamento of the Decatur convention commending Mr. Lincoln

to the Chicago convention and the *sine qua non* of the German Republicans throughout the length and breadth of the country.

XXXI.

The general effects of the resolutions of the Conference in the lobbies and conferences of the party chiefs in the larger convention, the inferences drawn by the friends of the various candidates and its direct and indirect effects in the maneuvres in the organization of the Convention in the Wigwam I shall not undertake here. One may perceive the immediate reactions in various directions. One is the ostentatious attention paid to the foreign-born in the manning of the committees. But this is another story.

SOME AFTERMATH OF THE EIGHTEEN-SIXTY ELECTION.

By Dr. Charles B. Johnson.

It is my fortune to belong to a very small and rapidly diminishing group whose members can recall a most important day in the history of this country. An epoch-making day some sixty-seven years in the past. A beautiful November day upon which Abraham Lincoln was chosen President of this Nation, and while at that time I was several years too young to vote, I was not too young to take cognizance of passing events and to in some degree appreciate their importance.

At the date of Lincoln's first election, November 6, 1860, there were thirty-three states in the American Union, eighteen of which were free states and fifteen slave states. At the beginning of the second half of the nineteenth century there were thirty states in the American Union, fifteen of which were free states and fifteen slave states. Since the beginning of the country's history, some sixty years before new states had in effect come in the Union in pairs, a free state and a slave state. But after 1850 this pairing ceased, because there was no slave territory sufficiently populous to form a state. This for the reason that slave labor could not compete with free labor.

In 1848, near the close of our war with Mexico, gold was discovered in California, and in consequence there was a rush of goldseekers from all points of the compass and California soon had the required number of inhabitants and became a free state, and to match this the South had no material with which to form a slave state. Three or four years later Minnesota was admitted in the Union as a free state, with no slave state to match. In 1858 Oregon came in the Union and found no slave state to match. Meanwhile the Missouri Compromise, that for a third of a century had served to keep slavery below latitude 36° 30″, was repealed. This repeal permitted slavery to go north indefinitely, and in consequence a terrific strife occurred on the prairies of Kansas between slave-extensionists and free-soilers. After years of fierce struggle that at times rose to the importance of civil war, it became evident that the cause of the Southerners was doomed and that Kansas was destined to swell the roll of free states. The Southerners, seeing that they were outclassed and fated to be more and more so, resolved at the first favorable opportunity to withdraw from the Federal Union and form a government of their own, with human slavery its avowed corner stone.

In 1860 there were four presidential tickets in the field, as follows: The Republican ticket, with Abraham Lincoln of Illinois for its presidential candidate; John C. Breckinridge of Kentucky, candidate of the Southern wing of the Democratic party; Stephen A. Douglas of Illinois, candidate of the Northern wing of the Democratic party; and, lastly, a hastily gotten-up organization known as the Constitution-Union party, with John Bell of Tennessee as its presidential candidate. Human slavery was the great question at issue in the campaign of

1860. Indeed, since the repeal of the Missouri Compromise in 1854 slavery to the people of the North had been little short of a burning issue and, like Banquo's ghost, simply would not down.

The Republicans believed that human slavery was morally wrong; that it made a beast of burden of the black man, and that it made a tyrant of the white man, his master. With this belief the Republican party opposed the further extension of slavery and the formation of any more slave states.

The Southern wing of the Democratic party, headed by John C. Breckinridge, believed slavery was morally right, and persistently favored its extension and the formation of any and all possible new slave states.

Stephen A. Douglas, candidate of the Northern Democrats, avowed that he cared not whether slavery was voted up or down.

John Bell, leader of the Constitution-Union party, was a conservative in all that pertained to the question of slavery, but being a citizen of the slave state of Tennessee, he later cast his fortunes with the Southern Confederacy.

That human slavery became the paramount issue in the campaign of 1860 need hardly be said, and as some forty years previously my people had left a Southern state and found homes in Illinois, they all became earnest followers of Abraham Lincoln and all that he stood for, and though but seventeen years of age, as the campaign progressed I, too, became an enthusiastic Republican.

No one familiar with the political history of this country will question the statement that the presidential campaign was one of the most earnestly prosecuted political struggles ever witnessed in this land, but like all else it came to its end. An end that culminated in the general election of 1860, on the 6th of November; an ideal day in every particular and one that I shall remember as long as there is breath in my body. On that beautiful November day the sun rose in a clear sky, shone brightly till it went down behind the western horizon and meantime the air was as soft and balmy as on any May day. All this was favorable to the Republican ticket, for many of its voters lived on farms in the country, and bright skies and good roads enabled them to reach the polls and cast their ballots.

Sixty-five and seventy years ago the facilities for obtaining early election returns were not so good as today; nevertheless in less than twenty-four hours after the polls closed in the election of 1860 the world knew that Abraham Lincoln had been chosen president. Although I was but a boy, yet this news thrilled me in a way I can never describe. I was overjoyed to think that at last a man avowedly opposed to the further extension of slavery had been elected president. Of course I knew that north of the line of the Ohio river there were many thousands who were as joyful over the result of the election as I, but in a few short weeks we all realized that there was another angle from which to view the picture. This because on December 20, six weeks after Lincoln's election, South Carolina withdrew from the Union, and to be followed in January, 1861, by Georgia, Florida, Alabama, Mississippi, Louisiana and Texas; and early in February following representatives

from these states met at Montgomery, Alabama, and organized the Southern Confederacy, with Jefferson Davis for its president. All this grated on my young nerves, for I was familiar enough with history to know what the Revolutionary fathers did to obtain our independence, and how a few years later some of the wise men of that day, under the lead of Washington, met in convention and after due deliberation gave this country the best government the world had ever known, and now this rich inheritance seemed about to be cast to the winds and destroyed utterly. "Was there any means of thwarting this destructive work on the part of the slave owners of the South?" was a question on the tongue of every true patriot.

The one hope, in that time of terrible anxiety, centered about the President-elect, Abraham Lincoln, the Springfield lawyer. But at best this was by most people regarded as only a forlorn hope. And for this there was good reason, for those nearest to Lincoln knew that his preliminary education was the meagerest, that he was without executive experience, that his public life was confined to two or three terms of experience in the thirties, when Illinois was a pioneer state, and to an obscure term in Congress in the forties. In striking contrast to this, Jefferson Davis, President of the Southern Confederacy, in addition to a good preliminary education, was a graduate of West Point; had to his credit honorable service in the Mexican War, four years as Secretary of War under President Pierce, several terms in Congress from Mississippi, and finally from that state a seat in the United States Senate.

But time that waits for no man, inexorable time relentlessly carried us all to March 4, 1861, when Lincoln, the supposedly uneducated; Lincoln, the supposedly inexperienced; Lincoln, the certainly untried; Lincoln, whom the world deemed wholly unfit, took the presidential oath and was brought face to face with a situation that was simply appalling. Appalling with its many, many seemingly hopeless entanglements; appalling with its countless seemingly insolvable problems; and later appalling with its innumerable heart-crushings. But in due course we all realized that Lincoln's skilled hands, and his skilled hands only, could unravel his country's entanglements; that his great brain, and his great brain only, could solve the riddle of his country's knotty problems; and finally, that his great heart, and his great heart only, could afford due sympathy for the sorrow, the anguish, the heart crushings, that like some somber pall overshadowed this broad land of ours. Finally, at the end of four long, agonizing years came victory. But sad to say, in the very hour of triumph the fateful bullet was fired that forever stilled in death the greatest of great hearts, the great heart of Abraham Lincoln, the greatest of great Illinoisans.

LOTTERY AUTHORIZED IN 1819 BY THE STATE OF ILLINOIS TO RAISE FUNDS FOR IMPROVING THE PUBLIC HEALTH BY DRAINING THE PONDS IN THE AMERICAN BOTTOMS.

By G. Koehler, M. D.,
Assistant Commissioner of Health,
City of Chicago.

Among the many laws enacted in 1819 by the First General Assembly during its second session, were two providing for the establishment of lotteries to raise funds for local improvements; one for the improvement of the navigation of the Big Wabash River, and the other for improving the health in the American Bottoms by the draining of its lakes and ponds.

This method of raising public funds seems unique today, but at the time it was commonly resorted to in various states of the Union, including Virginia and Kentucky, after the laws of which many of the early laws of Illinois were patterned.

In the Session Laws of Virginia, from 1792 to 1808, (Statutes at Large of Virginia, 1792-1806, 3 vols. (New Series), Samuel Shepherd, Richmond, 1835), thirty-five laws are listed, authorizing the establishment of lotteries to raise funds for various local improvements throughout the State. The first on the list is for completing the Lutheran Church at Strasburg; another is for completing the church at Woodstock; thirteen are for various academies and colleges, including one for the benefit of William and Mary College; fourteen are for roads; three for the improvement of navigation of certain streams; and the others for miscellaneous local purposes, such as the rebuilding of houses consumed by fire in Lexington, benefit of Charleston, and for a bridge at Petersburg.

The Legislature of Kentucky during this same period also authorized the establishment of several lotteries for similar purposes.

In 1815, the Virginia Legislature (Acts of General Assembly of Commonwealth of Virginia, 1815, Richmond, 1816, p. 71) authorized the Dismal Swamp and Canal Company to raise, by one or more lotteries, the sum of fifty thousand dollars for the purpose of constructing a canal, or any cross-cuts leading into it, through the Dismal Swamps. The Dismal Swamp lottery tickets were sold in Illinois through J. R. McDonald of St. Louis, who published the results of the drawings in the St. Louis Times as late as 1832. Among the other drawings announced in this and some of the Illinois newspapers were those of the Union Canal Lottery of Pennsylvania, and the New York Consolidated Lottery.

The establishment of the St. Louis Hospital Lottery was advertised in the Times of that city on March 2, 1833, and subsequently much space was given to the announcements of the drawings. The region in the neighborhood of the American Bottoms offered a good field for

the sale of lottery tickets, because the settlers all came from localities where lotteries were popular. Those on the American side came largely from France, Virginia and Kentucky, while many on the St. Louis side were natives of Spain.

Although lotteries for various public purposes were common at the time, the lottery authorized by the Illinois Legislature in 1819, for the purpose of draining the lakes and ponds in the American Bottoms, was unique and original, in that it was established for the purpose of improving the health of the inhabitants by reducing the autumnal fevers (malaria). On account of this feature, the Act establishing it constituted the first health law passed by the Illinois State Legislature.

The preamble of the Act read as follows:

"Whereas, there are numerous ponds and lakes in the Mississippi Bottom, known by the appellation of the American Bottom, which stagnate and annoy the inhabitants of said bottom by producing autumnal fevers; and, whereas, the individual proprietors of the lands are not the only persons interested in the draining therefor,

"Therefore, be it enacted, etc."

The notoriously bad health of the residents in the American Bottoms during this period, has been reviewed recently by Dr. Isaac D. Rawlings in the "History of the Rise and Fall of Disease in Illinois." Vol. I [Published by the Illinois State Department of Public Health. (1927)].

From the following references cited in this *History*, it is evident that malaria became prevalent in this section during the French and British occupations, and continued thereafter until recent times:

"'In the year 1730, the settlements in the American Bottoms had, in spite of the stigma that had become placed upon them by sickness, reached the size of a considerable colony.' Most of the colony were French. Most of the sickness was malaria.

"A French religious order was forced to abandon their home in this region because of malaria.

"'Between 1763 and 1778 almost all of the journals of the several British officers give harrowing accounts of the battle with their old enemy, malarial fever.'

"Morgan's Journal (1768) says: 'Ague and fever has been remarkably prevalent in so much that few of the garrison and inhabitants of Fort Chartres and Kaskaskia have escaped. Neither has any French native been known to have lived to an old age.'

"Colonel Wilkins wrote in 1768: 'Every officer and private is violently ill with fever.'

"Adjutant Butterick reported: 'Three officers, twenty-four men, twelve women and fifteen children were sent to their graves since September 29, and many more are in a dangerous way, though I am in hopes the cold weather will soon help us.'

"Blane, speaking of the American Bottoms, eight miles before coming to the Mississippi River, said: 'This fertile district is rendered almost uninhabitable by its unhealthfulness and will require a great deal of draining before many persons will settle upon it. * * * The French are by no means so liable to be attacked by fevers as the English or Americans. This is attributed to their very different and much more temperate mode of living.'"

Governor Reynolds, (John Reynolds' Pioneer History of Illinois, Belleville, 1852) writing of the territory in and around the American Bottoms prior to 1818, said:

"The country at that time was more sickly than at present; but the only disease then was the bilious fever, with pleurisy at rare intervals. The bilious attacks showed themselves mostly in the form of fever and ague.

DRAWING
OF THE
ILLINOIS
State Lottery.

Authorized by the Legislature March 27, 1819 ***to raise Funds, for the purpose of* DRAINING *the* PONDS *and* LAKES *in the* American Bottom, and of improving the HEALTH thereof.**

CLASS NO: 8.

We, the subscribers, hereby certify, that we saw the SEVENTY-TWO [illegible] from 1 to 72 [illegible] ed up and deposited in the Wheel; and that we also saw the ELEVEN following numbers drawn therefrom, in the order in which they stand below—that is to say:

1st	2d	3d	4th	5th	6th	7th	8th	9th	10th	[illegible]
24:	**54:**	**66:**	**35:**	**6:**	**41:**	**48:**	**59:**	**20:**	**21:**	**43:**

J. A. [illegible]
[illegible]

Harrisonville, January 5, 1839.

From the preceding certificate, it will be seen what numbers were drawn from the Wheel, for the purpose of determining the Prizes in the **ILLINOIS STATE LOTTERY--CLASS NO. 8**—and the order in which they were drawn—from which results, the following Prize List.

That Ticket having for its combination the 1st 2d and 3d drawn [illegible] will be entitled to the [illegible] Prize [illegible] 5,[illegible]

The 2 3 & 4,	$3,000	The 3 7 & 8,	$1,700	The 1 2 & 4,	$1,300
3 4 & 5,	2,500	7 8 & 9,	1,600	1 2 & 5,	1,200
4 5 & 6,	2,000	8 9 & 10,	1,500	1 2 & 6,	1,118
5 6 & 7,	1,800	9 10 & 11,	1,400		

Those 5 with—2 3 5, 2 3 6, 2 3 7, 2 3 8, and 2 3 9 } each 1,[illegible]
Those 5 with—3 4 6, 3 4 7, 3 4 8, 3 4 9, & 3 4 10 } each 500
Those 5 with—4 5 7, 4 5 8, 4 5 9, 4 5 10 & 4 5 11 } each 200
Those 10 with—6 8 9, 6 8 10, 6 8 11, 6 9 10, 6 9 11, 7 8 10, 7 8 11, 7 9 10, 7 9 11, 8 10 11, } each 100

All others, (being 128) having any THREE drawn numbers on them, each .... $[illegible]
Those 61 Tickets having on them the **24 & 54**—being the 1st and 2d drawn numbers, each .... [illegible]
Those 61 do do **35 & 66**— do 3d and 4th do do ..... [illegible]
Those 61 do do **6 & 41**— do 5th and 6th do do ..... [illegible]
Those 61 do do **21 & —43** do 10th & 11th do do .... [illegible]
All others, (being 3,111) with any TWO drawn numbers on them, each .... [illegible]
And all others, (being 20,130) with only ONE of the drawn numbers on them, each 3

N. G. JEWETT, Agent for Managers

MANAGERS' OFFICE,
Alton, January 5, 1839.

6: 20: 21: 24: 35: 41: 43: 48: 54. 59. 66.

See Illinois Acts 1819-21 p. 310-12

The fever without the ague or some chill with it was not frequent. These diseases attacked the people in the latter part of the summer and in the fall, and were very common, but not often fatal."

In 1838, when a movement was started to revive the lottery, which will be referred to later, William C. Greenup, President of the Board of Managers of the Lottery, in a memorial to the Senators and Representatives of Illinois in Congress (Senate Documents, 3d Sess. 25th Cong. Vol. II, 1838-39, p. 21) stated:

"The water of these small ponds and lakes becomes more or less saturated with matter. When they dry up in summer and autumn, the *miasma* formed and exhaled into the air by a warm sunshine floats with its infecting *effluvia* and becomes highly noxious. Its effects are at least in two forms—by inhalation and adhering to the skin. Its contaminating qualities are not confined to the bottom lands, but it equally affects those on the contiguous high lands for many miles. Those on the high lands are most commonly affected by it first in the season. This *marsh miasma* adheres to the skin and affects the pores; the pores become occluded, and the excretions of the fluids of the body become arrested, resulting in intermittent fevers (or common ague and fever) and remittent and other fevers; in fine, the whole *viscera* of the system becomes deranged.

"From the several effects of *marsh miasma*, so prevalent in this region of the country, we attribute the causes of the diseases which annually occur, and which have produced sad havoc to the health of the human race. The same reasoning may apply to many other extensive bottom lands on the Mississippi and other large water courses. The health of Louisville, in Kentucky, has been greatly improved by draining the ponds in the rear of that city; so may other situations be greatly improved in local health by draining and cultivating the lands. The cities of St. Louis and Alton, both contiguous to the American Bottom, ought to feel a deep and abiding interest in the improvements in the draining and cultivation of the American Bottom as conducive to the health, comfort, wealth and convenience of both.

"It is believed that in the year 1812 the population of the American Bottom was greater than it is now. This is attributed to the bad health, arising from the stagnant ponds and lakes. The once flourishing villages of Fort Chartres, St. Philips and Prairie du Pont are known only by the ruins and the inscriptions over the dead. Cahokia, town of Illinois, Harrisonville, and Prairie du Rocher are in great dilapidation; Kaskaskia seems not to advance, although it is reputed to be the most healthful of any other place in that bottom. The General Assembly, fully impressed with these facts, most beneficently expressed its desire in enacting the law above referred to."

Lottery Authorized by Law in 1819.

The Act of the Legislature, passed in 1819, (Ill. Session Laws 1819, pp. 310-312, Kaskaskia 1819), authorizing a lottery to raise funds for the purpose of draining the ponds in the American Bottom, provided "that the following seven persons shall constitute a Board of Managers: Hugh H. Maxwell, Wm. C. Greenup, Geo. Fisher, Wm. Alexander, Amos Squires, Joseph A. Beaird and John Hayes; that vacancies on the Board may be filled by a majority of those remaining; and that the General Assembly shall have power to remove members for improper or corrupt conduct; also that the managers shall have power to cause to be drained by canals, or drains, all ponds or lakes which a majority conceive to be detrimental to the health of the neighborhood."

That the managers may raise by lottery in one or more classes any sum not exceeding $50,000, to be applied to draining ponds in the American Bottoms, commencing with those that produce the greatest injury to the health of the people.

That said lottery shall be drawn in the town of Harrisonville.

The managers were required to appoint a treasurer who "shall give bond in the amount to be raised by any class of such lottery, and also to appoint such clerks and agents as may be necessary; **** the managers shall keep a record of their proceedings, and make a report to the General Assembly at each session. Any money left over after completing their work shall be paid into the Treasury of the State; and ****** the managers shall not take more than 15 per cent off any prize."

Among the managers, designated by the Act, were some of the prominent and public-spirited citizens of the young commonwealth. Two, George Fisher and William Alexander, were physicians. It may be assumed that they, and possibly all of the seven members designated as a Board of Managers, took a part in securing the enabling legislation.

Dr. George Fisher came to Kaskaskia in 1798. He served as the first sheriff of Randolph county in 1801, and was a representative of that county in the Indiana Territorial House of Representatives in 1805, and was afterward promoted to the Territorial Council. He was a member of the first and third Legislatures of Illinois Territory in 1812, 1816, and 1818, serving as speaker in each; also a delegate to the Constitutional Convention in 1818. He participated in the organization of the first Masonic lodge in the State at Kaskaskia in 1806, and was elected as one of its officers. He died on his farm in Kaskaskia in 1820.

Dr. William M. Alexander came to southern Illinois in 1818. In 1820 he was representative of Pope County in the Second General Assembly, and two years later for Alexander County, when he became Speaker of the House during the session of the Third General Assembly. Later, he moved to Kaskaskia, and then to the Southwest, where he died.

Hugh H. Maxwell was Auditor of Public Accounts of Illinois Territory from 1812 to 1816.

Amos Squire, of the Six Mile Prairie, emigrated from Maryland with Shadrach Bond and first settled in Kaskaskia. He served 20 years as Justice of the Peace, and was captain in the ranging service in 1812-1814. In 1818, he was a member of the Court of Common Pleas in Madison County.

William C. Greenup was clerk of the First Territorial Legislature in 1812, enrolling and engrossing clerk of the second session of the Second Territorial Legislature in 1815, both of the Council and the House of Representatives. He was secretary of the Constitutional Convention which convened in Kaskaskia in 1818.

Joseph A. Beaird was the son of John Beaird, a relative of Gov. John Reynolds. The elder Beaird came with his family from Kentucky to Randolph County in 1801. Joseph A. Beaird represented Monroe County in the General Assembly for many sessions. He died in 1829, leaving considerable property.

John Hay was born in Detroit in 1769 and settled in Cahokia in 1793, where he engaged in business. Under Gov. St. Clair of the Northwest Territory, he was appointed Clerk of the Court of Common

Pleas, Quarter Sessions, and of the Orphans' Court; also Treasurer of the County of St. Clair. Later, for many years, he was Judge of the Probate Court of St. Clair County. He died in Belleville in 1843.

Drawings Delayed:

In spite of the urgent necessity that prevailed for the correction of which the lottery was established, it does not appear that any steps were taken to operate it during the nineteen years following its authorization. No notices of its drawings or prizes have been found in Illinois and St. Louis newspapers of the times, available in the Chicago Historical Society Library, nor any references in the Proceedings and Reports of the Legislature of this period or in the autobiographies of contemporary statesmen, or in the local histories of the region.

Only three of the general histories of the State make any reference to lotteries, and these are brief and noninformative.

Davidson and Stuve (A complete History of Illinois, Springfield, 1884, p. 304) say: "A peculiar feature in the legislation of the times was the making of important public improvements by means of private lottery schemes. Thus, the navigation of the Big Wabash, at Grand Rapids, near Palmyra, by the digging of a canal, was to be accomplished by a lottery. Other schemes had for their object the drainage of ponds in the American Bottom; the building of levees, and the reclamation of lands, all of them most worthy objects. As might have been expected, the means provided were very inadequate to the accomplishment of the ends."

Pease (The Centennial History of Illinois, Chicago, 1922, Vol. 2, p. 42) says: "Sometimes a lottery was authorized for some such purpose as improving the Grand Rapids of the Wabash, or draining the American Bottom."

Smith (History of Illinois and Her People, Chicago and New York, 1927, Vol. II, p. 217) says: "It was in keeping with this aversion to direct taxation that a law was passed in Gov. Bond's term to raise money for internal improvements by means of a system of lotteries. * * * In the same way, the American Bottom was to be drained and levees built. Little was accomplished by the lottery system."

The following statement by Gov. Reynolds (John Reynolds "My Own Times," Illinois, 1855, p. 223) may explain why the lottery was not put into operation immediately after its authorization in 1819. Speaking of the financial depression of the times, Gov. Reynolds says: "The country was flooded with bank paper, all over the Union, after the close of the war; the worthless paper of the Western States went down and left the country almost without any currency towards the years 1819, 1820, and 1821. The pressure reached Illinois in aggravated forms, and property was cut down to nothing. Cows and calves sold for four and five dollars, and wheat at 35 or 40 cents per bushel; corn was in many places down to ten cents."

"The people had contracted large debts when the money was plentiful, and now when it was scarce, it was almost impossible to pay these demands."

Additional evidence tending to indicate that no lottery was established under the law of 1819 until 1839, is found in a Memorial to

the Senators and Representatives from Illinois in Congress (Ibid) dated April 21, 1838, by William C. Greenup, then President of the Board of Managers of the Lottery. The major portion of this communication, previously noted, is devoted to a description of the unhealthful condition then existing in the American Bottoms. No statement is made that anything has been accomplished in remedying the conditions complained of.

For the Board of Managers of the Lottery, he made the following apology:

"The Board of Managers, over whose deliberations I have the honor to preside at present, possess but limited and precarious means to effect this important object. We have undertaken it with a fervent zeal to effect it as far as circumstances will afford the means."

The managers at this time apparently had given up hope of raising the necessary funds by the lottery scheme, for the object of the communication to the Illinois delegation in Congress was with a view to having the portion of lands in the American Bottom, still owned by the United States, probably about 20 sections, ceded or donated to the State of Illinois for the purpose of raising funds for draining the entire tract.

In a communication issued at Alton on Oct. 3, 1838, to the Citizens of the American Bottom, by J. A. Townsend, acting manager and secretary to the Board of Managers for the American Bottom improvement, another and very pertinent reason is stated for the delay in starting the lottery. He refers to a pledge that was made to "commence the drawings on the first of July last" and explains that "the sickness of the contractor and the general ill health of the whole country, connected with the impossibility of getting the materials for the lottery out from the East (which have been on the Ohio River for nearly two months), causes this unlooked for detention and delay."

Lottery Schemes Revived in 1838:

The scheme for raising funds by the operation of a lottery for the purpose of draining the lakes and ponds, and to improve the health of the American Bottom was revived in 1838. In the announcement to the citizens of Alton on Oct. 3, 1838, referred to above, it was stated that "the contractor, Col. S. H. Mudge, has at length returned from the East, and his agent or active manager for the State generally, N. G. Jewett, Esq., has established his office here, and has issued the first scheme or class and commenced selling tickets, the drawings of which will take place at Harrisonville the 17th of October (1838). He will continue to draw a class each week thereafter."

It was also announced that "a meeting of the board will take place during the coming week at Illinois Town, for the purpose of making arrangements for an immediate and general topographical survey of the whole Bottom from Alton to the mouth of the Kaskaskia River."

Four broadsides have been found announcing the drawings of the lottery in 1839; two in the Chicago Historical Society, photostatic copies of which are herewith presented through the courtesy of Miss Gertrude E. Aiken. This announces the drawing of the 8th and 10th series at Harrisonville, on January 5 and 19.

DRAWING

OF THE

ILLINOIS

State Lottery.

***Authorized by the Legislature to raise Funds, for the purpose of* DRAINING *the* PONDS *and* LAKES *in the* American Bottom, and of improving the HEALTH thereof.**

CLASS NO: 9.

We, the subscribers, hereby certify, that we saw the SEVENTY-TWO numbers, from 1 to 72 inclusive, rolled up and deposited in the Wheel, and that we also saw the ELEVEN following numbers drawn therefrom, in the order in which they stand below—that is to say

1ST	2D	3D	4TH	5TH	6TH	7TH	8TH	9TH	10TH	11TH
51:	**12:**	**45:**	**47:**	**3:**	**18:**	**13:**	**52:**	**53:**	**39:**	**22:**

JAS. A. JAMES,
THOS. JAMES.

HARRISONVILLE, JANUARY 12, 1839.

From the preceding certificate, it will be seen what numbers were drawn from the Wheel, for the purpose of determining the Prizes in the **ILLINOIS STATE LOTTERY--CLASS NO. 9**--and the order in which they were drawn—from which results, the following Prize List

That Ticket having for its combination the 1st 2d and 3d drawn numbers, entitled to the capital Prize of **$5,000**

The 9th 10th and 11th	$5,000	The 5th 6th and 7th	$2,[illegible]	The [illegible] and 8th	$1,500
2d 3d and 4th	4,000	6th 7th and 8th	1,500	2d 3d and 7th	1,500
3d 4th and 5th	3,000	7th 8th and 9th	1,500	2d 3d and 8th	1,500
4th 5th and 6th	2,500	8th 9th and 10th	1,000	2d 3d and 9th	1,500

Those 5 having the 1 2 5, 1 2 6, 1 2 7, 1 2 8, 1 2 9, ea $1,000
Those 10 having the 1 3 5, 1 3 6, 1 3 7, 1 3 8, 1 3 9, 1 3 10, 1 3 11, 2 4 5, 2 4 6, 2 4 7, ea 500
Those 10 having the 3 4 6, 3 4 7, 3 4 8, 3 4 9, 3 4 10, 3 4 11, 3 5 6, 3 5 7, 3 5 8, 3 5 9, ea 200

Those [illegible] having the 4 5 7, 4 5 8, 4 5 9, 4 5 10, 4 5 11, 4 6 7, 4 6 8, 4 6 9, 4 6 10, 4 6 11, ea 200
Those 15 having the 1 4 5, 1 4 6, 1 4 7, 2 4 8, 2 4 9, 2 4 10, 2 4 11, 2 5 6, 2 5 7, 2 5 8, 2 5 9, 2 5 10, 2 5 11, 2 6 7, 2 6 8, ea 100

All others, (being 102, with any THREE drawn numbers on them, each			**800**
Those 61 Tickets having on them the **12 & 51**—being the 1st and 2d drawn numbers,			**10**
Those 61 do do **45 & 47**— do 3d and 4th do			**30**
Those 61 do do **3 & 18**— do 5th and 6th do			**20**
Those 122 do do **52 & 53—22 & 39** do 8th and 9th or 10th and 11th do			**15**
All others, (being 3,050) with any two drawn numbers on, each			**8**
Do (being 20,130) with any one do do do			**4**

N. G. JEWETT, Agent for Managers

MANAGERS' OFFICE,
ALTON, JANUARY 12, 1839.

3: 12: 13: 18: 22: 39: 45: 47: 51. 52. 53.

Illinois State LOTTERY:

AUTHORIZED BY THE LEGISLATURE
TO RAISE FUNDS FOR THE PURPOSE OF DRAINING THE LAKES AND PONDS IN THE AMERICAN BOTTOM, AND OF IMPROVING THE HEALTH THEREOF.

EXTRA CLASS NO. 1.

TO BE DRAWN AT

On Saturday, January 26, 1839.

SPLENDID SCHEME.

1	**5,000**	**$5,000**
5	**1,000**	**$5,000**
10	**500**	**5,000**
20	**250**	**5,000**
25	**200**	**5,000**
40	**125**	**5,000**
1	**4,000**	**4,000**
1	**3,000**	**3,000**
1	**2,500**	**2,500**
1	**1,580**	**1,580**
60	**100**	**6,000**
61	**50**	**3,050**
61	**40**	**2,440**
61	**30**	**1,830**
61	**20**	**1,220**
3111	**8**	**24,888**
20120	**4**	**80,520**
23650	prizes,	are **$161,028**

72 NO. COMBINATION—11 DRAWN BALLOTS.

That ticket having for its combination, the 1st 2d and 3d drawn numbers, will be entitled to the prize of **$4,000**

The 5th 10th and 11th	....	**$1,000**	The 3d 6th and 8th **$2,500**
2d 3d and 6th	....	**$2,000**	6th 8th and 9th **$1,500**

Those 8 tickets having the 1 2 4, 1 2 5, 1 2 6, 1 2 7, 1 2 8, 1 2 9, each $1,000

Those 10 with the 2 3 5, 2 3 7, 2 3 8, 2 3 9, 2 3 11, 2 4 6, 2 3 6, 2 4 5, 2 4 7, 2 4 8, each 500

Those 31 with the 2 4 9, 3 4 6, 3 4 10, 3 5 9, 3 5 11, 3 6 9, 3 6 10, 3 6 11, 3 7 8, 3 7 10, 3 7 11, 3 8 10, 3 8 11, 3 9 10, 3 9 11, 4 5 6, 4 5 7, 4 5 8, 4 5 10, 4 5 11, 4 6 7, 4 6 8, 4 6 11, 4 7 8, 4 7 11, 4 8 11, each 250

Those 25 with the 3 6 11, 3 7 11, 3 8 10, 3 8 11, 4 5 9, 4 5 10, 4 5 11, 4 6 7, 4 6 8, 4 6 10, 4 6 11, 4 7 8, 4 7 10, 4 7 11, 4 8 10, 4 8 11, 4 9 10, 4 9 11, 5 6 7, 5 6 8, 5 6 10, 5 6 11, 5 7 8, 5 7 9, 5 7 11, 5 8 9, 5 8 11, 5 9 10, 5 9 11, 5 10 11, 6 7 8, 6 7 9, 6 7 10, 6 7 11, 6 8 9, 6 8 10, 6 8 11, 6 9 10, 6 9 11, 6 10 11, 7 8 9, 7 8 10, 7 8 11, 7 9 10, 7 9 11, 7 10 11, 8 9 10, 8 9 11, 8 10 11, 9 10 11, each 175

All others, (being 66) having any three drawn numbers, each 60
Those 41 having the 1st and 2d drawn numbers, each 55
Do 41 do 2d and 6th do do 40
Do 51 do 6th and 8th, do do 30
Do 61 do 10th and 11th do do 20
All others (being 3,111) having any two drawn numbers, each 4
And all others (being 20,120) having one only do do do 1

WHOLES $4—SHARES IN PROPORTION.

Alton is given as the address of the Board of Managers, and James A. James and T. James, as agents at Harrisonville.

Col. James A. James, and Thomas James, in charge of the drawing at Harrisonville, were the sons of Joseph A. James who came to Illinois Country in 1803 from Kentucky. The family was of Welsh origin.

Col. James A. James was born in Kentucky in 1798, and received a good education. He was a man of considerable prominence, and a farmer by occupation. For four years he represented Monroe and St. Clair Counties in the Legislature. In 1827, he was a Colonel of militia.

Thomas James was born in Maryland in 1782. In 1810 he returned from a trip to the Rocky Mountains and worked in a store in Harrisonville, in which Frederick Dent, father-in-law of Gen. U. S. Grant, owned a considerable interest.

He undertook a trip to New Mexico in 1821, and in 1825 was a General of the Illinois Militia. The same year he was elected to the Legislature and served two years. He was Postmaster in Monroe City in 1827, and served as Major in the Black Hawk War. He was appointed to receive subscriptions for the State Bank at Kaskaskia. He died in Monroe City in 1847.

The other two broadsides, announcing the drawings of the lottery, were found in the Library of the University of Illinois, through the efforts of John L. McAdams, of the Alton Evening Telegraph. By the courtesy of Mr. P. Windsor, librarian, photostatic copies of these are presented herewith. The one announces the drawing of the 9th class at Harrisonville on January 12, 1839, with James A. and Thomas James in charge. The other announces the drawing of Extra Class No. 1 on January 26, 1839, and the place of drawing was left blank.

In 1839 (Ill. Session Laws, 1838-39, p. 56) the Act authorizing the Lottery was amended so as to make it "lawful for the Board of Managers of said lottery to determine the drawings thereof at Illinois Town, or elsewhere, as also to direct the drawings thereof personally by either of the managers, or by their agents."

No announcements of any drawings other than at Harrisonville have been found in any of the contemporary Illinois and St. Louis newspapers available. It is very likely that the drawings of the lottery were proclaimed only in broadsides, issued from time to time, which would account for the absence of advertisements in the public press.

At the same session of the Legislature (1838-39), a resolution was passed by the House of Representatives on Dec. 17, 1838, providing that the committee on agriculture inquire into the expediency of incorporating a company of proprietors of lands in the American Bottoms for the purpose of draining the same and improving the health of the inhabitants; also, that the same committee memorialize Congress of the United States to cede or donate to the State the unsold lands in this tract, and report to the House by bill or otherwise.

Subsequently, on March 2, 1839, a bill was presented and passed, authorizing the incorporation of the Northern Division of the American Bottom. On the same date the sum of $3,000 was authorized to be paid to the contractors. In the following year, the law incorporating the Northern Division of the American Bottom was repealed. Eleven

years later (1851), the American Bottom Drainage Company was chartered. Reference is made to this legislation to show that the lottery did not raise sufficient funds to defray the cost of the public improvement for which it was inaugurated.

In the meantime, lotteries gradually fell into disrepute. Unauthorized and private lotteries had long been prohibited; in Virginia in 1792; in Kentucky in 1779, and in Illinois in 1821.

By act of Legislature in 1847, all laws or parts of laws establishing any lottery or lotteries in the State, and all laws authorizing the selling or vending of lottery tickets, were repealed, and the sale of lottery tickets was prohibited under penalty.

Section 35 of the Illinois State Constitution, in force Jan. 1, 1848, provided that the "General Assembly shall have no power to authorize lotteries for any purpose **** and shall pass laws to prohibit the sale of lottery tickets."

The author acknowledges his indebtedness to Dr. William A. Evans, Health Editor, Chicago Tribune, and to Dr. Isaac D. Rawlings, Director of Public Health, State of Illinois, for much of the information, and for the finding of many of the documents which served in the preparation of this essay.

ILLINOIS STATE
LOTTERY:

TO RAISE FUNDS FOR THE PURPOSE OF DRAINING THE PONDS IN THE AMERICAN BOTTOM.

CLASS NO. 10.

TO BE DRAWN AT HARRISONVILLE,
ON SATURDAY, JAN. 19, 1839, AT 11 O'CLOCK, A. M.

SPLENDID SCHEME!!!!

1	5,000	5,000
1	3,000	3,000
1	2,500	2,500
1	2,000	2,000
1	1,800	1,800
1	1,700	1,700
1	1,600	1,600
1	1,500	1,500
1	1,400	1,400
1	1,300	1,300
1	1,200	1,200
1	1,188	1,188
5	1,000	5,000
5	500	2,500
5	200	1,000
10	100	1,000
128	50	6,400
61	40	2,440
61	30	1,830
61	20	1,220
61	10	610
3,111	6	18,666
20,130	3	60,390
23,650	PRIZES - ARE	$125,244

72 No. Comb.--11 *Drawn Ballots.*-----WHOLES $3--*Shares in Proportion.*

The Ticket having for its combination the 1st 2d and 3d drawn no's., will be entitled to the capital Prize of $5,000

The 2 3 & 4,	$2,200	The 6 7 & 8,	$1,700	The 1 2 & 4,	$1,200
2 4 & 5,	2,300	7 8 & 9,	1,600	1 2 & 5,	1,200
1 3 & 5,	2,000	8 9 & 10,	1,500	1 2 & 6,	1,118
1 6 & 7,	1,800	9 10 & 11,	1,400		

Those 5 with—2 3 5, 2 3 6, 2 3 7, 2 3 8, and 2 3 9 } each 1,000
Those 6 with—3 4 6, 3 4 7, 3 4 8, 3 4 9, & 3 4 10 } each 500
Those 5 with—4 5 7, 4 5 8, 4 5 9, 4 5 10 & 4 5 11 } each 200
Those 10 with—6 8 9, 6 8 10, 6 8 11, 6 9 10, 6 9 11, 7 8 10, 7 8 11, 7 9 10, 7 9 11, 8 10 11, } each 100

All others, (being 128) with any 3 drawn numbers, each		50
Those 61 with the 1st and 2d	do do	40
Do 61 do 2d and 4th	do do	30
Do 61 do 5th and 6th	do do	20
Do 61 do 10th and 11th	do do	10

FORTS OF THE AMERICAN BOTTOM.

By Elbert Waller,
(Representative in the Legislature)
Tamaroa, Illinois.

In order that we may get a proper anchorage and not wander far afield, I propose to limit myself geographically to that portion of the Mississippi Valley known as the "American Bottom."

It seems that in the early part of the eighteenth century the dream of the French monarchs of a New France in the heart of America would come true, and that the villages of Kaskaskia, Prairie du Rocher, Cahokia, Bellefountain and neighboring French settlements would rival in splendor the leading cities of Europe. In fact, the heart of the French people had been planted in the heart of America. This was in the time of Louis XIV, and they had great visions of the gold and glory their American possessions would bring to the Grand Monarch.

This was the period of the inter-colonial wars and these wars of the mother countries involved all the colonies in America. For this reason, and for the further reason that they were not always at peace with the Indians, it became necessary that they build fortifications. Historians often speak of Old Fort Chartres and of Fort Gage, and there they stop. Can it be that they have forgotten that there were no fewer than six substantial forts in this region, as well as a number of minor fortifications about the homes of the settlers?

The Crozat Fortlet.

In Publication No. 8 of the Illinois State Historical Society Joseph Wallace tells of what he calls a fortlet, built by the adventurers of Crozat, and says that it was built in the bottom near the Mississippi River about fifteen miles above Kaskaskia. It, of course, was not a very pretentious one, but it seems to me to be worthy of note because the mere fact of its location there seems to suggest the necessity of a better fortification in that region. The plan to build a line of fortifications, however, seems to have originated with that great explorer, Robert Cavalier, Sieur de la Salle.

Fort at Cahokia.

A settlement was made by the French and Indians here in 1700, but we have no record of a fortification's being built for a generation, but when the Indians saw their lands being taken by the French they forgot many of the kindnesses shown them and became threatening. In fact, murders and scalping became common and things were drifting from bad to worse. To protect themselves against the Cahokias and the Tamaroas (or Tamarawas) they built a fort in 1733 and garrisoned it by twenty men under the command of Ensign Montchervaux. I find

no further reference to this fort until 1752, when a band of the Fox tribe came near here on a hunting expedition and was captured by the Cahokias, who burned five of the victims at the stake. One only of the party escaped to tell the story. Revenge was determined upon and in a few days 180 bark canoes filled with Foxes, Kickapoos and Sioux passed the fort at Cahokia, where Chevalier de Volsi was in command of the garrison. They were seeking the scalps of the Cahokias, who had suddenly moved their village some ten or twelve miles down the Mississippi. The day of the arrival of these unwelcome visitors at the Cahokia village was a Fast Day among the French, and many of the Cahokias had gone to Fort Chartres to witness the ceremonies. They were all that escaped the penalty for their former crime, for the invaders slew every man, woman and child, and went back up the river firing their guns in triumph as they passed the fort.

We find no further history of this fort until 1778, when Colonel George Rogers Clark assigned Captain McCarthy (or McCarty) to take command of Fort Bowman at Cahokia. Bowman's Journal says it was a stone building fortified and called "Fort Bowman." Davidson and Stuvé, Butterfield and Pittman all say practically the same. Whether it was the old fort or not, I do not know, but I assume that the first one was of wood and had long since fallen to decay.

Scheme after scheme for the settlement of this region was undertaken, but they all changed like a kaleidoscope. The Grand Monarch died in 1715. The Crozat scheme had failed. In 1717 the Mississippi Company, under the leadership of the notorious John Law, was organized. That same year Pierre Duque sieur de Boisbriant was chosen Governor. He was a French Canadian and had been in the Illinois country most of the time since the settlement of Cahokia and Kaskaskia. He understood the Indians and their language better than perhaps any other man and was the wisest choice they could make for that position. He resolved to build a fort near the center of this group of settlements.

Fort Chartres No. 1.

Near the Crozat fortlet Boisbriant selected a site for a large stockade and fort. Dr. Snyder, in Publication No. 26 of the Illinois State Historical Society, describes the surroundings, as follows: "Near the east bank of the Mississippi, on the flat alluvial bottom land, sixteen miles above Kaskaskia; having a long slough, or lake, the remains of an ancient channel of the river, on the east midway between it and the bluffs four miles away. This slough he supposed would add materially to the strategic strength of the position. The fort he erected there was a wooden stockade, reinforced on the interior with earth taken from the excavations of the exterior moats." This was the first Fort Chartres, begun in 1718 and completed in 1720. It was so named in honor of the son of Philip, Duke of Orleans, Regent for Louis XV, the infant King of France. Near here sprang up Prairie du Rocher (the Prairie of the Rocks) and several other small villages. Within its inclosures were barracks for soldiers, the commandant's home, a

large store house, and we are told that it contained magazines for powder. It was garrisoned by a company of militia from Kaskaskia.

There was a common hallucination that precious metals could be found in abundance in the hills. Philip Francois Renault was appointed as general director of mines, and he came over from France with 500 slaves from San Domingo. He planned to build another fort at the mines, but the mining proposition was a disappointment and we hear no more of the proposed fort there.

It will be remembered that Spain claimed all of this territory as a part of Florida. The Spanish began an expedition to the Illinois Country but their army was put to route by the Shawnees. It was as a protection against the Spanish as well as the Indians that this fort was built but there never was a hostile shot fired from its inclosures. It was destroyed by an overflow of the Mississippi in 1727. The people wanted to build another, "at the Prairie nearer Kaskaskia" and offered to furnish stone from the bluffs provided they would be permitted to trade flour for two slaves for each French planter. The Governor wanted to rebuild but the Company had lost so much money that he was ordered to transfer all property and the garrison except six men and two officers to New Orleans. (See Archives Nationales, Colonies, dated 10 Oct. 1727.) The order was not carried out for the troops were mainly people from Kaskaskia and many were better satisfied with prospects there than in France. The Company failed and Louisiana and the Illinois Country as a part of it became a Royal Province in 1731.

There had been serious trouble among the Indians and the French had become more or less involved to the extent that they had the ill will of the Foxes. The old adage that blood is thicker than water held good among the Indians and a coalition was formed among the Indians against the French. It was imperative that they build a new fort.

Fort Chartres. No. 2.

St. Ange de Belle Rive, who was now in command, selected a new site about a half mile further from the River and constructed another fort about like the first one. It was garrisoned in 1732. It was from this fort that Major Alphonse de la Buissoniere led a successful expedition against the Chicasaws, who had been threatening them for several years. King George's War was at hand and the danger from the Indians became greater every day on account of encouragement that was given them by emissaries of the British Government. Marquis de la Galissoniere, Governor General of Canada, sent a plea to the King of France for help. In part he said, "The little colony of Illinois ought not to be left to perish; The king must sacrifice for its support. The principal advantage of the country is its extreme productiveness and its connection with Canada and Louisiana must be maintained." Nothing, however, was done. The fort rotted away and was abandoned in 1747. The garrison was moved to Fort Kaskaskia, on the hill overlooking Kaskaskia. We shall hear of that fort later but will now tell about the last Fort Chartres.

Fort Chartres No. 3.

King George's War was ended in 1748 by the Treaty of Aix la Chapelle which apparently settled the Old World issues but it was clear that it did not settle the question of dominion in America. The French were determined to fortify themselves better. Accordingly they began the erection of a new fort about a mile further up the River in 1753 and it was completed three years later.

The first two were of wood but this was of stone and cost over 200,000 livres or about $1,000,000. Lieutenant Jean B. Saussier, one of the best engineers of France was the architect. The stones were quarried and numbered in the quarries in the Bluffs about three miles to the east and were conveyed across the lake to the fort in boats. The massive stone walls inclosed about four acres. They were eighteen feet high and over two feet thick. The gateway was arched and was fifteen feet high. A cut stone platform was above the gate with a stairway of nineteen steps and balustrade leading to it. There were four bastions each with forty-eight loop holes, eight embrasures and a sentry box. Within the walls stood the store house thirty feet wide and ninety feet long and it was two stories high, the guard house with two rooms above for chapel and missionary quarters, the government house thirty-two feet wide and eighty-four feet long with a stone porch and iron gate, a coach house, a pigeon house, two large wells walled up with the finest dressed stone, the intendant's house, two rows of barracks a hundred twenty-eight feet long, the powder magazine thirty-five by thirty-eight feet which is still standing, bake ovens, four prison cells with dungeons. This was the pride of Louisiana, of New France and of the French kingdom as well. Many have wondered why it was built in such a place and the only answer that I can make is that they wanted it on the road between Kaskaskia and Cahokia and that the road at that time ran just west of where the fort was located. This road now goes along the bluff.

Near this sprang up the village of New Chartres in the Parish of St. Anne but not a vestige of this little town remains today.

Even before the fort was completed, the French and Indian war was on and Fort Chartres was made the military headquarters of all the West. The people of its environs furnished supplies to feed the soldiers of the Mississippi Valley and some besides and they were not lacking when the call came to enter the fight. These people were there when Washington surrendered at Great Meadows and they were there when the haughty Braddock was killed, but when the God of War accepted the sacrifice of the brave General Wolfe on the Plains of Abraham, the end of French dominion in America was made sure. Even so, English troops made several attempts to take possession but it was not until October 10th, 1765, when Captain Sterling with the 42nd Regiment of Scotch Highlanders whom he had led triumphant over the bloodiest fields of America, hauled down the Lilies of France and put up the Union Jack in its stead. It was rechristened Fort Cavendish ostensibly for William Cavendish, First Duke of Devonshire but really for William Cavendish, Duke of Newcastle, a friend of Chas. I. The name does not seem to have lasted long and we go back to the

classic name, "Fort Chartres"—the only name by which it is ever known.

Fort Chartres Doomed.

On December 4th, 1771, the authorities in England ordered Fort Chartres to be destroyed for economic reasons. General Gage approved but for reasons far different. Kaskaskia had grown to overshadow all the other villages and he saw trouble ahead from that source. The order was given to Commandant, Major Isaac Hamilton (not Sir Henry Hamilton the Hair-buyer). The order was obeyed and in a letter from General Gates to Lord Hillsboro, dated September 22nd, 1772, the statement is made, "He has destroyed Fort Chartres in such a manner that at present it can not afford the least shelter to an enemy and he has removed the stones which protected the banks and has opened drains to admit the waters so that the floods in the fall will entirely wash away the front of the fort." About fifty of the Troops went to Kaskaskia and were housed in the old Jesuit Mission which they fortified and named "Fort Gage" in honor of General Gage. Captain Hugh Lord was put in command. The remainder of the troops were ordered to the Atlantic coast. This was in 1772.

There has been some discussion as to what became of the cannon. In 1817, Judge Breckenridge of the United States District Court of Louisiana visited the old fort and said, "Fort Chartres is a noble ruin. *** The outward wall, barracks and magazine are still standing. There are a number of cannon lying half buried with their trunions broken off." In one of his splendid sketches, the late Dr. Snyder said, "Five cannon were taken from the ruins of Fort Chartres in 1812, by Governor Ninian Edwards and mounted on Fort Russell, a mile and a half from the present city of Edwardsville. One of them was bursted when fired in celebration of the victory of General Jackson at New Orleans, in January, 1815. Of the other four, no trace can be found." It is reasonable to believe that some were taken to Fort Gage.

When the land of the American Bottom was thrown open for settlement, the United States Government reserved a square mile containing the fort and it remained the property of the Government until 1849. No care was taken of it until most of the stones were hauled away by settlers to be used in other buildings. For more than a century, students of history have been visiting the site of this wonderful fortress and have given us a few sketches of it as they saw it but the people generally, even those of its immediate environs seemed to have forgotten of the part the people of Fort Chartres had played in the settlement of the Mississippi Valley. The Mississippi has changed its channel and has left it about a mile inland. The State of Illinois has now taken it over as a State Park. The rubbish has been cleared away and from the original plans all the foundations have been restored. The old powder magazine stood in a fair state of preservation still practically as it was in those days with the exception of the heavy iron door. It has been repaired and in it are stored a fine collection of relics that tell their story without words, of those tragic days of our early history.

There is now a bronze tablet at Fort Chartres which says that it was begun in 1719 but we shall have to challenge the statement. Let me recall that each of the Forts Chartres which I have for convenience designated as No. 1, No. 2 and No. 3, were distinctly different buildings and on different ground. I think I have previously made that clear, but I want to add that there can be no doubt that the first one was washed into the river though the river has receded and restored the unknown spot. I want to say also that Dr. Douglas, an old resident of Prairie du Rocher and a life-long student of early Illinois History, tells me he can point out the spot where tradition says the one I have designated as No. 2 was located. There can be no question but No. 3 was not No. 2 repaired, for No. 2 was of logs and No. 3 was of stone. Captain M. Bossu visited this region in 1752 and said, "Le Sieur Saussier, an engineer, has made a plan for constructing a new fort here according to the instructions of the court. It will bear the name of the old one, which is called Fort de Chartres." Quoting Dr. Snyder again, he says, "The stockades of the old fort were decayed beyond repair, though the buildings they inclose were yet tenable and in fair condition. The site chosen for the new structure was not half a league above the old fort and but a short distance from the river." Captain Bossu visited this region again in 1755 and in his *"Travels en Louisiane"* he says, "I came once more to the old Fort Chartres, where I lay in a hut, till I could get lodging in the new fort, which is about finished." I think it not necessary that I add further proofs.

Fort Gage.

The Jesuits had been suppressed and their property confiscated by the French government. Among their properties was a large stone building in Kaskaskia used as a mission. This is the building previously referred to which Captain Lord fortified and named "Fort Gage". Alvord says, "There had been for years a palisaded fort but it was only a protection from the Indians." I think that is correct and it is doubtless the same building that was later known as Fort Gage, since the Jesuits had been suppressed and this property confiscated by the French and taken over by the English. (See also James' George Rogers Clark papers.) Captain Lord and his men, in all probability, brought some cannon from Fort Chartres. They probably did not take any from Fort Kaskaskia as that fort had been destroyed over five years before and the cannon would not have been left. Pittman's "A Plan of Cascaskias" drawn in 1770 locates the Jesuit property in Kaskaskia.

On that memorable Fourth of July night, 1778, when Colonel George Rogers Clark took Kaskaskia, this fort fell into his hands and, in Bowmans Journal, under date of March 15th, 1779, we are told it was given a new name: "Fort Clark". This name for this fort seems to have been forgotten though there was another Fort Clark. Captain John Williams was put in command. (See Draper Mss. 23 J 127. See also Virginia State Papers, Volume I.)

Fort Kaskaskia.

On a bluff overlooking Kaskaskia, within easy shot of the city, a fort was built in 1733 and was known as the "Fort of the Kaskasquias."

FORT GAGE JESUIT COLLEGE

FORT KASKASKIA
Old Fort top of hill. Kaskaskia River in foreground.

We are told that the Chicasaws were very hostile and that it was as a protection against them that this fort was built. This was probably only a wooden stockade reinforced with earth for a report in the Nationale Archives in Paris tells us that in 1736 the French Government appropriated 30,000 livres (about $150,000) to build a fort at Kaskaskia. The site chosen was on the bluff near Kaskaskia. An engineer came to build it and the work was pushed for a year when the work was ordered suspended but it was practically finished. There is no other bluff overlooking Kaskaskia where a fort might have reasonably been located for the protection of the town so we are firmly of the opinion that the Fort Kaskaskia built on the bluffs in 1736 was a rebuilding of Fort Kaskasquia on a more pretentious scale. We have already noted that the second Fort Chartres was abandoned in 1747 on account of its insecure condition and poor location, the garrison moved to Fort Kaskaskia.

The Piankeshaws who occupied a portion of the Lower Ohio Valley had now begun to occupy the hunting grounds as far west as the Mississippi. They came in a suave way to the people of Kaskaskia and pretended that they were going against the Cherokees. The people of Kaskaskia furnished them supplies, but soon became suspicious and those suspicions were confirmed by the action of the Shawnees. They attacked some of the people of Kaskaskia who were out on hunting expeditions and planned a general massacre as the people came from mass. The commandant was alert and ready and at the moment the attack was attempted he fired a broadside from the fort. Several of the Piankeshaws were killed. The others fled in confusion and soon had to ask for peace. This was in 1751.

In 1755, the new Fort Chartres was nearing completion so practically all the garrison was moved there leaving only a small force to protect Kaskaskia against the Indians. A report says that in 1759, the people became alarmed over rumors of a threatened British attack and made some repairs on the fort. After the French and Indian War was over and after Captain Sterling with his 42nd Highlanders had taken possession of Fort Chartres, the French destroyed the stockade and magazine of Fort Kaskaskia to keep the British from ever using it against them. There is a story that the cannon were thrown into the well, but the more probable story is that they were moved to St. Genevieve, Missouri, as that was still French territory.

We find no further reference to this fort until 1784. The government of the Illinois Country was in a chaotic condition during all the years known as the Critical Period In American History. In the year above mentioned, John Dodge, a daring Connecticut Yankee, took possession of Fort Kaskaskia, repaired it, and manned it with cannon taken from the Jesuit building known as Fort Clark. He was joined by a few desperadoes and here they defied the government, not only of the Illinois Country, but of the United States, for many years. One authority says, "He bullied the people. He struck them with his sword. He insulted and fought them and they pusilanimously submitted." The people claimed later that they were unable to communicate with Congress even, because he had a band of highwaymen who killed the messengers enroute. Colonel George Rogers Clark, with Joseph Park-

er for the English and Reverend John Carroll for the French, managed to establish civil government. Dodge was shorn of his power and we hear no more of him.

A few days ago it was my privilege to climb the hill and view the site of this fort nearly two centuries old. I wish I could tell you how I felt when I stood on that ground and let my mind wander back to those days so dark, so terrible and yet so splendid. The outline is still plainly visible. The earthworks are several feet high and the moat is deep all the way around. Grass and lilies cover the ground. The latter must have been brought from France and planted there in those days of long ago. It overlooks the little village of Fort Gage and the people erroneously call this Fort Gage. It is not Fort Gage; it is Fort Kaskaskia. To prove my statement and to correct the wrong impression I want to offer a few of many bits of history. Captain Sterling wrote to General Gage, in 1767: "There will be a necessity of building a fort at Kaskaskia, the former one being ruinous, ill situated and no water. * * * It is at Kaskaskia where they raise all the grain to supply the troops." As previously noted, Fort Kaskaskia had been destroyed by the French themselves to keep the English from using it. He doubtless refers to this one as being "ruinous." Butterfield's *Conquest of the Northwest* says: "The site of the old fort (which fortification never had any specific name, it being designated, along with the town, simply as 'The Kaskasquias,') was 500 yard from the river, and after being burned down, as just mentioned, was not rebuilt, although a plan 'which would cost a good deal of money' was submitted to General Haldiman in 1767 for a new one." From his *History of Colonel George Rogers Clark* we quote again: "The importance attached to the exact location of Fort Gage, and the fact that it is a matter of controversy justify bringing forward proofs that are at command, all showing unmistakably that it was not on the east side of the Kaskaskia, but on the west side and in the village. Until a late date, this fort ever since the Revolution has been by all writers of western history (as well as by tradition) confounded with the fort built by the French; the same which previous to its destruction in 1766 stood upon the east bank of the Kaskaskia River." John M. Hammond, in his *Quaint and Historic Forts of North America*, says: "Fort Gage stood at the historic Village of Kaskaskia, on the Kaskaskia River near the confluence of that stream with the Mississippi." On June 26th, 1777, Colonel Hamilton wrote to Colonel Carleton: "Fort Gage—the Jesuit house at Kaskaskia—so named by Captain Lord of the Royal Irish, who in 1772 surrounded it with stockades 15 feet high. It is in the town of Kaskaskia." Cohman in *Harper's Magazine, Volume XXII*, page 790, says: "About the middle of the eighteenth century the Jesuits built the stone building known as the Jesuit Seminary or College. But their order was suppressed in France and their colonies in 1763 and their property confiscated to the crown. This was taken over by the English when they took possession two years later." The late H. W. Roberts of Chester, an authority on local history, refers to the construction of "Fort Kaskaskia on Garrison Hill." He also says: "The British occupied the old Jesuit College in Kaskaskia and named it Fort Gage."

On February 17th, 1772, Rocheblave, the commandant at Kaskaskia, wrote to Colonel Guy Carleton, saying: "The roof of the mansion of the fort is of shingles and very leaky, notwithstanding my efforts to patch it, and unless a new roof be provided very soon the building, which was constructed twenty-five years ago and cost the Jesuits forty Thousand, will be ruined." Moses says: "The building referred to, situated in the southeastern portion of the town near the river, was the old 'Jesuit House,' as Pittman calls it, which had been substantially constructed of stone." In Volume IX of *Michigan Pioneer Collections* there is a letter from A. S. DePeyton to Governor Haldimand. It bears date of June 27th, 1779, and says: "The Kaskaskia is in no way fortified, the fort being a sorry pinchoted (picketed) enclosure around the Jesuit College." Bowman says: "About midnight we marched into the town without being discovered. Our object was the fort, which we soon got possession of."

I quote verbatim from Colonel George Roger Clark's *Sketch of his Campaign in Illinois,* as follows: "On the evening of the 4th of July (1778) we got within three miles of the Town of Kafkafkias, having a River of the fame name to cross to the Town; After making ourselves ready for anything that might happen, we marched after night to a Farm that was on the fame fide of the River about a mile above the Town, took the family prifoners, & found plenty of boats to crofs in, and in two hours Tranfported ourfelves to the other fhore with the greatest filence. I learned that they had some fufpicion of being attacked and had made some preparations, keeping out Spies, but they making no difcoveries, had got off their guard. I immediately divided my little Army into two Divifions, ordered one to furround the Town, with the other I broke into the Fort, fecured the Governour, Mr. Rocheblave in 15 minutes had every Street fecured, fent Runners through the Town ordering the people on pane of death to keep clofe to their Houses." I want you to note that he approached the river from the east, that he *crossed the river* and that he *broke into the fort.* Quoting from Clark still further after the capture and possession, he says: "I wanted to be prepared for the worst, and in case of an attack I resolved to burn the part of the town that was nearest the fort and to sell the fort as dear as possible."

Clark's memoirs and Bowman's Journal both state that when Colonel Clark started to Vincennes he took his forces across the Kaskaskia River. W. F. Poole in *Windsor's America* says: "Clark crossed the river to start to Vincennes." Had the fort where he was located been on the east side of the Kaskaskia he would not have needed to cross it. Bancroft says of Colonel George Rogers Clark: "He captured Fort Gage in Kaskaskia." Mr. Thomas J. Conner of Prairie du Rocher is as good authority on the history of that region as I know and he says: "There is no room for doubt that Fort Gage was in Kaskaskia in the Bottom, and that the fort on the bluff is Fort Kaskaskia."

I believe I have made my case without a reasonable doubt, and perhaps here I should close, but I know you are led to wonder why these conflicting stories. The answer is that there are many writers

who can put up an interesting story, but who have little inclination to study out the real facts. Others who are more or less credulous copy from them. A lady writing in one of the magazines in the days that a story from Illinois was a "Wild West story," wrote of the capture of Fort Gage. She knew nothing of the lay of the land and displayed woeful ignorance of geography, but she was a good story writer, and she had not only her readers, but her imitators. As able a man as John Moses followed her in this specific mistake, but I am glad to say to his credit that he corrected himself later. It seems to me that artists are likewise careless in their illustrations. In Volume VI of Windsor's *Narrative and Critical History of America* we have the story of the Fuchsia painting as follows: "During the past year (1886) a historical painting, 40 by 60 feet, illustrating Colonel Clark's capture of Kaskaskia, has been placed on the walls of the State House at Springfield, Illinois. In the center of the picture is the site of the old fort on the bluff and near it stands the Jesuit church. In the foregoing is Colonel Clark addressing a council of Indians." I think the painter of the picture was never on the ground and made it all from imagination. The fort on the east side is on a high hill or bluff (you would think so if you were to climb it), not on a slight elevation. The Jesuit church was on the west side of the river. Fort Gage was not on a hill at all. As a matter of history, some one has has blundered and as such the picture is worthless.

Could the trees, the earth and the stones from which these forts were built but take their places as they were said to have done in ancient Memphis, what a wonderful thing our eyes would behold; or if the spirits of those who occupied those forts could but speak to us, what wonderful stories they would tell. But the forts are gone and the people who struggled there to establish a new civilization in the wilderness are nearly forgotten. Only a stone here and there marks the grave of some one who played an important part in this great drama, and only occasionally can we decipher on some mouldering slab the name of some forgotten hero who played an inconspicuous but important part where all the early contenders—the Indians, the French and the English were destined to lose dominion in the heart of America.

PART III

Contributions to State History

1928

MAJOR JAMES AUSTIN CONNOLLY.

Introduction by
JUDGE FRANK K. DUNN,
Supreme Court, State of Illinois.

Major James Austin Connolly, the author of this diary of the March through Georgia from Atlanta to the Sea, and the writer of the letters published with it, was a well known, able and distinguished lawyer of Illinois. In January, 1861, he came to Charleston from Ohio, where he had been admitted to the bar in 1859, and had afterward practiced law for a year as a partner of Judge Andrew K. Dunn in whose office he had been a student. He was engaged to be married to Judge Dunn's sister; in February, 1863, they were married, and it was to her that the letters now published were written. In the meantime the Southern states had attempted to withdraw from the Union and civil war was raging. After the capture of Fort Donelson in February, 1862, a committee, of which the young lawyer was one, went from Charleston to do what could be done for the men of the home county, who were wounded in the battle. In this expedition Mr. Connolly was first brought in actual contact with the war and it is the subject of the first of these letters. Six months later, he was himself in the army, having with others raised a company of which he was elected captain and having four days later been elected major of the regiment, the 123rd Illinois Infantry. Within three weeks after leaving camp in Illinois, he was with the regiment in the bloody battle of Perryville, Kentucky. A few months later the regiment was mounted, armed with the Spencer rifle, a new and effective repeating weapon firing seven shots, and was attached to Wilder's brigade of mounted infantry and Major Connolly saw much active service with that regiment. Soon after the battle of Chickamauga he was assigned to duty as Inspector of a division in the 14th Army Corps and was attached to the staff of General Baird, the Division Commander. From that time until the end of the war he was a Division Inspector and was separated from his regiment. He was in the battles of Chickamauga, Missionary Ridge and Atlanta and in many others, was in the march of Sherman's army to the sea at Savannah, and north through South Carolina and North Carolina. The letters, written at frequent intervals as opportunity allowed, contained a fairly continuous account of the life of the soldier from August, 1862, to November, 1864. When the army started on the march to the sea all railroad and telegraph communication with the north was severed and from that time until Savannah was reached, instead of writing letters which could not be mailed, Major Connolly kept a diary by writing on loose sheets of paper day by day events of the day happening within his own observation. In fact, he began the diary on October 1, in anticipation of the march, and the severance of communication by mail, so that for six weeks the diary and the letters cover the same period of time, but from November 11, when communi-

cation was actually cut off until December 15, when the army was in sight of Fort McAllister and Savannah, there is a complete hiatus of the letters. Upon reaching Savannah he copied a part of these sheets as they were written into a book which he sent by express to his wife at Mt. Gilead, Ohio. Later he copied the rest of the sheets in another book which she also received.

Before his death he had prepared the letters having in view their possible future publication. They are contained in this article, just as he left them. The diary is published just as it was written with one exception noted in what he himself said. In the later years of his life, referring to its publication, he said: "It is not a record made after the events, but a record made day by day, in tent, in bivouac, by the roadside, in saddle, just as the opportunity offered and the spirit moved. The writer was quite young when this record was made. He is conscious that he omitted much which it would have been well to have preserved and included much not worth being preserved, but he does not feel at liberty to add to or withhold from this diary anything then written, except in the single instance of a bitter criticism upon a general officer, who is now dead, and this in obedience to the maxim *'de mortuis nil nisi honum.'* It must go as a truthful picture of the daily life of a single soldier during that great campaign through Georgia, without any trimming or burnishing. Like the old army ambrotype, it may not be a delight, but it is a true picture just as it was taken in the stirring days of *Then.*"

Very few of the men who had part in the making of that picture remain to look upon it, but its vivid portraiture still has interest for their successors and descendants, the men and women of today.

Major Connolly had leave of absence from the army twice during the time covered by his letters—a short leave in February, 1863, when he went to Mt. Gilead and was married and a few days in January, 1864, when he visited his wife also at Mt. Gilead. He must have had another leave in April, 1865, for he was again at Mt. Gilead when President Lincoln was assassinated and on April 15 was ordered by telegraph to report at Washington. He was a member of the escort which accompanied the dead President's body to Springfield.

He was promoted to brevet Lieutenant-Colonel at the end of the war but he was known as Major Connolly to the end of his life. He brought his wife to Charleston, and renewed his practice of law in which he was very successful and established his reputation as an able lawyer. He gave a part of his attention to public affairs, was twice a representative in the legislature, served thirteen years as United States attorney for the Southern District of Illinois, was a member of the Fifty-fourth and Fifty-fifth Congresses and was appointed Solicitor of the Treasury by President Arthur, but declined the appointment. He was a lawyer of eminent ability and character, a gallant soldier and a devoted patriot who rendered distinguished service to his country both in military and civil life.

MAJOR CONNOLLY'S LETTERS TO HIS WIFE, 1862-1865.

On board steamer Minnehaha, off
Paducah, Ky., February 24, 1862.

Dear————:

Henceforth I shall have respect for army correspondents. The information they scatter among the people is gleaned from distant camps and battle fields, with toils and tribulations scarcely less than those of the private soldier.

On the 18th of this month I left home, in company with 6 others, sent as a committee from our place, to look after and care for those of the home company who were wounded in the battle of Fort Donelson.

We reached Cairo, which is nothing but a vast military camp, sunk in about two feet of mud, on the morning of the 19th. The train on which we went consisted of 18 passenger cars, all filled to excess with similar committees from all parts of the state and of Indiana.

On reaching Cairo we found thousands of Illinoisans, who had arrived the evening before, all on the same errand, and not one, of all that multitude of us, able to get passes up the river. The commandant at Cairo was inflexible; Gen. Halleck's order was imperative, to permit no citizen to pass up the river. Gov. Yates of Illinois and Gov. Morton of Indiana were in the crowd, but they could go no more than the rest of us. They telegraphed to Gen. Halleck, and a special order was obtained to pass them up the river. They being nothing more than Sucker and Hoosier governors and we being Sucker *sovereigns,* we concluded that we had as good right to go up the river on that boat as they had; and, believing that the military should be subordinate to the civil power, we determined to subordinate it by stealing on board the boat and keeping ourselves concealed until it was fairly started up the river. We did so, and succeeded in getting as far as Paducah on the morning of the 20th, at which place they very quickly upset our notions about military supremacy by unceremoniously setting us ashore, the Governors going on up the Cumberland to Donelson. Two of our party determined to take still further risk, and go on to Fort Donelson, so they clambered back on the boat under cover of the darkness, and we have not heard from them since.

On going to the only hotel in Paducah, about one o'clock on the morning of the 20th, we found it full and unable to accommodate the hundreds who, from sheer exhaustion, had wrapped themselves in blankets, shawls, old carpets and whatever they could catch up, and sunk down to rest in the recesses of store doors, on goods boxes, on drays standing in the street, and were soundly sleeping notwithstanding the bitter cold. This I couldn't stand, and sleep I must have, for I had been two nights without it, so I tried the experiment of a perpendicular nap, standing in a corner of the hotel office leaning against

the wall, but the uneasy, sleepless crowd, trampled my toes and disturbed my perpendicular so that I couldn't sleep. I then scraped an acquaintance with the clerk, and presently learned from him that there was an unfurnished room in the fourth story, and negotiated with him to have a fire built in it, and gathering up my party, and about ten others, we went to our room, and stretching ourselves on the bare floor, wrapped in our shawls and overcoats, slept soundly until morning. I never can sleep without a pillow, and there being no such thing in our room I improvised one by placing my muddy boots under my head together with a small hotel bible which happened to be in the room. They made a satisfactory pillow. That sleep was the soundest I've had for years. You will readily believe I didn't sleep late in the morning, but was up betimes and got some horrid breakfast, consisting principally of three cups of very muddy and very feeble coffee, at about the 25th table I should judge, from the looks of table and lack of provender. We then started for the hospitals, and there found 5 of our friends wounded, none of them mortally however; so, being satisfied that it would be impossible for us to get up to Fort Donelson, we went to work and got furloughs for our wounded, dressed their wounds as well as we could, and were soon on our way down the river again to Mound City, 8 miles above Cairo, with our wounded, at which place we found three others of the same company, two of them mortally wounded. We reached Mound City on the evening of the 20th, and taking our wounded to the general hospital which, by the way, contains 1,200 wounded, we had their wounds dressed again by a surgeon in our party, and left them for the night, sleeping comfortably on camp cots. In the morning we visited the department of the hospital appropriated to the wounded rebels, and there such horrid sights as met our eyes no one need wish to see. Their clothing (for it could not be called uniform unless from its uniformity of rags and filth) was butternut colored cotton, and some of it was made from wrapping twine such as merchants use to tie up their goods with. It was all country made stuff. Here I saw men greyheaded and feeble from age, sickness and wounds, young men with shattered limbs and disfigured countenances, others with the hollow cough of the consumptive, and boys, mere children, dying from disease, wounds and exposure, with no friendly hand near to give them even a cup of water. I thought I had looked unmoved upon disease, poverty and wretchedness in almost every phase, but this was too much for me, and as I looked upon that motley crew of ruined men, and thought of their desolate homes, and of the aching hearts of mothers, wives, sisters and daughters left behind them in the "sunny south," I confess I was overcome, and sitting down on a cot beside the prostrate form of an old Tennessean whose lamp of life was nearly out, I shed some tears of sincere sympathy and pity for them, forgot their treason and looked on them only as suffering brothers. The old man by whom I sat told me, while the large tear drops stood in his sunken eyes, that he had always been a Union man but had been drafted into service, that nearly all his regiment were the same, and he thanked God he was a prisoner, for he knew death was near, and he wanted to die and be buried under the old flag. I brought him water to drink, filled his canteen and laid

it on his cot beside him, propped up his head, and when I left him he was mingling a dying man's curses on secession with prayers for his wife and children in his distant Tennessee home. I left him, alone, amid the helpless hundreds around him; alone amid the groans and curses of the wounded and dying; no ear to listen to his dying words, no heart to feel for his woes, no tongue to whisper words of sympathy; and doubtless, long before I pen these words, he has died unnoticed in that crowded hospital, breathing his last amid its noisome vapors, while his widowed wife sits by the little cabin door, unconscious of her widowhood, and wonders when she'll hear from her soldier husband.

Alas poor woman! how many like you, today sit by their cabin doors, with aching hearts, awaiting tidings from the loved and lost.

Oh God! that such things can be in this land of ours and among brothers! I talked with scores of rebel prisoners, and without a single exception, the Tennesseeans declared they were Union men but forced into the rebel ranks. I must stop now. The 51st Ohio is coming on board and I must look through it. I may find some acquaintances.

————, Illinois, March 10th, '62.

The foregoing was written as its date purports, while on board a steamer at the Paducah levee. I had provided myself with this paper and had got so far along with a letter for you which I intended to have finished on the battle field, but as I said before, I stopped to hunt up acquaintances who might be in the 51st Ohio, just then coming on board, and unfortunately that was the last chance I had for writing until I got back home here. I did find an acquaintance in the 51st Ohio, ———— Kelsey, formerly proprietor of the American Hotel at Columbus, Ohio. I will continue my preceding narrative.

Our party went to Cairo with our wounded from Mound City, and I with them, with the intention of coming on home without seeing the battle ground. But on reaching Cairo and reflecting that I should probably never have an opportunity again of seeing a fresh battle ground, I determined to take all the risk of a military arrest, and watching my chance, slipped by the guard, got on board a government transport lying at the levee, stowed myself away amongst the freight on the lower deck and soon found myself outside the military lines at Cairo, steaming up the river again without passport or ticket.

After we had got about half way to Paducah I made myself visible on the upper deck and an officer of the boat soon asked for my pass; I told him I had none—that I was "running the blockade," whereupon he dilated on the enormity of my offense in a military point of view, and informed me my "running" would end at Paducah, and accordingly the boat ran up to the landing at Paducah, set me ashore and was off for Fort Donelson. I was in a fine pickle. I couldn't get up town from the landing for there was a line of sentinels to stop me, so I made a virtue of necessity and remained on the levee to await some chance of getting up the river to Fort Donelson. After waiting about an hour along came the Minnehaha, on board of which this letter was commenced, and as she landed at the levee I im-

mediately boarded her, before the sentinels were stationed at the gang plank, and going up into the cabin, as one having authority, I seated myself at a table and commenced writing this letter. I don't know whether I was taken for a newspaper correspondent (who are always privileged) or whether I was looked upon as an attache of the 51st Ohio that came on board, but I do know that I was not asked for a pass or fare, and in due time found myself steaming up the Cumberland. Paducah is on the Ohio, 12 miles south of the mouth of the Cumberland, so we steamed up the Ohio first, which was very much swollen and looked much more like an important river than it did the first time I sailed on it in the fall of 1860. The town of Smithland is at the mouth of the Cumberland on the Ky. side. On the high bluffs in the rear of the town I saw some dangerous looking cannon frowning down upon us, but there was no occasion for alarm, for the stars and stripes were floating from the highest hilltop, and close to the battery the federal tents were visible. The Cumberland is a very crooked stream, and although it was then very high, I was told that in dry seasons there were sometimes not more than ten inches of water in the channel.

The captain pointed out places to me along shore, completely inundated, which he said were 40 feet above water at ordinary stages.

The Cumberland was on a regular bender. We passed several small villages, completely inundated; some of the houses floating off and others stationary with nothing but the chimneys visible.

In the villages built higher up on the bluffs everything appeared like a Sunday; no smoke visible, except from an occasional chimney—no doors open—no signs of life—no citizens except occasionally a solitary butternut as the soldiers called them. Most of the farm houses along the river are built of logs in very primitive style, and nearly every one we saw was surrounded by water, so that their occupants had to go around the premises in rude canoes made of logs. It is probable that I am prejudiced, but I certainly thought I never saw such miserable looking creatures as inhabit the banks of the Cumberland, and their habitations looked more wretched than themselves. We frequently sailed so close to farm houses that we could easily hold conversation with the occupants, and wherever a man appeared the soldiers invariably made him swing his hat, the boys consoling themselves with the idea that the swinging of the hat was an evidence of respect for the Union and for "Yankee" soldiers. One instance I recollect, where we must have sailed through the door yard of a cabin (if cabins have such things in Dixie,) the inmates were assembled on the rude porch, five dirty children, three dirty, tangle haired, parchment faced women, sans crinoline, sans shoes, sans stockings,—half a dozen dogs of low degree, and one middle-aged, lantern jawed, long haired butternut clad concern such as they called a man in Dixie.

As we neared the cabin the soldier boys called out "swing your hat and hurrah for the Union, old butternut;" no response from butternut who leans lazily against his porch, and throws a sullen, defiant look toward the passing steamer; that don't suit the boys; they never pass a native without making him do some reverence toward the Union, so they hail him again, still he is silent; then the boys clamor to have

the boat stopped; they want to "clean him out", "set his cabin adrift", "take him in out of the wet", and all such expressions are heard amongst the soldiers, but one cool fellow picks up his musket as the boat is just opposite the cabin, and pointing it at the butternut, takes aim at him; butternut darts within the cabin door amid the shouts of the soldiers, and the women follow him; in an instant out comes a woman with a dirty white rag which she swings lustily, and after a swing or two of the rag out comes the man again, and swinging his slouch hat vigorously, gives three rousing yells; the boys conclude they have converted him—made a Union man of him, so they gave him three such cheers as a regiment of Western boys can give when they are in good humor, and they sail on satisfied, to produce similar conversions on all refractory butternuts they meet. The last I saw of the cabin, as we turned a bend in the river, the man was swinging his hat and the women white rags at a steamer loaded with soldiers just behind us. We passed several double log houses that were probably the residences of well to do farmers, judging alone from the number of "niggers" around. In every instance the blacks would manifest the most extravagant delight; jumping up and down, clapping their hands, the little nigs rolling and tumbling on the ground, performing as many antics as so many monkeys. We passed several large iron works surrounded by the little cabins of the operatives, and generally one large fine brick mansion—the residence, probably of the manager. But all was silent—no smoke curling from the chimneys—sounds of machinery hushed—the operatives scattered on battle fields, within prison walls, and in rude graves, the children of these iron villages orphaned and with the taint of treason on their lives—the mothers widowed and the proprietors ruined. The banks of the Cumberland are desolated, not by "Yankee invaders" but by the mad folly of the inhabitants; they had been traitors all the way up the river, and their new born respect for the Union was only begotten by the thunder of Grant's guns at Fort Donelson. My faith in the superior chivalry of the South is gone. It is mere gasconade. They boast of their chivalry and courage, but so did Don Quixote and the renowned Jack Falstaff. Their boasted chivalry will in the end avail no more than the chivalry of Lilliput in the grasp of Gulliver. Many of them no doubt had been Union men at the commencement of the struggle, but the slow progress of the Union army led them to believe rebellion would triumph and so their want of faith in the old Union led them to embrace the rebel cause.

They thought they won the race at "Bull Run," but that proved only to be "false start." We steamed on up the river, the same appearance of desolation on every hand, the same sport with the soldiers and "butternuts" on the banks, the same deserted villages and jubilant darkies, until the word passed around, "Three miles to Fort Donelson." Then came a scene of excitement, all crowding to the bow of the boat, every eye strained to catch the first glimpse of the rebel stronghold. We turn a bend in the river and the fort is in view, the stars and stripes floating over it. A cheer bursts from the soldiers on board, the band strikes up the "Star Spangled Banner" and we sail gaily over the same waters that our gunboats breasted a few days before in a

murderous hail of rebel shot and shell. We passed the batteries and went up the river about half a mile to the landing at the village of Dover. I was soon ashore and wandering through the city of tents, in search of my home company. I found it in about an hour, and was soon surrounded by the company answering inquiries about home, the wounded, etc. They had supper before I found them, but a fire was soon lighted, some coffee made, some fat pork fried, and with the ground for my table and seat, a tin pan full of fried pork, a tin cup full of coffee and plenty of "hard tack," I ate a hearty supper.

After dark I went to the top of a high hill and looking around over the camping army saw a most beautiful sight. There were thousands of white tents scattered over all the surrounding hills and through the valleys, and all illuminated by the camp fires, so that the encampment looked like a large city brilliantly illuminated for some festive occasion, while the distant notes of the cavalry bugles, the strains of brass bands playing national airs, the shrill fife and rattling drum awaking the night echoes of the Tennessee hills, all conspired to make the scene inexpressibly grand. And while viewing it I forgot for the moment the wounded, the dying and the dead, the mangled corpses and the hurried graves of the battlefield, and thought "the soldier's life is always gay," but the morrow dispelled the illusion. In the morning I went over the battlefield with Lieutenant Sayer, who led our home company in the last day's battle. He took me over the ground where our men were formed in line of battle; explained to me how the enemy advanced; where this friend fought and that one fell; where he himself stood when a bullet went through his cap and cut off some of his hair; how they stood under that fire over three hours, and then withdrew with only six of his men, the rest being killed, wounded and caring for the wounded; having only 17 men to answer roll call next morning out of over 60 that went into the battle.

The battle was fought in dense timber, on very high hills and deep ravines, and nearly the whole of the fighting was done by the enemy outside of their entrenchments. The lines of the battle extended over a space of three or four miles, and the whole distance is thickly strewn with the pits of the dead. I noticed one trench containing 61 bodies of the Eleventh Illinois, and alongside of it a trench of rebel dead of about the same length, but I had no means of ascertaining how many were in it. Each company generally buried its own dead together, and marked the name of each one on a shingle stuck down at his head.

I saw a great many taken up. I saw one pit containing five opened and the dead taken out to be sent home. They lay there side by side, with uniform and cartridge box on, just as they fell, covered over with blankets and the dirt thrown in on them. From the best estimate I could make I should say there were 500 of our men buried on the field and at least an equal number of rebels; and I should think there were 1,500 of our men wounded so as to be obliged to go into hospital, and probably 500 more who were wounded, but not seriously enough to go into hospital. A very small proportion of our wounded, however, will, for most of their wounds are from buckshot and are not very serious.

I don't think there were more than 1,500 to 1,800 rebels wounded (that is, of those who were taken prisoners), but I think the deaths amongst their wounded will quadruple ours, for their wounds are made with large balls and are more serious. A great many horses were lying on the field, just where they fell, scattered all over the field, singly, by twos, threes and fours. Frozen pools of blood were visible on every hand, and I picked up over twenty hats with bullet holes in them and pieces of skull, hair and blood sticking to them inside.

The ground was strewn with hats, caps, coats, pants, canteens, cartridge boxes, bayonet scabbards, knapsacks, rebel haversacks filled with biscuits of their own making, raw pork, broken guns, broken bayonets, dismounted cannon, pieces of exploded shells, six and twelve-pound balls, and indeed all sorts of things that are found in an army. There was such a profusion of everything that I scarcely could determine what to take as a memento of that terrible field, which is probably the only one I shall ever have a chance to see. You can form no conception of what a battlefield looks like. No pen and ink description can give you anything like a true idea of it. The dead were buried from two to two and a half feet deep; the rebels didn't bury that deep and some had their feet protruding from the graves.

I remained at the battle field four days, and while I was there it was continually covered with rebel and Union soldiers, wandering over it together, pointing out to each other where they fought, were wounded, advanced and retreated; or seated by some little collection of graves, discussing with each other the questions of the war with as much nonchalance as if there were no dead within a thousand miles of them.

The ignorance of many of the rebels surprised me and I should not have believed it had I not talked with them myself. Some of them told me, and they seemed to be honest in it, that they thought they had been fighting for the Union; others told me they thought our army was coming down there to carry off all the "niggers;" they told me they thought none but abolitionists were in our army, and that they were surprised when they found there were more Democrats than abolitionists in it. An amusing incident occurred at the Fort in a conversation between an Illinoisan and a Mississippi captain. The Mississippian remarked that they could whip the New England Yankees every time, and went on to speak of the New England Yankee as a dried up, bloodless specimen of humanity, without courage or physical power, and without a single idea higher than money. The Illinoisan heard him through and then pointing to a Federal captain standing in sight, about 6 feet 3 in height and weighing at least two hundred pounds, remarked: "There is a New England Yankee, born and raised in the state of Maine, and he was among the first men who climbed over your breastworks and ran over your guns." The Mississippian changed the topic of conversation speedily. I brought home with me my pockets full of flattened bullets, etc., etc., which I picked up on the field, a home made wooden spoon and iron fork, and a fine Mississippi rifle, silver mounted, which I picked up on the field, and a variety of

other souvenirs. I have already extended this letter to an enormous length, and must close although I have not told you half I expected to when I commenced. I got home safely and have been unwell ever since from severe cold, exposure and fatigue. On my return, at Paducah, I saw a nephew of yours named Wood. He knew me but I didn't know him. He belongs to the 20th Ohio, and made himself known to me.

The balance I must put off until I see you which will be sometime, sure.

Yours.

———, Ill., Aug. 15th, 1862.

Dear———:

Did you think I would wait for a draft? Oh no! I've raised a company, was elected captain today, and in about a half hour start for Springfield with the muster roll of my company. Now that I've got it I don't know what to do with it, or how to do it. I know nothing about military matters, and all I read in the papers about "flanks" and "files" and "wings," "guard mounts," etc., are as mysterious as Sanscrit to me. But I've got the elephant and must manage him somehow. Notwithstanding this I expect to be in Ohio at the time stated in my former letter.

Yours.

———, Ill., Aug. 19th, 1862.

Dear———:

I was elected Major of my regiment at Camp ———, yesterday afternoon, by every vote in the regiment. Now if I get my commission, and I have no reason to doubt that I will get it, I suppose I will be in for the war, carrying more sail in the way of rank than I know what to do with just now. I still insist on being in Ohio at the time I have heretofore fixed, and all the necessary arrangements are left with you. Pardon my brevity, I must return to camp at once, and shall certainly expect to get a letter from you tomorrow.

Yours.

———, Ill., Sunday evening, Aug. 31, 1862.

Dear———:

Your very welcome letter of 20th inst., was received last week, and being here alone tonight, with nobody I care a cent about talking to, and nothing to read but the "Revised U. S. Army Regulations" I sat down in my room, and after reading your letter now for the third time, proceed to talk to you through the medium of wretched hotel paper and worse pen. You ask me if I have thought seriously *before* entering the army. Not very seriously, but I *have* thought seriously *since* entering it. I did not write you that I intended to enter the army for this reason: on the 8th of August I had no more idea of doing so than you have tonight; on the morning of the 9th some gentlemen acting as a committee came to me and said: You

have done a good deal toward causing the young men of ——— County to enlist; another company must be raised in this county and you can raise it, we will all help, be consistent then, and go to work and raise a company. I felt the force of this, and the implied reproach to me, and looking at it entirely as a matter of duty, I dropped my law books on the 9th of August and on the 15th had a company organized and was elected captain; on the next day I brought it to this place to camp, and on the 18th was unanimously elected Major of the regiment to which my company was attached; on the 27th the ladies of ———, Ill., presented a fine silk regimental flag to my regiment and I had the honor of being selected to receive the flag; on the 28th I was placed in command of the regiment and have been in command of it since, *without any bloodshed or loss of men.* There! that's a full history of my military career so far, and from the dates you will see I had but little time for deliberation or serious thought and you will not wonder that I did not apprise you of my intention. Our regiment will be mustered into the U. S. service day after tomorrow, and then I will get my commission. Ours is the ——— Illinois regiment. Our Colonel has been in service since April 15th, 1861, his commission as captain in the ——— Illinois being dated on that day; when we elected him colonel of our regiment he was Major of his regiment. He was in the battles of Belmont, Fort Henry, Fort Donelson and Shiloh and was promoted to Major for gallantry at Fort Donelson. I do not know which way we will be ordered from here, but probably south. If we go east I will see you within two weeks from tonight, for we will go via Crestline or Columbus, and I can get a short leave of absence. I should be happy tonight if I could be assured that I would see you in two weeks, but since I can have no such assurance I shall content myself with the assurance that I shall see your picture within the two weeks, and that I shall surely see yourself within a short time, and more, that before the year 1862 closes you will be my wife. I had hoped that before this the day would have been fixed, but the country and the times are too unsettled in condition to fix a day for anything very long ahead, so I shall not insist upon you naming the day until after the position of my regiment shall be more definitely settled. I think beyond all doubt I can be in Ohio in November, but surely by December. November, however, is the time I want to get there. I'm afraid that fruit I was to have put up will suffer somewhat before I get it canned, as well as a good many other domestic plans I had in contemplation, but another year I hope will find the country at peace and then all will be right. I received a letter from your brother the same day I received yours, but he failed to tell me how to direct to him, so I can't answer him until you send me his full address, the number of his regiment particularly. He advises me strongly against entering the service, but the die is cast. I have no fears or scruples now. "There's a divinity that shapes our ends, etc." I struggled long against leaving my business, but a sense of duty forced me to yield—I couldn't decently stay at home when all other boys and young men were going out. I go now willingly, cheerfully, without any misgivings or apprehension as to the result. My destiny is in the hands of

a just God, and while I hope to avoid rashness, I still expect to do my whole duty. Be cheerful; be happy. I feel sure that all will be well with us. I have a great heart full to unburden to you tonight, but pen and ink won't do, so I'll save it until we meet, and may that meeting be the dawning of a happier day for us. Write soon and don't forget that picture for you know I have none.

Yours.

Camp———, ———, Ills.,
September 18, '62, Midnight.

Dear———.

Tomorrow morning at 9 o'clock our regiment starts, in box cars, for Louisville, Ky. I am in charge of the transportation of the regiment and am compelled to remain with it until we reach Louisville. As soon as we are encamped there I expect to leave and go to Ohio. The Colonel says if I will attend to the transportation of the regiment to Louisville I can go to Ohio then, and he will report me present while I go to Ohio and return. I am up for all night watching the loading of camp equipage and baggage. Soldiering in day time and among friends is pleasant enough, but this all night part worries me. Still, I think I shall get along with it very well. We have news of a glorious victory by McClellan. I accept it as a good omen for us, and trust the morning papers may not mar our rejoicing.

Goodby. I think another week will find me with you.

Yours.

Camp in field near Taylorsville, Ky.,
Oct. 3, 1862.

Dear———.

Well, the Louisville battle that was promised was postponed on account of Mr. Bragg having pressing business elsewhere, and here we are, 34 miles from Louisville, having marched that distance in two days, in pursuit of the flying enemy, as we suppose. It may be, however, that he is not flying very rapidly, for this afternoon we distinctly heard the sound of cannon for some two hours or more, apparently not more than ten miles distant; and the rumor is circulating through the camps this evening that a battle is in progress ahead of us, and if so, although our men are expecting a good night's rest, we may be ordered out any minute. One thing is very certain: Mr. Bragg and his rebels must leave Kentucky in a very few days or we *will* have a battle and compel him to leave or surrender. Taylorsville is situated in a basin, surrounded by very high hills and wears the peculiar marks of indolence and slow decay seen in all these southern towns. Our camp tonight is on the top of one of the highest hills, overlooking the town and the Elk River valley. As far as the eye can reach the camp fires of our army can be seen, and the hum of thousands of voices, mingled with the strains of martial music, comes up to our camp and serves to inspire the weary soldier, lying upon the ground, wrapped in his blanket, and without any shelter save perhaps a tree. All yesterday afternoon and last night it rained hard, but we marched

until about 8 o'clock and lay down in our wet clothing and blankets on the ground to sleep. I have a camp cot and tent, but the men were too tired to ask them to pitch tents for anybody, so I lay down on my cot in the open field and slept there, with the rain pouring down in torrents on me until about 2 o'clock in the morning, when I was completely soaked and was compelled to get up. I have experienced no inconvenience from my drenching as yet, except a violent toothache, which is giving me considerable trouble tonight, but a fellow doesn't dare to complain about a little thing like toothache in the army. I saw Col. John Beatty today and talked with him a few minutes; also Col. Bill Reid, 121st Ohio, and Smith Irwin, his lieutenant colonel. Smith's health is good as usual. Last Sunday, after several hours' diligent search, I found your brother Jerry. He was so busy making out pay rolls for his company that he could scarcely speak to me for two or three hours, but when he did have time we had an extensive talk, and he gave me a rapid history of their long march under Buell in their chase after Bragg to Louisville. He is looking very well after his long march. I also saw the Bird boys from Mt. Gilead, and Tally House, and indeed all the Gilead boys who are in Jerry's company. They all look as though nothing but a bullet could kill them, and notwithstanding their long march I don't think they look half as hard as I do after my two days' march on horseback.

I am thoroughly tired, face and hands about as clean as a blacksmith's at his forge, unshaven and unshorn, my trunk at Louisville and no probability of ever seeing it again; no chance of buying anything in this country, and our faces set directly towards Secessia, so you see my chance for clean linen and elegant toilet are decidedly poor. I am sorry I promised to be in Ohio so soon, for it is impossible for me to leave my regiment so long as a prospect for a battle is so squarely before us; that is, I cannot honorably ask for a leave, and although it would be my greatest pleasure to see you, still I must forego it, but I feel quite sure I can be in Ohio in November.

We have received orders tonight (about half an hour ago) to detail double pickets. That indicates a possible attack tonight, but I haven't much fear that all the rebels in Kentucky combined would dare attack the force encamped here tonight. I am tired out and must take to my cot and blankets, there to forget war's alarms and dream of home and peace, if the toothache lets up. You must write me often, for letters from loved ones at home are the best rations a soldier can have. If we have a battle with Bragg, and whip him, and I am in it, and my legs stand fire, I'll write you what I think about it.

Address me Major————, ———Ills. Regt., 10th Brigade,
Jackson's Division, Army of Ohio.
Good night,

P. S. It is now sunrise. Our Colonel is under arrest formally, for some trivial matter, our Lieutenant Colonel cannot be found, having been officer of the pickets last night and we fear he has been taken by the rebels, so that leaves me in command of the regiment this morning. I was notified about 3 o'clock this morning to take command,

and I feel like the man who won the elephant. I don't know what to do with it. I have more command than capacity.

Good bye again,

_____.

Near Harrodsburg, Ky., Monday, Oct. 13, '62.

Dear———.

I have passed through a battle[1] and am safe. The battle was fought between about 18,000 of our forces and I don't know how many rebels. Every General in our Division was killed. General Jackson commanding our Division was killed by a musket ball within a few feet of me. He was on foot and had just advised me to dismount when he fell. Most of the bullets went over our heads and sounded like a swarm of bees running away in the hot summer air overhead. General Terrell, commanding our brigade was killed by a shell within 5 feet of me, and while he was giving me directions for rallying the men.

I was the only one with him; I raised him to a sitting position, and saw that nearly his entire breast was torn away by the shell.

He recognized me and his first words were: "Major do you think it is fatal?" I knew it must be, but to encourage him I answered: "Oh I hope not General." He then said: "My poor wife, my poor wife." He lived until 2 o'clock next morning. Our regiment lost 154 men, 35 of whom fell dead where the regiment first formed line of battle. I was not shocked, surprised or startled, but I suppose I was too green to appreciate my danger. I didn't seem to think of anything else but to keep the left wing of the regiment up to its work. The Colonel had told me that was my special duty, and I noticed nothing else for I was a perfect novice in such things. The Colonel, in his official report, has given me special praise for my conduct on the field, but I don't see that I did any more than any body else would have done. I just couldn't help doing what little I did do; it seemed to me to be the only thing I could do. I don't care to fight any more battles, but we are pushing on after the flying rebels and will fight them again if we can catch them. The Colonel of the ——— Ohio regiment in our Division, ran away from his regiment and resigned this morning to prevent a court martial and disgrace. Our Colonel was placed in command of our brigade yesterday. My health is good, but I am pretty tired of this campaign. I have not had a change of clothing for two weeks, and for many nights have slept on the bare ground with no cover but my saddle blanket. I was in Harrodsburg last evening and met a good many who are acquainted with your uncle Peter. The regiment is ready to march and I must close. I shall call on your uncle today if we pass his place.

Write as directed before.

Ever yours,

_____.

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[1]Perryville, Ky.

Danville, Ky., Oct. 14, 1862.

Dear ————.

We are halting in the streets of Danville for a short time and I think I can best occupy my time by writing, even though it be but a few words. We have marched about 6 miles this morning and it is now about half past nine. During the march I could hear the boom of cannon many miles in our advance, and we suppose that the head of our army has overtaken the rear of the enemy's column. The firing has ceased now and all is quiet again. Danville, although full to overflowing with Union troops, is as quiet as a country village, and the faces of many citizens evince their joy at our coming.

I am not at all disappointed in a soldier's life. From what I saw at Fort Donelson I expected to find a hard one. My greatest doubts and fears are settled, for I have been through one battle and didn't get scared out of my wits nor let my legs run away with me.

One thing is very certain, the bullets and shells flew as thick as I ever want them to in my neighborhood. But a battle seems more dangerous in thinking it over afterwards than it does right in the midst of it. The mind can discover dangers while thinking back over it that were not apparent while the fight was on. Don't mention what I wrote you about the Colonel of the ——— Ohio. It is publicly talked of in the army here, and will of course be made public at home, but I don't want its first announcement to come through me. The regiment should not be blamed for what its Colonel did or failed to do. I suppose your brother Jerry is somewhere in the army here, but I can't hear of him. I don't think his regiment was in the Perryville battle, though it might have been. Indeed it is said that not half our army was engaged—that Buell got mad at McCook for bringing on the battle without his orders, and he left him to fight it out without his help. We get such "news" in the army by what we call "grape vine", that is "grape vine telegraph". It is not all reliable.

It is my impression that two weeks more will finish this campaign in Kentucky, and then my thoughts will turn to Ohio more strongly than ever, but I have no hope of getting there until some time in November. Sometimes, as I lie in my blanket looking up at the stars, I almost wish I was at home again, but then I reflect that a few short months and this rough work will all be done, and then, in our snug little home in the prairie state I can forget these days of toil.

Good bye, and at the next good opportunity you shall hear from me again.

Yours ———.

Lebanon, Ky., Oct. 24, 1862.

Dear———:

I have no assurance that you have ever received a single one of the many letters I have written you since we commenced our tedious, toilsome, terrible march from Louisville after Mr. Bragg.

I have written you 3 or 4 letters since our battle at Perryville, and in each of them promised to give you a full description of the battle the first leisure moment I had. But where are my leisure

moments? Every day finds me in the saddle moving along amid clouds of dust raised by a vast moving army; every night finds me, as soon as possible after a halt, wrapped in my blanket under the branches of a tree, and sunrise again finds me in the saddle for another 14 hours of *Buell's famous drill.* The only consolation I have is that marching, while quite as tiresome, is yet much safer than fighting, although so far, one has been as safe for me as the other, but I am perfectly satisfied with my experience in the Perryville battle, and if Buell can arrange his matters so as to fight his next battle without my assistance I shall be under many obligations to him.

It is impossible for me now to give you any more description of the battle than I have already, and I hope you have it. My opinion of the war has undergone a decided change, and I now think it will continue until the rebels are exhausted, and if European powers should interfere in their behalf before that crisis arrives, we will never overcome them, but if they be left to themselves they will still be able to maintain their hostile attitude for another year. To tell the truth the late movements of Buell in Kentucky have sadly disheartened the army of the Ohio, and officers of every grade are flocking to him with resignations. They are worn out with fruitless marches over the dusty pikes and parched uplands of Kentucky, following a leader whose sole aim appears to be "how not to do it."

Oh! for an active earnest leader from the free states! One who sees nothing sacred in negro slavery—one who can say to neutral Kentuckians "Get thee behind me, Satan"—one who will not guard rebel wells and springs to keep our thirsty soldiers from slaking their thirst—one who will hang every rebel guerilla in Kentucky, drive every cowardly sympathiser out of the state and confiscate his property for the use of his soldiers. I am heartily tired of his kind of work, and if I had no hopes of a speedy change of policy I wouldn't hold a commission another day in such service of protecting rebels and their property. If Buell had done what he might well have done at Perryville, he would have captured the bulk of Bragg's army, and even after the battle, had he used ordinary expedition he might have destroyed it. But, as he says, the battle was not according to his programme, and therefore he chose not to gather the fruits of it.

But a truce to martial matters, and yet my head is so full of them and of limestone dust that I can scarcely think of anything else, and I guess I am sick besides—the Doctor says I am; says I ought to be in bed. But where's the bed? I am to be home—yes, home, in November, but I am proverbial for being behind time, you know; and although I am just as certain now that I will be there at that time as I can be of anything, yet it would just be my luck to be compelled to tag along two or three weeks behind time. Yet the welcome I anticipate will serve in some degree to blunt the keenness of the disappointment if I should be so unfortunate. I saw your brother Jerry two days since between Perryville and this place. I rode through his regiment as it was resting by the roadside and found him sitting down reading a late paper in a fence corner. I exchanged papers with him and after about a half hour chat left him. He was in good health. I

met Colonel Dickey and several other Ohio acquaintances that day. Dickey has resigned and starts home tomorrow. I told him to say "how dy'e" to you for me. Even though you do not receive letters from me regularly you mustn't think I am not writing. I have had but one from you since I left Louisville, but am hoping every day to receive half a dozen in a bunch. This is the only letter I've written that I felt any way certain you would get, and indeed it is somewhat doubtful whether this will get through the great mass of army mail that is here, but I am in hopes it will get through, for there is direct railroad connection between here and Louisville. My regiment went through here yesterday, and being somewhat "under the weather" I remained here to attend to the transportation of our camp equipage and baggage which came here by rail from Louisville. I start with a train of six wagons and guard of ten men tomorrow morning and must reach Woodsonville, two miles south of Munfordsville, by day after tomorrow evening. The distance is 50 miles and I think I can make it, if John Morgan doesn't give us a call. Woodsonville is on the railroad between Louisville and Memphis, and it may be we are going to Nashville or Memphis. It is very dry, dusty and turning cold. About six months of this kind of soldiering will satisfy all my military aspirations. Write me often as you can, for I don't suppose I will get more than one out of five of your letters. Direct them to me at Louisville, Ky., "10th Division, 33rd Brigade, Army of the Ohio."

I wish I had time to get my picture taken, just to let you see how hard I do look. I shall do it the first opportunity I have, after a long march in the dust. I think I look tolerably respectable now, for I washed my face this morning, threw away my dirty collar—find I don't need a collar, and swept my coat with a broom that I got from an old negro woman in the hotel kitchen. Good-night.

Yours, ————.

P. S. Next morning. Before mailing this this morning I must tell you that it snowed here last night and the ground is covered with snow now at half past four. Everything seems to be out of joint here in the sunny south. Out of joint myself; high fever all night and splitting headache this morning, but must be off for my 50-mile ride.

Munfordsville, Ky., Nov. 23, 1862.

Dear————.

Can hardly hold a pen, and if the doctor knew I was doing this he would stop me. Three of your letters here but doctor has them and won't let me read them yet. Got here from Lebanon with very high fever, and didn't know much about what I was doing or where I was. Guard took care of me on the way. Much better now. Typhoid fever doctor says. No fever now for several days. Got my clothes on today for the first, and can walk around my room a little. Think I shall go to ————, Illinois, soon as I am able to travel, and put myself under medical treatment, and when well enough hope to get to Ohio, but here it is November now, and all our calculations upset.

My regiment across Green River at Woodsonville yet. Nearly all the men have been sick with measles, and many died. We have not seen a paymaster since we have been in the service, but we got along very well so long as we could borrow from each other, but now we are all broke and are in desperate straits. No difference. I have no use for money now anyhow. I have a few postage stamps but must save them for letters. You see this doesn't look much like my writing. I'm tired and must quit.

Yours,

Munfordsville, Ky., Dec. 7, 1862.

Dear ————.

You will notice from my writing that I am not quite as nervous as I was when I last wrote you. In a few days after I wrote you the doctor allowed me to read your letters that had come during my sickness and since then I have received another, and I think they acted as a tonic to revive my strength, for I am daily gaining strength and in a month or two "Richard" will "be himself again." I have lost a trifle in weight, and my "sojer clothes" don't fit quite as snugly as they did. When I came here I weighed about 140 pounds, and now, with my heavy overcoat on, I weigh 83 pounds.

I have not yet received my leave of absence and don't know when I will. It takes a long time for such things to get through the army "Circumlocution Office." My regiment moved from here some days ago, and I learn is now at Gallatin, Tenn. I suppose your brother Jerry is at Nashville. My "nigger" servant that I had has run away since I've been sick, so there's another "thousand dollars" gone. I used to be kind to him, but I won't take any more stock in "niggers." These runaway slaves that come into camp are about the most worthless creatures in the world. "Man proposes but God disposes."

When I so confidently told you I should be home in November, little did I think that I should spend the whole of that month lying on my back in a sick room in southern Kentucky, crazy as a march hare part of the time, and unable to help myself all the time. And we were to be married in November, but Providence prevented it. Why? Undoubtedly for our good, although we may not be able to see it now. That our wedding day *will* come I know, but *when,* I do not know, only I know it shall be as soon as I can get to Ohio. And what a fine condition I'm in to talk of marriage! Fast in the army; it would probably be impossible to get a leave of absence even on account of severe sickness—without a cent of money in my pocket and no paymaster likely to come around for the next 6 months; truly the situation is not one to be envied, but there are brighter days ahead; I can see them and I think of them every day; I am neither going to be killed nor wounded in the war, and at its close, feeling that I have done a man's part, I can retire to my office and a happy little home where you are to be the light.

Address me at ———, Illinois, where I shall be in a week, if I am able to travel there, and I guess I will be.

Yours.

The writer obtained his leave of absence, returned to his Illinois home, recovered his strength, went to his old Ohio home, was married and returned to the army, his wife going with him to Louisville, Kentucky, where she remained to visit with friends and he went on south to the army. Arriving at Nashville he remained over night with Gen. R. B. Mitchell, commandant of the post, who had known him from boyhood, and from there his letter writing was resumed.

Nashville, Tenn., Saturday Feb. 15, '63.

My dear wife

I reached here yesterday evening, after dark, all well as far as heard from. I soon found General Mitchell, snugly ensconced in the fine residence of a leading rebel of this place, and upon his invitation took up quarters with him. We sat up until after one o'clock this morning discussing Mount Gilead matters and people, and as a consequence we didn't get up until after nine o'clock this morning. Although he wears a brigadier's star, he is still the same old Bob Mitchell, with warm heart and abundant hospitality. I address him as "Bob" and he dignifies me with the name of "Jim", that is in private, not before others, so you see we don't trouble ourselves much with military formality. Some of the men of my regiment got aboard the train yesterday at Gallatin, Tennessee, and I really believe they were glad to see me. They had been left there sick and were just then on their way to rejoin the regiment which is at Murfreesboro, Tenn.

Last evening the General asked me to remain here to-day and he would go with me to General Rosecrans and have me ordered to duty here as Inspector of this post. I know I am hardly strong enough for field duty yet, and if Rosecrans makes the order I believe I will accept the position for a time, although I have not fully determined yet. While I am writing this I discover that General Mitchell is making out an order relieving his present Inspector and requesting General Rosecrans to appoint me, so I must think and determine quickly. I don't like to be a tail to any General's kite. I'd much prefer to be an independent Major of a good "Sucker" regiment. If my regiment consents to it I'll take it, if not I won't. It is raining hard and has been all day. This is not much of a place after all, and the state house is inferior to the Ohio state house. The streets are very narrow and the hotels dirty; the business buildings smoky and the citizens butternut looking. I was present last evening at an interview between General Mitchell and the Mayor of the City, but the matter talked of is "contraband".

Mitchell's administration is popular here, and the Mayor is anxious that he should remain here. I left Louisville in such a hurry that I forgot to mail those letters, will you please see that they are mailed? Didn't I leave you suddenly though? Well it spared me much of the

pain of parting. I hope you are cheerful and happy for I am, and I begin to feel like a soldier again, but you came very near stealing me away from my allegiance and duty, yet I shall remember the fact that my wife always said go and do your duty.

Yours.

Asst. Inspector General's Office.
Feb'y. 19th, 1863.

Dear Wife:

I write you again from Tennessee's capital. The day after I wrote you my last letter, I reached my regiment, about one mile south of Murfreesboro, after wading through much mud for about three miles, carrying my sword and valise, and I declare I never before came so near lying down in a fence corner and giving up, but when I reached camp I found our headquarters tent very large and comfortable, with a plank floor and cots to sleep on, and when night came I turned in early and soon forgot all about wars, weddings and mud. When I reached camp my regiment was out on an expedition and returned next day with 30 horses, 6 prisoners, 15 stand of arms and 30 saddles and bridles captured from John Morgan.

On the evening of my second day in camp I received an order from Genl. Rosecrans directing me to report to Genl. Mitchell, at Nashville, for duty as Asst. Inspector General for the Post of Nashville, and in accordance with that order I reached here last evening and reported for duty to Genl. Mitchell, and am now writing this letter in my office. I, however, requested Genl. Mitchell, this morning, to relieve me and return me to my regiment; the Genl. refuses to do so, and I can't tell yet where I shall drop, but my Colonel and my regiment strongly insist upon my remaining with them, and I feel disposed to respect the wishes of those who gave me the rank I hold, and shall therefore insist upon returning to my regiment. I think I can induce the General to relieve me to-day, and if so I shall return to my regiment at Murfreesboro to-morrow.

My regiment has not been paid yet, and may not be this week but I think it surely will be next week. We were all decently poor when we entered the service last August—have had no pay since, and we now are all equally and abjectly poor, without money enough in the regiment to buy a cigar. This morning General Mitchell, as an inducement to have me stay told me that Mrs. Mitchell would be here after a while and that I should have you come and you could have a pleasant time here together. That, I confess, was the strongest inducement he offered me. It is decidedly too bad that we should be separated so suddenly after our marriage, and I can't yet feel reconciled to it. But oh! that splendid future when my days of wandering shall be over! Then

"The night shall be filled with music,
And the cares that infest the day,
Shall fold their tents like the Arabs,
And as silently steal away."

Be cheerful. Remember the darkest cloud has a bright side, and we shall find the bright side some of these days. I have passed over the Stone River battle field but didn't see much except long lines of rifle pits and hundreds of dead horses. The surrounding country is a barren waste filled with new made graves and ruined houses. It has rained nearly all the time I've been in Tennessee. I met General John M. Palmer of Illinois, one day as we were plunging through the mud on the Stone River battle field. He is a large, flaxen haired, ruddy faced, pleasant-looking man.

Your husband.

Nashville, Tenn., Feb'y. 23, 1863.

Dear wife:

Here I am in Nashville yet, but I have received leave from Genl. Mitchell to go to Murfreesboro to-morrow, and shall start for there at 6:30 in the morning. While there I shall, if possible, get Genl. Rosecrans to relieve me from duty at this Post, and if I fail shall return here day after to-morrow. My strength is increasing, and I have a very pleasant position here, but it is too much parlor soldiering, and knowing that my regiment wants me keeps me in a continual ferment to get away. I made my first official report this evening, in relation to the 23 hospitals in and about this city which I have inspected during the past four days.

In my tour I saw more sick and suffering humanity than I want to see in my whole life again. In one of the hospitals I saw one of your brother Jerry's men, named Chambers, from Morrow County, Ohio.

He called me by name away across the ward and appeared very much relieved to see some one he knew. I have not received any pay yet and feel like grumbling, but I hope to get sight of a paymaster this week. I am more anxious about it on your account than my own, for I can get along anyhow with government rations and government clothing, if necessary, but you can't.

I attended the Washington birthday celebration at the state house to-day, and while there really felt proud that I belonged to the Federal Army. It was such a sight as Tennessee's capital has not witnessed for many a day and will long be remembered by its citizens. Speeches were made by Parson Brownlow, Governor Crawford of Kansas, General Smith of Kentucky, and others, and letters read from Genl. Rosecrans, Genl. Negley, Genl. Mitchell, Daniel S. Dickinson of New York &c &c. Songs were sung by ladies and by soldiers, and the whole concluded by the "Star Spangled Banner" grandly sung by the Nashville Glee Club, the whole audience joining in the chorus, until the arches rang with the patriotic outburst. If we could whip traitors as easily as we can sing songs and pass resolutions what a glorious thing it would be.

I do wonder how you are getting along. Got the blues any? If I could drop in for an hour or two this evening wouldn't I enjoy it though? If I were commander in chief I would change these headquarters for a day or two.

Your husband.

Nashville, Feb'y. 28, 1863.

Dear wife:

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I think I shall go to Murfreesboro to-morrow, and I also think that my Division will advance on Woodbury in three or four days, and if they do I intend to be along by some hook or crook.

I enclose you my short haired picture. Had it taken this afternoon. Don't think I would select it for a beauty.

Your husband.

Nashville, March 2, 1863.

Dear wife:

. . . . . .

. . . . . .

I am looking every hour for the order relieving me and returning me to my regiment. I have felt depressed under this soldiering on Brussels carpet and in cushioned arm chairs. It seems like a farce to me. Colonel ———— of my regiment tells me my getting married was the worst thing I could do as a soldier; he says it will make me a coward, that I will never go into a fight without thinking of my wife and endeavoring to shelter myself as much as possible on her account. He says it is the case with himself, and that he wishes he had no wife. I don't believe him for he has been in the battles of Belmont, Fort Henry, Fort Donelson, Shiloh and Perryville, and was promoted for gallantry on the field at Fort Donelson, so I think one forgets all about wife, self and everything else but doing his best when he gets in a fight. The officers of this army have to pass a military examination about the 15th of this month and all who are found not up to the mark will be mustered out. I shouldn't wonder if I were found below par for I never could take any interest in studying the confounded military books and I have no taste that way, still I suppose I must brush up a little. So you think of going home to Ohio all alone pretty soon. Be careful of that trunk of mine you are to take home with you. I have no idea now what the contents are except that they are a lot of "frivols" such as I shall never have use for again. If you find anything contraband lay it aside and we'll hold a court of inquiry over it when I get home. From present appearances I don't think I'll get into that Woodbury affair that I mentioned in my last letter.

Your husband.

Murfreesboro, Tenn., March 5, '63.

Dear wife:

I received the order relieving me from duty at Nashville two days since, and immediately got on the train and came down here but when I arrived here I found our whole Division, except enough from each regiment to do picket duty, had made the expected advance on Woodbury, and I also found an order placing me in command of so much of our Brigade as remained behind. So you see I run no risk of *ex*-tin-

guishing myself in the Woodbury fight I wrote you about. It is quite cold here now but dry, and I hope it will remain so until spring fairly opens for I do abominate this Tennessee mud. After I have finished this letter I'll have my horse saddled and start out in search of your brother Jerry. I wrote him from Nashville but I want to see and talk with him. I find a great anxiety here among officers and men to return to their homes, and the men are continually flattering themselves that the war will close about June 1st and they will all get home. Poor fellows! their hopes are doomed to be blasted, the 1st of June will come and still the red tide of war will sweep on more fiercely than ever, still their wives and children will be looking in vain for their return.

We who are in the army are like the "Widow Bedott", we "kaint kalkillate".

Your husband.

P. S. Tell Barbour that I'm paying 15 cents a paper for his "Sunnyside" fine cut chewing tobacco down here. I wish all that profit was going to him.

Murfreesboro, Tenn., Mch. 17, '63.

Dear wife:

After many days of waiting, watching and disappointment, I've concluded I'm not going to get a letter from you very soon, so the best thing I can think of to do to-night is to write to you.

As soon as we got up this morning, which was about 7 o'clock, the Colonel proposed that he, myself and our Surgeon go on a fishing excursion to Stone River, whose banks were so desperately contested a few weeks ago. The balmy atmosphere and bright skies of the spring morning induced us to lay aside the sword and shoulder the fishing tackle. We fished all day, most of the time where the battle raged in hottest fury, and returned to camp a little after dark thoroughly tired, but with a very fair string of fish, so I think I might venture to invite you to eat breakfast with our "mess" in the morning. You must be ready for breakfast before 9 o'clock though, for by that time we expect to be far out on the march; at least we have orders to hold ourselves in readiness to march and we expect to receive marching orders early in the morning. We are ordered to prepare 2 days rations in haversacks and two days rations on mules, so the trip will be a short one and we'll be back again in 3 or 4 days. I have not been on any of these expeditions but shall go to-morrow. I think the crack of a rebel gun is all the tonic I need now to make me fit for any kind of soldiering as I was before I was taken sick. We are having beautiful weather now; spring has come; the fields (if this country without fences can be said to have any fields) are looking fresh and green, the trees are budding, some peach trees have already a few blossoms; the few citizens left have commenced making gardens, and the soldiers look more cheerful and happy now that they can once more see the bright sun shining and the grass growing. Poor fellows; the sun will shine as brightly and the grass grow as green over hundreds of their graves by another spring. It is well we don't know what's ahead of us.

I have been practicing law since I came here. One of our young lieutenants deserted when our regiment came through Nashville, and he was arrested at his home in Illinois and brought back here in irons. He was tried on a charge of "desertion in the face of an enemy," before a general court martial at Murfreesboro, and he sent for me to defend him. I went, but I knew he was guilty and I wanted to see him punished, yet at the same time I was very sorry for him. He had been married shortly before entering the service and he left his wife but very little money, expecting to receive pay from the government every two months. In this he was disappointed like all the rest of us. His wife kept writing to him that she was out of money and could scarcely procure the necessaries of life, and finally she wrote him that she had become a mother. The poor fellow could stand it no longer, he didn't know how to get a leave of absence, and he determined to go home and make some provision for his wife and infant child, risking all consequences. This is his story and there was nothing in evidence to contradict it. I don't know yet what the finding and sentence of the court is but I presume they found him guilty, and probably sentenced him to be shot, but I am sure President Lincoln will never let him be shot. It's a hard case, but he had no business to have a wife—*and baby* to think about. Our Colonel has been home since I was and our Lieut.-Colonel has applied for leave and will probably get it. Probably I may get home by next fall. By the way, did that new suit I had made to wear at my wedding ever come? I understand it was sent from ———— Illinois in time, but as you know it did not arrive in time and I have never heard whether it finally got through or not, but suppose it has and that you will put it "where moth and rust doth not corrupt and thieves do not break through and steal" for I may need it when I become an American citizen again. It occurs to me that I left a pair of boots at the house, and I may need them also when I get back to the United States. How your cares are multiplying! I declare my goods and chattels are scattered hither and yon, from central Illinois to central Ohio and thence to central Dixie—a bad state of affairs for the "head of a family." But it's getting late and I must be up and off early in the morning so I must say good night.

Your husband.

Murfreesboro, Tenn., March 28, '63.

Dear wife:

As our Lieut. Col. is going back home in a couple of hours I will write you a hasty letter and send it by him to mail at some northern office. I received your letter of the 12th on the 20th and the time and place of its reception brought me great pleasure.

It was near sunset, the air was still loaded with the sulphurous smoke of battle, the rattle of musketry and booming of cannon were still ringing in my ears; the dead and wounded lay scattered around me; the browned leaves were marked here and there with little pools of blood where some poor fellow offered up his last sacrifice; our wearied men lay upon the ground in line of battle narrowly watching the dense cedars in our front where the enemy had hid themselves the

last time we drove them back. I sat on an old log, my faithful mare near me, still quivering with the excitement of the battle, and as I sat there musing on the fortunes of the day that had lost us one of our bravest captains and two of our best lieutenants, I could see in the distance, the long lines of the enemy commence to move slowly away from us; just then a courier dashed up from our camp at Murfreesboro, his horse covered with foam, bearing with him the mail for our regiment, and also the news that our precarious situation had been heard of at our camp 14 miles distant, and that heavy reinforcements were then on the road to succor us.

But when that mail was distributed I found your letter, and forgot all about war's alarms; occasionally, however, I would look up from the page to glance at the retreating enemy. What better time or place could there have been for me to receive that letter.

It thrills one to feel that his side has won a victory. I never felt it so completely before, for at Perryville I didn't feel quite sure that we were not whipped, but this time I had no doubt about what happened, and it was the redoubtable Morgan we whipped and sent flying from the field, with a bullet mark of ours on his arm.

He expected to make another Hartsville affair of it but was mistaken in his men. The last letter I wrote you was the evening before we started on our expedition. We started next morning and marched about 15 miles when we bivouacked for the night; early the next morning we started forward again, expecting to meet the enemy, our regiment being in the advance. About noon our mounted scouts brought in word that the enemy's pickets were a short distance in advance. I was immediately ordered forward with 3 companies of our regiment deployed as skirmishers to engage the enemy's pickets and drive them in. We went ahead about a quarter of a mile and my men poured a volley into a squad of cavalry which unhorsed one whom we captured, the rest flying in confusion. Moving on some distance farther we came in sight of a heavy force of the enemy drawn up in line of battle, and we halted; our brigade commander came up and concluding the enemy were too strong for us, the whole column about-faced, bringing us in the rear, and marched back. We bivouacked that night on a wooded hill near Auburn, Tenn., expecting to be attacked during the night, but we were not molested, although the enemy's scouts were all around us all night and kept most of us awake. In the morning we resumed our march toward Murfreesboro, moving very cautiously, our regiment still in the rear, and we could see the scouts of the enemy following us all morning. About 9 o'clock in the morning we passed through the village of Milton, Tenn., and halted on this side to rest. In a few minutes the enemy appeared in small force in the village. A shell was thrown at them which caused them to leave suddenly, but in a few minutes they reappeared in greater force. I was then ordered to take 3 companies of our regiment back to the village and open up a skirmish with the enemy, which I did. I concealed my men behind houses and fences in the village and kept up a skirmish fire about 20 minutes, in which two of my men were wounded, but the enemy's cavalry being about to surround us I brought my men back to the regiment.

By this time the enemy had disclosed his full force and was filing around on our right and left, in plain view, for the purpose of surrounding our entire brigade. Our brigade kept falling back in line of battle, my 3 companies being in the rear covering the retreat. In this way we fell back about a mile, the enemy keeping up a fire on us and making several ineffectual attempts to charge us with cavalry to break our lines. Finally we reached a rocky hill on which our little brigade of about 1100 fighting men determined to make a stand and await the attack of the 4000 or 5000 rebels under John Morgan.

We had but few minutes to wait until on they came rushing suddenly upon the 101st Ind., which was on our left, and causing some confusion, but the 101st boys fell in with ours and soon drove the enemy back into the cedars; another charge came upon our front and we drove them back; again they charged on the left, but by that time the 101st Ind. was re-formed and they punished the enemy terribly.

The fighting continued from 10 o'clock in the morning until 4 in the afternoon. The pommel of my saddle and one of my holsters were carried away by bullets. I then dismounted and in a few minutes they shot away the collar of my overcoat, leaving it in rags and knocking me down, but it didn't hurt a bit. The next day we returned to camp bringing our dead and wounded with us. We had 6 men killed on the field and about 30 severely wounded, two of our killed being officers. The enemy's loss in killed, wounded and prisoners was about 400. The battle of Milton will not figure among the big battles of the war, but we flatter ourselves that it will be worthy of mention as a handsome victory. They deliberately made the attack with force enough to completely surround us, we had no protection, and they expected to gobble us up as they did the Hartsville brigade but Morgan failed for the first time. Jerry has probably resigned to-day. I think it the wisest thing he could do for he is not able to stand service in the field. I am getting stronger every day.

Write me a good long letter very soon.

Your husband.

Murfreesboro, April 1, 1863.

Dear wife:

Have just read your letter written at Johnsville and am glad to know you are enjoying yourself. So am I. Saw Jerry this morning. He expects his resignation papers in a few days and he may possibly be home before you get this. We start on another expedition in about two hours, in the direction of Lebanon. We hope to surprise a rebel camp and "gobble" a bunch of prisoners. I had close enough calls in the Milton fight and shall try to take more care of my overcoat and saddle this trip. I command the regiment this trip myself, our Colonel being in command of the brigade and our Lieut. Col. being home on leave. We take 6 days rations, and 60 rounds of ammunition, so we don't propose to be captured without knowing the reason why. I

haven't time to write more as it is near marching time, and I must go and hunt up a sutler to get some "fine cut" to last me through the trip.

Your husband.

Murfreesboro, Tenn., April 17, '63.

Dear wife:

Enclosed I send you ———— dollars. Should have sent it by Jerry but he left too soon. Our regiment is under marching orders, but I am not going with it this time. I have not been very well for some days past, nothing but a bilious attack though, to which I am subject occasionally. I am feeling better now but shall not go out into the field until I feel entirely well. Sam Snider called on me a few days since and he was looking very well.

Everything about headquarters is in a bustle of preparation for the march and I shall postpone writing you a letter until this evening when all will be quiet. Don't think now that I'm sick because I say I have not been well, for I am not sick—have been on duty, in command of the regiment all the time, out on an expedition and since return until yesterday. I shall write as often as I can but when I don't feel well I hate to write for fear I may write a blue letter.

Your husband.

Murfreesboro, Tenn., April 20, 1863.

Dear wife:

I am alone in my tent to-night, I have a good solid floor in it, an excellent fire place in one end, graced by a pair of andirons, a cheerful fire is glowing on the hearth for though the days are warm the nights are a little cool; my good *feather bed,* with *feather* pillow is waiting for me; the excellent brass band of the 19th regulars, who are encamped near us, fills the soft night air with splendid music, and while I am content as it is yet if you were here with me I should be happy. You remember when I was at home I was almost entirely out of the notion of soldiering much longer, and I really expected that by this time I should be out of the service. But I was not well then, I was petulant, ill humored, weak from my long illness, I know I was. Military rules and orders were interfering with my freedom of action and that engendered in me a rebellious spirit toward everything military, but as time has passed and my general health improved that spirit has passed away and I begin to feel somewhat the spirit of a soldier. I am a better soldier than I was before we were married, not that I am any more rash, or want to fight any more, but somehow I enter into the spirit of things here more, my experience has given me more confidence in myself, but I am in no hurry to get into any more battles, for I think we have done our full share so far. We have been under fire 15 times, we are cut down in 8 months service from 962 men to about 460, 200 of that loss being in battle and skirmish, so that all things considered I don't care to fight any more, at least until regiments in service longer than we have tried their mettle once or twice. Still I know the fighting can't

be divided out that way. Fighting goes like fortunes. Some get more than their equal share while many get less. The other day when I sent you that little money package, I wrote you a short note, the first for many days; I had been unfit to do anything for ten days but grumble, although I was compelled by circumstances to be on duty. I saw your brother Jerry the day before he left his boarding place to go to his regiment. I was quite unwell then, had just got in from a hard trip of 9 days, and intended to write you next day and send it by him, but on returning to camp found an order from Division headquarters appointing me officer in charge of the Division picket for next day; I wouldn't send up an excuse of sickness but worried it through, and when I got off that duty and my report forwarded, I went back to camp, took to bed and called for calomel and jalap as the only consolation. The order for marching which the regiment had received the day I sent you that package was countermanded but issued again last evening, and at 9 o'clock this morning our whole Division started with 6 days rations in the direction of Woodbury, east of here, from there they will probably go to McMinnville and may possibly encounter the combined force of Morgan, Wheeler, Wharton and Forrest, supposed to be about 20 regiments of cavalry and mounted infantry with 6 or 8 pieces of artillery.

Our force is not more than 9 regiments of infantry, 4 pieces of artillery and 2 regiments of cavalry, but they won't dare to fight us if they can help it by running away. Since the Milton fight our men have no more fear of Morgan and his crew than they would for that many boys with guns. It is "grape vine" that Grant's and Burnsides' armies will unite with us within the next month, and then Bragg must find new camps for we will have business at Tullahoma and Chattanooga. In your last letter you say I said something about "bullet holes". I certainly did. I wrote you a long letter describing our Milton fight and telling you how and when I got my "bullet holes", one tearing away part of my saddle holster and shattering the pommel of my saddle, the other tearing away the collar of my overcoat and knocking me down slightly, all of which caused me no pain and very little uneasiness, but many of the men and officers saw me fall and the word passed along the line: "the Major is shot", but when the fighting was over and they all saw I was unhurt we had a jolly time hand shaking for a few minutes. I knew it was a mistake all the time but they didn't. I was some distance in front of the regiment when my saddle was hit, and happened to be the only officer on horseback visible to the enemy. They were in a cedar thicket and I couldn't see them but they could see me. On looking around I saw that all the other field officers were dismounted so I got out of there in a hurry, dismounted and had my horse led back by an orderly; a few minutes later while standing behind our line of men lying down, some "Johnnie" in the cedars who was a tolerably good shot sent a bullet through my overcoat collar and down I went. I expect he thought he shot me but he was badly mistaken. I was conscious all the time, knew I had fallen, but knew I was not wounded, although I was shocked as if by a galvanic battery; in three minutes I was all right again; it seems much worse in writing than the actual experience. Oh yes my clothing in the trunk; you can send it to

father's if you choose, but I want it kept for myself as I hope to wear it again some day. xxxxxxxxx

Your husband.

Murfreesboro, Tenn., April 27, 1863

Dear wife:

It is Monday morning again and I'll begin the week by writing to you. I wrote you last Monday, and having occasion to send an express package to ————, Illinois, I enclosed the letter in it, with instructions to mail it there. I thought you would be more certain to get it than if I mailed it here. I suppose you haven't received it yet. After I had started it I received a letter from you in which you said you had received the letter I sent by our Lieut Col. So he mailed it at ————, Ills. I told him to mail it at Louisville and he told me he had mailed it at Indianapolis.

He must have carried it in his pocket ten days. Well I'm glad it was not in some rebel's pocket. Having received that letter you will be posted about the bullet holes, for in it I gave you the full story of the affair. Don't let them worry you any more than they did me. I feel much better than when I wrote you last. Have had a good long rest in camp, and wish now I was out with the regiment. Have had nothing to do for the last eight days but eat, sleep and ride around. Our Division has not returned yet. I saw a dispatch from them this morning at headquarters. They occupied McMinnville on the 21st, driving out the rebels who fled precipitately without firing a shot. We captured and destroyed two railroad trains that were used in running from McMinnville to Tullahoma. Mrs Gen John Morgan was among those captured. We burned a large cotton and woolen goods factory established there by the rebel government for the manufacture of army goods. It throws between four and five hundred women out of employment, that being their only means of subsistence, their men folks being in the rebel army. Our forces also burned all the store houses in the place, and a large amount of army stores consisting of bacon, flour, sugar and rice; they also destroyed a large portion of the railroad track between McMinnville and Manchester, 15 miles from Tullahoma. Our mounted force pursued the rebels two days in a northwesterly direction toward the Cumberland river and captured about 300 of them who were sent in as prisoners last evening but the main body scattered out among the mountains and our men had to give up the pursuit, their horses being exhausted and many killed from hunger and fatigue, having been 48 hours without anything to eat. Our men report that in the region of McMinnville the country is as destitute of forage and provisions as a desert. The Division is at Lebanon to-day, I think, and I shall not be surprised to hear that they burned the place before leaving. It is a nice town of about 2500 inhabitants, good buildings, and much wealth, but a rendezvous for the rebels who so frequently destroy our railroad between here and Nashville. About 80 regiments and 25 batteries of this army started out in different directions at the same time our Division started, stretching out like

fingers to feel the enemy and get as near Tullahoma as possible. Some of these fine mornings I think we shall find ourselves there and no enemy to resist us, although the bulk of Bragg's army is understood to be there now.

When the regiment returns we are to have a sword presentation. The officers of the regiment have purchased a fine sword and belt for the Colonel and I am to make the formal presentation. The Colonel thinks of resigning before the hot weather of summer commences. He has been in the service and has been in most of the severe battles of the West and he says he thinks he has done his part. I shall be sorry if he does for we can never get a better Colonel or one I will like better. Have you got the blues yet? Be cheerful. Look upon the passing days as so many steps I am taking towards you, and when the number of days have passed that Fate has appointed I will reach you. By the middle of August my first year of service will have been completed. A year in the army looked like an age when I started out but to look at it now it seems very short. When you write tell me all the little items that don't seem to be worth while telling, send me the trifles, the gossip, the rumors that have nothing in them, all such "small change" is very interesting to a fellow in camp.

Your husband.

Murfreesboro, Tenn., April 30, 1863.

Dear wife:

This being the last day of April I had better close out the month by writing you, for the regiment is out yet and I have more time now than I shall have after they get in, which they will probably do to-day about noon. I heard from them this morning; they camped about six miles from here last night and are to move in to-day. We had stirring times here yesterday. I was officer of the day and had just come in from the picket line where everything was quiet, when I received a note from Corps headquarters stating that the enemy were advancing in force on the Manchester pike, and ordering commandants of regiments to hold their commands in readiness for immediate action.

Everything was astir in a few moments. Mounted officers dashing in haste through the camps, over the fields and along the highways; mounted orderlies at full gallop, bearing the long yellow envelope in their belts, batteries hitched up and drivers mounted; regiments in line on their parade grounds; officers inspecting arms and seeing the standard "forty rounds" distributed; long lines of cavalry galloping to the front on the various pikes and the brass bands making the air vocal with their stirring music; tender thoughts were perhaps sent northward to the peaceful North where loved ones are; "if I fall send my body home" was quietly spoken by many to their comrades, but on the surface all was life and gaiety, and the merry laugh and cheerful song rang out from many on whom the setting sun would shine cold in death. The preparations for battle, to the civilian, seem terrible, but the tried soldier regards them as the farmer does his preparation for harvest, though it must be terrible to the coward whose soul shrinks from the dangers his fancy conjures; the ring of his comrades musket

startles him, the cheerful words of his comrades in line condemn him and he hears his requiem in every bugle note that rings out the call to arms. Well my first motion was to get off my uniform coat and red sash I was wearing over my shoulder and around my waist as officer of the day, having no notion of going into a fight with so much brass and scarlet mounting, because somebody might spoil my wedding coat and fine sash by their careless shooting. Donning an old blouse that proved bullet proof at Perryville, Milton and elsewhere, I proceeded to muster my men, who were somewhat like Falstaff's, lame, halt and blind, and when I had everything well to bear arms found I had a few over 100 willing men that I could depend on. Seeing that arms and ammunition were all right, I placed them under command of the only one of our captains in camp, and started again for my picket line where I warned the picket officers that the enemy were advancing and would probably be on them before the next morning, and that the safety of the army depended on their vigilance, and that they would be expected to hold their line until reinforcements could reach them. In the meantime Rosecrans had ordered all the vast pile of government stores to be placed within the fortifications, and had sent a brigade of cavalry, a division of infantry and two batteries out to meet the advancing enemy on the Manchester pike. They met the advance about 4 miles beyond our picket line, drove them back to the main body, then gave the main body a few shells whereupon they returned to Manchester and our scare was over. It was not much after all. All this we learned next morning, but I lost 4 hours of good sleep that night sitting up waiting for the long roll that didn't "roll." Toward morning I lay down and the first "long roll" I heard, which was late in the morning, was the darkey at my tent flap calling out "Major, breakfuss," and so the battle ended like Falstaff's, and even those who "seek the bubble reputation at the cannon's mouth" were entirely satisfied. I hear some one out doors say "they're coming," and I must stop to see what it means, for I expect the regiment is coming.

May 1st. The regiment was coming sure enough, so I had to lay aside this letter to hear the news; we sat up late last night talking over the trip and laughing over the many funny things that always happen on such expeditions. This is the first day I ever saw such as poets sing of for "May day." Everything is bright, cheerful, beautiful and totally unlike the "May day" of our Northern clime. I wish you were here to enjoy it with me. I imagine you will be here with me some day when we will travel over these same hills and along these same streams that I now travel over and along, watching every hill-top for an enemy's vidette and every cedar thicket for ambushed guerillas. As we approach Milton I'll show you where our little force fought and whipped John Morgan; when we reach the village I'll show you the houses that sheltered my men as we were bringing on the fight; then we'll turn northward a few miles and I'll show you "Pierce's Hill" covered with huge rocks where we, only 250 strong, fought Johnson's cavalry 600 strong, routed them, captured 25 of their horses, 30 of their guns and about one third of their blankets, and then made a forced march to get inside our picket line, wading Stone River breast deep to the men the water bitter cold, and getting out of their reach

just as the enemy, 1000 strong, appeared on the opposite bank; then we will turn northeast again and soon come to "Prosperity Church," nestled down in a beautiful valley where we routed 5 companies of cavalry with 3 companies of our regiment half a mile in advance of our main body, and then had to "skedadle" back to the column ourselves, as the enemy returned reinforced. We'll then move ahead on that road until we come near Liberty and will see where we captured a company of Morgan's men right in the middle of the road; then we'll go on northwest until we reach the handsome town of Lebanon and see where we got a big scare, being called out in line of battle and standing so for half an hour before we discovered the enemy were as badly scared as we were. I think you will enjoy that trip quite as well as I am enjoying it nów, but there are some things to be done yet before that trip can be undertaken, the most important of which is the whipping of this "stiff necked and rebellious people". Our regiment got back from their eleven days trip without having fired a gun. One of our men died, however, of appoplexy, and was buried away out in the country. He was one of the best soldiers in the regiment, but his death only caused a temporary ripple like dropping a pebble in a lake.

The regiment is turning over its tents to-day—the cotton houses in which, when "at home", the men have lived since last November, and receiving in lieu of them the shelter tent, or as the men call them, "dog tents." Jerry can describe them to you as he is "an old soldier." We are more fortunate at headquarters though, and besides our allowance of 3 wall tents will manage to "press" about 3 additional ones so I think we can make ourselves comfortable. There is some probability of this Division breaking camp here and moving to Lebanon. I shall not be surprised or displeased if that be true. Lebanon is a somewhat important point, very healthy, excellent water, plenty of eggs, butter, milk &c in the adjacent country, plenty of fine dwellings that would make excellent quarters for officers, and plenty of handsome, impudent female rebels who, if we occupied the place would be likely to shut their mouths or open them only to beg favors. The trouble about moving to Lebanon will be that we won't have a daily mail. Mail is quite as important to soldiers as rations. This paper in large sheets upon which I am writing was captured at Lebanon on one of our trips there. Some Yankee trader smuggled it through the lines I suppose. We have cedar trees about ten feet high set out in all the streets through our camp and a double row of them about 12 feet high set out the whole length of our headquarter street, which makes a fine shady avenue for these warm days. I have my table out under one of these cedars while writing this letter, and in the next tree to me, right in front of my tent, a couple of red birds have their nest and greet me with fine music every morning about daylight. I was expecting a letter from you to-day but the mail is in and distributed and as none has been handed me I conclude there is nothing for me, so I'll just continue expecting, and stop writing for this time.

Your husband.

Murfreesboro, May 6, 1863.

Dear wife

No letter from you to-day..Expectation has been strained for many days, and the only relief is the cheering news coming from all around the lines of the Union armies. It causes me to forget my petty disappointments and join in the general good feeling that pervades the "Army of the Cumberland." We may be whipped but nothing could make this army believe it possible now. Finally the question is settled and our regiment is to be mounted. Soon as I finish this letter I shall start in command of 3 companies of the regiments, mounted, to join a detachment of ———— brigade of mounted infantry, at Lavergne, on the railroad between here and Nashville, first, to drive away or capture the enemy now threatening the railroad, and secondly to scour all the country north to the Cumberland river and capture horses enough to mount our regiment. Yesterday and to-day we have have been having the cold drizzling rain of May in Tennessee. I don't know whether I shall like the mounting of our regiment, but it will save the men from a lot of marching on foot, and we will still do our fighting on foot, using the horses only for rapidity of movement. We don't intend to become cavalry. As things look now there will be no special need for this army more than the present summer.

You may see in the papers an account of a raid on the railroad near Meridian, Miss. The force making that raid is 1900 men, mounted. One regiment of it, the 80th Illinois, belonged to this brigade and left here about 6 weeks ago to join the expedition. It is a desperate undertaking. They have no tents, wagons or baggage, but are pushing on southward night and day destroying property as they go. They expect to cut all the main lines of railroad between New Orleans, Mobile and Richmond, in the rear of Bragg's army and then surrender if they find they can't get to Banks' army or get back here. We all expect they will return via Richmond as prisoners of war, but if they do the work they are expected to do we can well afford to have them surrender. My men are about ready, they are pleased at the prospect of being mounted. I must close.

Your husband.

Murfreesboro, May 18, 1863.

Dear wife—

Here it is the middle of May and I am not reported killed, wounded or missing. I am back safe from my first trip in command of a mounted force and am feeling better than I have since I have been in the army. The first "May day" of our wedded life came to me "with healing on its wings." Indeed I felt particularly good that day and wrote you a long letter. I see this war in a different aspect from any in which I saw it before. To some extent I have had a peep behind the rebel curtains, and have been surprised at the very little honesty and very great ignorance to be found behind those curtains.

I have been at their houses and talked with the women while I dandled a dirty faced, half clad infantile rebel on my yankee knee;

I have gone dashing through their corn fields, their wheat fields, their cotton fields, meadows and door yards with a hundred good yankee "vandals" sweeping along in my train; have eaten at their tables and slept in their feather beds; have gone to their stables and taken my choice of their horses, to their pastures and taken my choice of their mules, to their granaries and hay stacks and fed my hungry horses, while my men went to their smoke houses, milk houses and hen's nests gathering material for high living in camp, and while engaged in this kind of ranging, as you may readily suppose, I came in close contact with the inhabitants, and was compelled to listen to many an entreaty from grey haired matrons and rosy cheeked maidens to spare their last horse that they might raise a little crop to save them from starving but in most cases the last horse had to go, and with it generally went every "likely nigger boy" on the plantation, who had any aspirations for freedom, leaving the women to do their own work as do the blessed yankee girls far away at my Northern home. Now what do you think of your husband degenerating from a conservative young Democrat to a horse stealer and "nigger thief", and practicing his nefarious occupation almost within gun shot of the sacred "Hermitage" and tomb of Andrew Jackson? Yes, while in the field I am an abolitionist; my government has decided to wipe out slavery, and I am for the government and its policy whether right or wrong, so long as its flag is confronted by the hostile guns of slavery. Soldiering with a mounted command is so very different from infantry service that I must hastily review my first trip for you. We belong now to "————s brigade" of which you have lately seen frequent mention in the papers. The brigade consists of the ———— Ind. and ————Ind., the———— Ills. and my own regiment, with the ———— Ind. battery of 6 rifled Parrott guns and 4 howitzers. All these regiments but mine have been mounted about 5 months. On the morning of May 6th an order came transferring us from the brigade in which we have always been to this new brigade, and that we would be mounted as soon as horses can be obtained.

On the same morning despatches came from General Steedman at Lavergne, a place on the railroad midway between here and Nashville, saying that he had been driven in the day before by about 6000 cavalry and mounted infantry, advancing from Lebanon, and that the railroad was in imminent danger. ————s brigade was ordered to mount in hot haste, taking 3 days rations, and proceed immediately to Lavergne. The brigade commander sent us an order to get the spare horses from the other regiments of the brigade, mount as many of our men as possible and join him. We barely got enough to mount one company, and off they started about 9 o'clock in the morning. We then went to the government "corral" and selected 75 horses, without reference to whether they had ever been ridden or not, sent men after them, brought them to camp, saddled, bridled, and mounted them and by two o'clock I started with them to join the brigade and the rest of my command at Lavergne, which place I reached in good time, after a good deal of fun and fuss with our unbroken horses, and went into bivouac, but then came new troubles for me. It was not like going into camp with infantry, for then a commanding officer can dismount,

hand his horse over to his orderly, sit down and rest until he gets his supper, smoke his pipe, then wrap up in his blankets and sleep until the reveille startles the quiet of early morning; but here was I with my men tired but not footsore, my horses hungry and thirsty, nothing to feed them with and the men as indifferent about it as though cavalry horses never eat anything. Something had to be done to feed my 125 hungry horses, so I started to see the brigade commander, found him, and he told me where to find corn, and he also told me to have my command in the saddle by 6 in the morning as he would send me in command of a reconnoitering force to hunt up the enemy. Here was a fine fix.

I knew nothing about reconnoitering, never did such a thing and didn't know how to go about it, and here now I was to take four or five hundred men, with a guide, and strike out among the cedar thickets, rocks, hills and ravines of this abominable Stone River country to find the location, strength &c of an enemy who knew the country well, and were reported to be five or six thousand strong. As I laid down on a brush pile in the woods to sleep that night visions of Libby prison loomed up before me, and as I started in the morning I looked at my blankets strapped to my saddle and wondered whether I could sleep comfortably under them the next night while one of my southern brethren stood guard over me; but my duty was to obey and let results take care of themselves; I dare not plead ignorance, so I was up betimes, and with my own command reinforced by 150 men from another regiment I struck out into a bridle path over the hills and after moving northward about 8 miles came to a ford across Stone River. Halting here I sent 150 men across the River with orders to divide into 5 parties of 30 each and scour the country as far as they could safely go, in search of rebels, "contraband" horses and mules, and report to me at the ford at 3 o'clock in the afternoon. Posting pickets then around my remaining force I sat down to await the result; everything was quiet until noon and I went to a house near by where I found a fine old lady and her handsome intelligent daughter—intimated that I could eat some dinner, and soon had a very good dinner. While eating word was brought from one of my pickets that he had seen a party of mounted men some distance from him and supposed them to be rebels. To drop the dinner, mount and hasten to the picket post was the work of a moment; just as I reached the post I saw a man dismount and enter a house on a hill about half a mile distant; I could see the flashing of his saber scabbard but couldn't distinguish the color of his uniform, but concluded it was a rebel, as my men were miles away by that time and I determined to "bag" him, so sending back for 5 men, I made a circuit through the timber and surrounded the house, then dismounting, with pistol in hand I walked to the door of the house and on looking in saw one of Uncle Sam's boys quietly putting himself outside of a chunk of "pone" and a bowl of milk. I ascertained that he belonged to another force that had been sent out from Lavergne to operate some 4 miles west of me, but the Major of the ————Ill. who commanded it had lost his way and was floundering through the woods trying to find me. My hope of capturing a live butternut having thus vanished, I sent the man off to find

his command and pilot them through to me, while I returned to my party, and in about an hour the Major with about 100 men reached me; being his senior he asked me for orders and I sent him across the river with his command to follow up and join my men sent out in the morning, which he did, and he reached them in good time, just as a party of 100 rebels had attacked a detached party of 50 of my men. They drove the rebels, killing one, wounding two and killing two horses.

My scouting parties were all in safely by half past three o'clk and we moved to Lavergne, having learned that there was no considerable force of the enemy nearer than Lebanon, and having captured a few good horses. The next day we remained at Lavergne, and after drawing rations for two days more started, on the morning of the 8th, for Lebanon. My command was the advance guard and I was ordered to keep from one half to three quarters of a mile in advance of the main column. Several amusing incidents occurred on that day.

Once we came to cross roads when an orderly from the commander rode up and told me to halt there as the commander thought of changing the route, so we halted, and while awaiting orders I saw several horses and mules about a quarter of a mile distant. I concluded we must have them, so taking twenty men and some halters off we started through the fields, chased the mules and horses, got about a dozen and started back, but on reaching the cross roads my command was gone I didn't know where. The route had been changed in my absence and I was in a fix with my captured stock and little party of twenty.

While pondering on the situation along came one of our scouts with a prisoner, a guerilla, whom he had chased over the hills about two miles and finally captured. The meeting was agreeable for the scout had lost the brigade and so had I, but the scout knew the country and I knew where the brigade was to encamp that night so by uniting our fund of information and keeping under cover of the woods and avoiding public roads and houses we reached the column in about an hour and I tell you I felt much relieved. Again: on the same day we had halted and were resting in the woods in a little valley when 28 mounted rebels rode up to the top of the slight elevation on our right, and only about ten rods distant. It was a mutual surprise, but I immediately ordered "fire" and away went the rebs and my men after them. Hats, caps, guns and blankets were scattered in every direction, but not a rebel fired a gun; we captured a finely uniformed lieutenant and two privates. The captured lieutenant proves to be the commander of a company who captured a lieutenant who belonged to this brigade, some time ago, and brutally murdered him and the rebel lieutenant is now in irons in the camp of the regiment to which the murdered lieutenant belonged, and he is in much danger of extreme punishment. Again: On the afternoon of this same day I was ordered to take my command and scour the country for 2 or 3 miles on either side of the road, gather horses, "contrabands" and forage and get into camp any time that night. I had just got into the middle of stony cedar woodland and about a mile from the road when a man

riding behind me said: "Major I see a butternut". "Where"? "Yonder" said he, pointing his finger.

I caught sight of the butternut coat just as it disappeared behind a clump of cedar; I ordered 20 men forward and started after him. Losing sight of him I had the men scatter and scour the woods; keeping straight ahead I caught sight of him again, and using my spurs soon came close enough to order him to "halt", but he kept straight on and so did I. Again I ordered him to "halt" and still he kept on; by this time my men were all out of sight in the woods and I was within a couple of rods of the butternut, so I concluded not to rely upon "moral suasion" any longer and took out a pistol and leveling it ordered him again to "halt" and this brought him to, but to my chagrin I found on examination that he had taken the oath of allegiance and had protection papers from Genl Paine at Gallatin. This again was a water haul but he told me where I could find plenty of rebel forage and my "vandals" were soon swarming around the barn and premises of a stout rebel, where they got plenty of corn and sheaf oats, and we then turned our horses' heads towards the place indicated for camp that night and on reaching there found the rest of the brigade in and we were soon disposed of for the night. I ate supper at a table that night, drank my coffee out of china cups and slept in feather bed. Near my camp that night the men discovered some sheep in a pasture and we had plenty of fresh mutton for breakfast. The next morning we were nearly out of rations so a wagon train, with an escort of 100 men, was sent across the Cumberland to Gallatin for rations, one regiment was retained at the camp as a reserve, and the remainder of the brigade was ordered forward to Lebanon via the Nashville and Lebanon pike, while I was ordered to take my command and scour the country between the pike and the Cumberland River, moving eastward so as to reach Lebanon that night or early next day, provided the force sent forward on the pike should occupy the place, but if they were driven back I was to fall back if I could and if that were not practicable I was to move north, cross the Cumberland, by swimming or any way I could, and get to Gallatin, from where I was to telegraph to our Division commander. Here was an order which would throw me on my own resources for 12 or 15 hours at least, and possibly for two or three days. That suited me very well, but here was a strip of country 10 miles long and 8 miles wide that I was to move over without roads, and of which I knew nothing at all except as I had seen it on the map, without a guide and being compelled to depend upon darkies picked up along the way, for all my information, as to the enemy, distances and direction. We also had but one days rations, and if the enemy should drive us to the Cumberland the prospect was fair that we would be hungry before we reached the "white settlements", but off we started through woods and fields, not being particular about tramping on the corn or cotton, or about putting up fences, and not being entirely certain but what our route would lead directly to Richmond via Chattanooga. I soon divided my men into 6 parties, keeping 25 with myself and sending the others out in parties of 20 each, with orders to move in an easterly direction, each party scouring 1 to 2

miles of country north and south, and to gather information, "niggers", horses, mules, rebels &c. and to be sure to live upon the best they could find, and each man to bring to camp a ham, canteen of milk, some eggs and cornbread. I then fixed upon a place of meeting about four miles from Lebanon and two miles north of the pike. I was to move with my party direct toward Lebanon and about 3 miles north of the pike, parallel with it, so sending one party between mine and the pike and the other four parties stretching out north of mine toward the river the "forward" was given and away we went for a raid among the Tennesseans. For our adventures that day you must wait until I get home; I will say however, that our forces drove the enemy from Lebanon, all my parties but my own and another got lost and I found them at Lebanon when I got there. We had an abundance of ham, milk and everything good to eat and our days work footed up 55 good horses.

Our rations and the balance of the brigade reached us that night, we remained there next day, and I found a good Union family with a handsome daughter who played the piano and sang the "Star Spangled Banner," "Hail Columbia," "The Red, White and Blue" &c. &c. for us while the soldiers crowded around the house outside listening and cheering every song. You may be sure the people in that house were not disturbed as long as we were there. The following day we started for Murfreesboro and on reaching Stone River turned our horses into a wheat field to graze while the men went to the river to swim.

Saddling up again after a couple of hours spent this way we came into camp here and I hadn't a single sick man, and felt better myself than I have since I've been in the army. It may be that I shall like this mounted service better than I thought I would. I can't tell yet. There is more life, sport, adventure and good living in it, with less hard fighting but more chances of capture. A report has come in to-night that they are fighting at Readyville at one of our outposts, and if it be true we may be ordered out any moment. Col. ———— has finished a letter to his wife and has just got in bed. He says I must stop writing and come to bed, we sleep together, and he says he is cold. Its quite chilly to-night, and if I don't stop he'll bother me so I can't write, so good night.

Your husband.

Murfreesboro, May 22, 1863.

Dear wife:

It is just daylight, and the regiment is mounted and ready for marching. The order came at midnight last night. We take two days rations. I suppose it's for a dash on McMinnville but I don't know. I hear the bugle at headquarters of the brigade sounding the order to march. Should I next write you from "Libby" don't worry.

My brother Charlie was in the Stoneman cavalry dash in the rear of Lee's army on the Potomac. He writes me that he was within 4

miles of Richmond. May be I will go all the way there this time, but there will be some "tall running" done before I consent to it.

This is a beautiful morning.

Your husband.

Murfreesboro, May 24, '63.

Dear wife:

I wrote you a very brief hasty note day before yesterday just before we started on an expedition. I was most agreeably surprised on returning night before last to find a letter from you.

If you knew how agreeable such surprises are to me I certainly think you would write me a letter every day. How pleasant it is to come in dusty, hungry and tired from a long scout along the enemy's lines and find a letter from you lying on my table to welcome me back and make forget the fatiguing march. Let these surprises be frequent and you will place me under so many obligations that I shall always have the pleasure of knowing I am in your debt. I told you in my last that I supposed we were going to McMinnville but I was mistaken. We went out on the Manchester pike until we came to the "War Trace" road and then I knew where we were going, viz., to drive in Breckenridge's pickets and "feel" his lines. We did so successfully, killing four of their pickets, wounding two and capturing four, one being a lieutenant of the 2nd Georgia cavalry. We then withdrew, having accomplished all that was intended.

Thus far all the expeditions of this mounted brigade and of its several detachments have been very successful and the question with me now is, can this success always continue? Every community, army and individual has its due average of ill fortune as well as of good fortune, and if the good fortune all comes at once, of course when the supply is exhausted we must take the ill fortune. Well

"Here's a sigh for those who love us,
And a smile for those who hate,
And whatever sky's above us,
Here's a heart for every fate."

Our brigade is evidently regarded as a useful appendage to this army, for either the entire brigade or a portion of it is in use almost continually; we are sent North, South, East and West, wherever the enemy needs stirring up; we break through their picket lines, drive them out of their camps and capture their stragglers; when the footmen of our Division go out some portion of our brigade starts the evening before to pick up some pickets in the darkness, learn from them the force and position of the enemy, then go forward and bring on a fight —when pushed too hard fall back and let the footmen finish the job, while we hold ourselves in readiness for the pursuit, if our footmen whip, or cover their retreat if they get whipped. We have to do hard riding and a great deal of it—horses frequently drop by the wayside, exhausted, but we always find horses enough to keep the men mounted.

That's the kind of service we are engaged in now, and I suppose its purpose is largely to train us in the use and care of our horses when the main campaign begins, for at the beginning we were all perfectly green at it and the men never thought about feeding or currying their horses, but they are learning that they must care for their horses or they may have to go on foot, if their horses fail while out on a raid. We are under marching orders again and start out at two o'clock this afternoon (we can't stop for Sundays) and it is now nearly noon, so in about two hours from this time I'll be in the saddle. We take 5 days rations with us and will probably be out 3 or 4 days, there is no way of telling when we start out when we will get back. I told you in my last not to be surprised if I should write you next from "Libby", and now I repeat it. We are going where the enemy is, viz., Woodbury; there is said to be a cavalry brigade, (Wharton's) and if they stay there they must whip us, for we will go there or have a fight in trying, but their one brigade of that kind of cavalry don't amount to much. Just at daylight this morning, or rather just as I got up, which was somewhat after daylight, an orderly came up with a circular from Gen. Thomas announcing that Grant has taken Haines Bluff, 57 pieces of artillery, and has the first line of entrenchments at Vicksburg, with Pemberton and only 15000 men inside.

You should have heard the cheers from the camp of this regiment when that was read to the men. This whole army is practically under marching orders; all heavy camp equipage is back at Nashville, and if I am not greatly mistaken three weeks from this time, and possibly three days, will find the Army of the Cumberland en route for Chattanooga. Vallandingham gone to Fort Warren! good for Burnside! Had the sentence been to the "Tortugas," as first reported it would have suited us better. I do not dare to think of a leave of absence now; our Lieut. Col. is sick and has been for two weeks, and we may consider ourselves now "in the face of the enemy", an advance and a battle being liable to take place at any time within 48 hours, so to *ask* for a leave at such a time would be almost as bad as open cowardice.

I'll get home though, all safe, and I hope before a great while. Just as soon as I get back from this expedition I'll try and get some photographs. Expect to see a paymaster soon and shall send you all I receive except what I need to live on and pay debts. As I must start soon I shall close, hoping to find a letter on my return.

Your letters reach me now in 3 or 4 days.

Your husband.

Murfreesboro, May 30, '63.

Dear wife:

I have just laid down "Harper's" for May. It has been raining occasional showers all day, the first rain for a long while; the atmosphere is fresh and pure as on a mountain top, and were it not for a neuralgic twinge in my face I should be in the best possible condition, but I am giving myself very little trouble about that, for your letters are reach-

ing me now so frequently and in so short a time after being written that I would be but a "sorry soldier" to complain about such a trifle as a swollen, aching jaw.

The last time I wrote you, which was last Sunday, I told you we started on an expedition at 2 P. M. that day. Promptly at the appointed time we were in the saddle and off, this regiment in the advance.

We moved eastward, in the direction of Woodbury, about 12 miles that afternoon and encamped in a valley, by a mountain stream. By sunrise in the morning we were off again at a swinging gallop, on the road toward McMinnville, our object being to surprise and capture Col. Breckinridge's regiment of Kentucky cavalry, which was known to be on outpost duty at "Ivy Bluff", about 5 miles from McMinnville. On coming within about 6 miles of their camp we left the pike, two regiments going on the left of it and two on the right, while a detachment of 50 men was left where we separated, with orders to remain there about three quarters of an hour, then to dash forward on the pike, drive in their pickets and advance far enough to let the enemy see their number, then turn and retreat hastily, hoping thereby to draw the enemy out in pursuit, while we who were making the circuit among the hills and valleys, on the right and left, were to close in on their rear and cultivate a close acquaintance with them. This programme was carried out admirably on our part, but the rebs didn't do their part, for when our 50 men, who had been left on the pike, came dashing up to the rebel pickets, the "Johnnies" fled without firing a gun and our 50 troopers followed them into their camp, from which the Kentuckians had, but a few moments before, fled in utter confusion.

We destroyed all their camp equipage, killed ten horses and four men, captured 2 rebel surgeons and ten privates, and 30 head of cattle which they had collected in the surrounding country. Our 50 followed them to within 3 miles of McMinnville, but there being two rebel brigades there the safest thing we could do was to get away from there, which we did as rapidly as military decency would permit.

My regiment with another had taken the right of the pike, and on reaching within about a mile of the rebel camp a courier brought us the information that the birds had flown and that we should rest our horses an hour or two and then return. While we were resting there I observed a new looking log cabin about a half mile distant, in the woods, and concluded I would go over to it and possibly get a drink of milk, so I started over to it alone and soon the inmates of the cabin heard the clatter of my horse's feet, and a woman, with a child in her arms, came to the door, looked out, then quickly stepped back; in an instant I had a holster open and my hand on a "Colt", for her movement looked suspicious, but on reining up before the door I saw I had nothing to fear even if I was alone, for there, on a little stool, in the middle of the bare floor, sat a "butternut", with blanched cheek and quivering lip, about 25 years of age, his wife sitting near him crying, and the child in her arms crying too, while a little flaxen headed girl about 4 years old came to the door and stood looking at me; I looked at the picture a moment and felt a sadness creeping over me as I looked at that young man, sitting in the midst of his little family, and nothing

but desolation around them. I spoke to him kindly, but it took some time before I could dispel his fears so that he could talk without his voice trembling and almost giving way, his wife all the time listening eagerly, anxious to catch, at the earliest moment, some indication of my intention toward her husband. I finally drew from him the fact that he was a deserter from the rebel army and had been home but two days; that he was conscripted, put into Forrest's cavalry, and was with Forrest when he captured Straight's command down in Georgia, of which you read in the papers not long since. He begged me not to take him prisoner, as he said he never wanted to go back to them if he could help it. I left him and riding back reported the facts to the Colonel commanding; he told me he thought I should take him, but that I might do as I chose, but that I must not go back there again alone, so I determined to go back and get him, which I did. His wife simply said "good bye" to him, her tears had all been shed, long months of loneliness and grief in that solitary cabin had exhausted the fountain of her tears; she now saw another cloud rising up between her and the sunlight of her young life, and she stood there in mute despair. After we had left the house a short distance I looked back and she was standing in the door, clasping the infant to her breast, the little girl by her side clinging to her dress—she was looking after her husband, but no tears were there, perhaps a silent prayer was stealing from her heart for his safe return. What if he told the truth when he said he was not a rebel, and never had and never would fire on a Union soldier? I almost shuddered when I thought of the great wrong I might be committing: of the hopelessness and utter destitution I might be unjustly bringing on that little household; of the terrible imprecations that might be heaped on my head by that wronged wife, on her bended knees, with her little fatherless ones around her, and I confess too, I was imaginative enough to think that wife's imprecations, by one word from me, might be changed to effective prayers for my safety, and thus musing, I convinced myself that humanity bade me return him to his family. When I told him I had determined to let him return his eyes filled with tears, and, "God bless you" said he, as he shook me warmly by the hand and bade me "good bye".

If he does return to the rebel army I shall feel that I have, at least one friend among them who may possibly, sometime, help me through a rebel picket line, and direct me in a safe course to where my own flag flies. We got back to camp without any other incidents of importance, after an absence of four days, and on my return, sure enough, I found a letter from you awaiting me, which made a pleasant finale to the trip. I begin to like this mounted service, there is more dash and adventure in it. Our Illinois Grant is reaping a harvest of glory among the Mississippi swamps. Hurrah for Illinois! Her Generals and soldiers are the best in the world, always excepting old "Rosy" in whom you "Buckeyes" have a slight interest I believe.

This army has received orders, twice within the past ten days, to hold itself in readiness to march at a moment's notice, with 5 days rations, which, in plain English, means that Rosecrans is upon the eve of moving out to attack Bragg. I heard to-day, from a high source,

that it will probably be done within ten days, unless Grant's operations should change the aspect of affairs. My cheek is so swollen that I can't have that photograph taken now but will in a few days.

So you have purchased some napkins; that's quite a start towards housekeeping. Of course we'll keep house—if we can't afford a house I'll bring my tent home with me and we'll live like the Arabs, except that we won't have a fine mare at our tent door as they have, for my faithful mare that carried me safely through Perryville and Milton, lay down and died very suddenly yesterday.

Your husband.

Murfreesboro, June 4, 1863.

Dear wife:

At two o'clock this morning we received an order to march at 6 o'clock. It is now nearly 6 o'clock and we are nearly ready for the start. I do not know what this move means, but I rather expect that the whole of our army corps moves out to try Bragg to-day.

We however, are ordered around to the enemy's right flank, so that somebody else must do the hard fighting. It may be some time before you hear from me again. If so don't be uneasy about it for we will probably be where we will have no mails. Hope you are feeling as cheerful as I am this morning. Good bye for a little while.

Your husband.

Murfreesboro, June 9, 1863.

Dear wife:

From the date of this you see I am back again. We returned to camp here day before yesterday, and as usual lately I was welcomed back by a letter from you. Out of the saddle and into my tent, after a 30 mile ride in 6 hours, I forgot all about being tired as soon as I saw the little white envelope lying on my table. What precious things letters from home are in the army. How much dearer the loved ones at home become as letter after letter from them steals silently in amongst the wilderness of tents, bearing in its folds the story of "Home, sweet home", and words of hope and encouragement for the bronzed, weather beaten soldier. To add to my pleasure on my return, after reading your letter, I discovered a letter from your sister Tempe awaiting my notice, and she may rest assured that it received my close attention. Then again, when yesterday's mail was distributed, I was greeted by another little white envelope of yours, mailed this time at Massilon. Haven't I been a lucky, happy fellow these last three days? And my health is so good now that that alone causes me to feel like a new man, although I wouldn't be very ornamental in a parlor, being sunburnt until I am about as red as three very red Indians; and now while I think of it let me set at rest your anxiety about my *caput*. My hair has grown out finely, blacker than it was before, and very much inclined to curl; that I can't account for; I have some whiskers too, which for a first

crop are quite satisfactory, and a moustache too, of which I can't say much yet, but I am treating it very tenderly. Age may bring it beauty and an ebon hue. I only aspire to capillary respectability, not to hirsute perfection. Now for some account of our late expedition. You have probably seen the general results in the newspapers. As usual we had some fighting, and as usual it was just my luck to be in it. The first day we rode to Liberty, 30 miles northeast of Murfreesboro, surprising Wharton's brigade of rebel cavalry in camp at that place, capturing considerable of their camp equipage, pistols, a barrel of new horse shoes, half a dozen loads of corn, clothing, blankets, saddles &c. They were encamped on the bank of a stream, and when we drove in their pickets some of their men were in the stream seining and had caught a fine lot of fish; we pushed on at a spanking gait right into their camp after their flying pickets; the main body had taken the alarm and had just got out of sight, the fishermen leaving their fish floundering on the bank, and many of the men left their suppers, smoking hot and untasted, upon their temporary tables around through their camp; our men were hungry, and the broiled fish, fried eggs, broiled chickens, onions, warm biscuit &c, that the marauding "greybacks" had stolen from Union citizens, soon disappeared, and our men wandered through their camp, like *real cavalry,* to muse upon the "skedadling" they had wrought. We fell back about a mile and went into camp. About dark a brigade of cavalry, consisting of the 3rd, 4th and 10th Ohio cavalry, from Murfreesboro, joined us and encamped with us. Early next morning our brigade commander, who commanded the whole force, ordered the brigade of cavalry to push on in pursuit of the enemy, and ordered our regiment, with two pieces of artillery, to go with them, scattering the other regiments of our brigade out in different directions after horses, mules, forage and scattering parties of rebels. We followed the tracks of the enemy in an easterly direction about 15 miles to Smithville, the cavalry in advance and our regiment in the rear. All the way to Smithville, the smoking picket fires by the roadside, and the scattered blankets, overcoats, dead horses, saddles, broken stirrups, cartridge boxes &c gave evidence that there had been hurrying rebels about there and that they were not very far off. Our line of march lay through woods and a rugged, mountainous country. On nearing Smithville the sharp crack of a gun is heard in the extreme advance; we know what that means; there is a halt, a moment of silence, guns are prepared for instant action; another gun startles the still woods and we breathe quicker; a half dozen reports in quick succession tell us they are making a stand in some force, we can't tell how much; they may outnumber us two to one but they are only cavalry, and this is no time for flinching; we are 15 miles from any support, in the midst of the enemy's country; we have driven them to the wall and now they turn to give us the fight we have been seeking. I wish they would change their minds and continue to run, but they don't, the firing increases, soon a man of the 3rd Ohio cavalry is borne back to the ambulance, shot through the lungs, the company of cavalry, in the advance as skirmishers, is being steadily borne back by the enemy, the whole of our cavalry begins to look shaky and act as though it

preferred the rear; the ———— Illinois still in the rear awaiting orders, the men cool and looking with pride on their new pets, the Spencer rifles, with which we were lately armed, each with its 7 loads, and they long for an opportunity to try them.

Soon an aide comes dashing up with an order for our regiment to dismount and move to the front on the double quick; the men greet the order with a shout, and in a twinkling we are on foot, our shining bayonets fixed, "battalion right face", "forward, double quick, march"! and away we go, swinging by the cavalry, right on the jaws of death, perhaps, right on to take the place of the cavalry skirmishers who are falling back, right on to where the rebel bullets are singing the death song amid the dense foliage of the woods. Now the regiment becomes a machine, and now comes the hour of trial for its commander—he must ascertain where the enemy is the best way he can—he must see and think for that whole regiment, must direct every movement, and watch every movement of the enemy—he is responsible for the safety and honor of that regiment, and if he makes a mistake disgrace stares him in the face. He must be cool when all others are excited, must stand when all others are disposed to run. Soon we have driven them through the town and our single regiment occupies it; the continuous fire of our Spencers was too much for them, but delighted our men. "Major," says the Colonel, "take four companies, advance on this street and drive 'em if you can; be cautious though." At the head of my four companies I move up the street to the edge of the town, when, whiz comes a bullet from a Mississippi rifle right over my head and I dodge after the bullet has passed, of course, while the boys laugh; in a moment two of my companies are sent into the woods on the right and two on the left, while I move forward, concealed by the brush, just in the edge of the road. Soon a continuous fire opens out along the whole line, and the bullets have a merry dance among the bushes and trees around us. The undergrowth hides most of my line from my view, but I know by the sound of the firing that my boys are driving them; occasionally one comes back with a prisoner; I step out into the road and as I do so I see a rebel step out and draw up his gun on me; I step back, *of course,* and call to one of my men to pick him off; two or three respond to my call, but one moves out too far to get a better view and, just as he raises his gun, a rebel bullet goes through his hand, but two Spencers are aiming at the rebel who fired that shot, two reports are heard, and that "Johnnie" will shoot no more. So we go for a mile, but the rebs are reinforced in my front and we can barely hold them for a little while but can't drive them, my flanks are in danger, we are entirely out of sight of all our brigade of cavalry and of the balance of our regiment; just as affairs are reaching a crisis one of the cavalry men appears in the rear, I call him up and send him back hastily for some artillery, and with a message that I can drive them no further. Soon the artillery comes dashing up, I point out the position of the rebels—the cannon are wheeled around and in an instant the roar of the guns and bursting of shells, with the rattle of musketry, swell out in a grand chorus of war. The shells are dropping into their ranks, scattering men and

horses in every direction—a few moments and their bugle is heard sounding the "Assembly" and the "Retreat," and away they go, leaving the field to us—I advance my men until a long view to the front shows no enemy, then we return, pick up 20 of their guns, great numbers of spurs, blankets, hats, coats, &c, look at the dead horses, and 8 dead men, then move back through the long lines of cavalry that open to let us through, with our ten prisoners, most of my men carrying a rebel gun or some trophy of our little fight, and prouder than ever of their new "Spencers". We rejoin the regiment in the town, mount, and are all soon on our way back to Liberty, having advanced as far as we were ordered—reaching Liberty with our prisoners about dark, and going into camp. That same day another regiment of our brigade, that went out in another direction, captured a rebel wagon train loaded with eggs, butter, bacon, also 105 mules which the rebels had captured near Gallatin two days before, and took 20 prisoners.

The next day all the regiments of our brigade were sent out on scouts in different directions, and we were allowed to rest because of our hard work the day before. Along in the afternoon, while the Colonel and myself were lying down with our boots off and nearly asleep, 13 rebels rode up close to our camp, thinking we were gone, and captured one of our men within a few hundred yards of where the Col. and myself were lying. On discovering our camp they fired into it hurting no one, then turned and ran for dear life; soon we had a party of mounted men in pursuit who chased them 5 miles, captured 6 of them, and mortally wounded one. That was the only incident out of the ordinary that occurred with us that day, except the arrival of a courier from Murfreesboro, ordering us back post haste, as the enemy were supposed to be advancing on Rosecrans. Next morning we started for here at 6 o'clock, the main body arriving here at 3 P. M., but I came ahead with our brigade commander and a small escort, and got here at noon to find your letter lying on my table. We brought in 69 prisoners, among them being one captain and four lieutenants, 200 mules, a wagon load of bacon, 6 wagons, 30 horses &c &c, and lost one man killed and one captured, our man who was shot through the hand being only slightly wounded. This afternoon I took the regiment out to witness the head shaving and "drumming out" of a deserter and two other malefactors. They were odd looking customers, with one half the head clean shaved, as they marched down the lines at the point of the bayonet. We have been living some time in constant expectation of a general advance, but are getting out of that notion a little just now. When we started on our last expedition I took my valise along, fully expecting that we would not have any baggage or camp equipage until we reached Chattanooga. I can form no idea when the army will move now. I saw Asa Trimble, John Talmage and Sam Snider some days ago. Their regiment was ordered into the field yesterday. They have been at work on the fortifications here ever since the battle of Stone River. I am ordered to take 3 companies of my regiment and move to Liberty at 8 o'clock to-morrow morning, the balance of the regiment going to Lebanon, north of here, and about 30 miles northwest of Liberty, on a "horse stealing" expedition. I am ordered to take 5 days

Sketch enclosed in
Letter of June 16. 1863

rations and suppose I shall be out 4 days. No fighting this trip, probably, and that suits me. I am sure I'll find a letter from you on my return. Yes, you'll see me some time between now and Christmas, but I can't give any idea when—next fall at farthest. Be particular about marking the number of my regiment plainly on your letters otherwise they may go astray and I don't want to miss any of them.

Your husband.

Murfreesboro, June 16, 1863.

Dear wife:

I wrote you just as we were going out on our last trip and I have become so accustomed to finding a letter from you on my table on my return, that I wrote you I should expect to find one on my return that time, and sure enough the expected letter was here awaiting me, and I believe it was the most welcome letter I ever received, for I had been out 4 days, with the enemy all around us, firing on our pickets all night, frightened citizens coming to us all day and telling us that Morgan was advancing on us with his whole force of 9 regiments while we had only parts of four regiments, and we finally moved into camp here one day sooner than we intended to because of the strong probability that Morgan was trying to get around us with his whole force, so you see I had very strong reasons for getting into camp safely, and was rejoiced at finding your letter after the 4 days of anxiety and watchfulness I had just passed. The principal object of the expedition was to give us an opportunity to capture enough horses to mount us well, and enable us to throw aside about 100 horses that were worn out, for horses like shoes soon wear out in the army.

In order to effect this, 300 men from each of the other regiments of the brigade, and 100 men of my regiment, under my command, the whole under command of our brigade commander, proceeded to Liberty, northeast of here, and the balance of our regiment, together with the rest of the brigade, under command of the Col. of my regiment, proceeded to Lebanon, in the vicinity of which place the "horse stealing" was to be done. Lebanon is north of here, and our force was to proceed to Liberty for the purpose of driving out any rebel force we might find there, and go into camp there so as to hold the place and prevent any rebel force from advancing through there on Lebanon to disturb the "horse stealing" portion of the brigade. On reaching Liberty we found a rebel regiment there, as usual, and drove them out, wounding and capturing one and killing three. It was dark before we halted in the chase. We then went into camp at Liberty, put out our pickets, and in a few moments I was regaling myself upon the rude supper hastily prepared by my servant, the pickets all the while stirring up the echoes of the night by the cracking of their "Spencers", but it gave us no more concern than to cause us to strengthen our picket guard in the direction of the enemy and then roll up in our blankets with clothes and side arms on and horses ready saddled, prepared for a night attack or a daybreak one next morning. After I fell asleep it began raining and rained, with

slight interruption, all night. I knew nothing of it until about two o'clock in the morning, when I was awakened by heavier picket firing and found my hair dripping wet, but I had a rubber blanket outside my other blankets and another rubber blanket on the ground under me, so that I slept just as dry, except my head, as if I had been at home in a feather bed. Long before daylight we were up, the men silently formed in line, under arms, and there we stood until broad daylight, every moment expecting an attack in force from the enemy, and quite ready for it, every man feeling confident that with his new "Spencer" he was good for at least any two rebs in Dixie. But they didn't come, so we stacked arms and ate breakfast. The day was spent lying in camp sleeping, reading, and buying butter, eggs and buttermilk from the country women who always flock to us to exchange such commodities for coffee and sugar.

At 2 P. M. our brigade commander concluded it would be safer to spend the next night a little nearer Lebanon, where the rest of the brigade was, so we started and marched to Alexandria, a distance of 6 miles north west from Liberty, and went into camp there.

These moves the rebels couldn't understand. It was only two days before that we had been fighting them at Smithville and now here we were again, part of us at Lebanon and part at Liberty. They couldn't divine our object in thus moving around, so they were cautious the second night and they didn't disturb our pickets. The next morning after breakfast an orderly summoned me to brigade commanders headquarters, where I was informed that the whole command would immediately move to Lebanon, by the pike, and that I should take my battalion and go ahead on the pike about 5 miles, then turn to the right through a gate, and go to the junction of the Cherry Valley and Middleton roads, a distance of about 5 miles through the woods, then turn left on the Middleton road and march to Lebanon, reaching there not earlier than one o'clock P. M., unless I met too large a force of the enemy, in which case I was to get to Lebanon any way I could. A negro who had lived in that country was sent with me as a guide, and I was to stop at his master's house and get the negro's wife and bring her along, and also take anything else from him I wanted, as he was a loud rebel. I didn't much like the idea of going into an unknown section of the country, swarming with rebs, with no guide but a negro, who would probably run away at the first crack of a gun, leaving me to find the way as best I could, but I knew I could compel some citizen, on my route, male or female, I didn't care which, to pilot me through, so we started, reached the designated gate and turned off into the woods on a bridle path, which I soon learned was dignified with the title of "Cherry Valley Road." We followed the devious windings of the path mile after mile, keeping a good lookout, and passing an occasional cabin in the woods; finally on coming to a large farm under cultivation, with a comfortable looking house on it, I thought I saw a man, about half a mile distant, moving through the brush along a fence; using my field glass I saw it was a white man with two negroes following him, the three dodging through the brush to keep from being seen, and making for the wooded hills as fast as they could travel.

Seeing a couple of negro women nearby engaged in washing, I rode up and inquired who those men were running off through the brush. The wenches didn't know, and it was only after threatening them severely, that I learned from them that it was their master who was going out to hide his two negroes for fear "you Yankees would get 'em". Having no use for the negroes we moved on and met with no further incident until reaching the house where our guide's wife was. This was a snug looking frame, painted white, with a nice dooryard and flower garden, and a handsome young lady standing on the porch at the front door. Halting and dismounting my men, I sent part of them to the barn close by to get corn to bait their horses, while I dismounted and went up on the porch, the handsome maiden retreating into the house at my approach. I took a chair without invitation and proceeded to make myself comfortable as any "Yankee vandal".

I ordered my men to search the premises and pick up any good horses they might find. By this time a little boy made his appearance on the porch, and I sent him into the house for a pitcher of butter-milk which soon appeared and as quickly disappeared; the black guide was in the "nigger quarters" and had found his wife, which the women of the house had discovered, and the hornet's nest was disturbed.

They had vanished from sight, and heroically abstained from murmuring while we took property of every other description, but when it came to touching their "nigger property" they could no longer endure it, but with streaming eyes and loud lamentations came out in search of the commander; I was pointed out as the person they sought, when the old lady besought me to spare her the only woman for housework she had—that herself and the negro woman had been born on that place, were raised together, were playmates in childhood, and that she loved her and had ever used her well; seeing that I paid no attention to this supplication, to which the negro woman seemed to give no attention, the young lady, having dried her tears and put on a pleasant countenance, came forward and in her blandest tones joined her mother's entreaty that I might leave them "Mollie", but "Mollie" said not a word. I asked the young lady if she was a rebel, "yes sir I am," "then", said I, "you should have more spirit than to ask favors of a Yankee"; "That is true", she replied, "but I have known some Yankee officers that were gentlemen, and I am not ashamed to ask a favor of a gentleman". I admired the sharpness of her reply, but having no idea of complying with her request, and wishing to amuse myself, I changed the conversation by having recourse to flattery, which I soon discovered pleased her, and in a very much shorter time than it takes to tell it, we were pleasantly engaged in conversation, she admitting that she would just as soon marry a "Yankee" as a rebel, and that the "Yankees", generally, are rather a good looking, gentlemanly set of fellows, and *not much more* addicted to stealing than the rebels themselves. About the time I had progressed so far as to have the mother invite me in to eat some bread and milk, one of my men came up by the front door leading a handsome bay mare; the young lady opened her eyes wide with astonishment, and said she: "Major, they have got my saddle mare, you certainly won't take her?" I told her I thought I

should; whereupon she remonstrated, but she found it was no use, so she told me I should let some one ride it who would take good care of it; this I agreed to, and told her that the best looking man I had should ride it, and that she might select him and deliver the mare to him herself. She agreed to this and went out with me amongst the men, looked through them, and amid the good natured laughter of the rest selected a fair haired, bashful little fellow about 17, and delivered the mare to him with an injunction that he should treat it kindly, which he laughingly promised to do—glad to get so fine an animal to ride. Soon the black woman was ready, and mounting her on a horse, I started her and her husband in advance, he carrying her things on his shoulder, and after bidding adieu to my pretty little rebel and her mother (there were no men folks about) we started on the trail of our dusky guides without meeting or hearing of any rebels and reached Lebanon about 3 P. M. where I found all the rest of the brigade awaiting my coming. We rested there about an hour, during which I called upon a Mrs. Green, a sister of ex-Governor Campbell of Tennessee, who is an excellent Union woman, and ate some pie and drank sweet milk in her parlor, while her little daughter, about 12 or 13 years old, played upon the piano for me. The whole command moved out about 8 miles on the Murfreesboro pike that evening, and went into camp. Next morning we started for Murfreesboro, halting at Stone River long enough to let the men bathe, and reaching our camp here about 3 P. M. We scout so much in the direction of Liberty, Lebanon, etc., and I mention them so frequently, that I will enclose a rough sketch showing the distances and relative positions of these places so that you may get a better idea of them. Alexandria is, even now, a very pretty little place, having many dwellings exhibiting wealth and refinement in the owners, and a very neat two story college building, now closed, of course. I could see the marks of that college all through that town, in the paved sidewalks, painted fences, neat dooryards, tasteful window curtains, neatly dressed, intelligent looking young ladies and clean faced, handsome children. The rebel, whom we wounded and captured at Liberty, lived at Alexandria, and we brought him there with us in an ambulance and left him with his widowed mother and one sister; the poor fellow died that night, but how much more fortunate was he than many a poor fellow who has no mother or sister with him to soothe his last hours. From Alexandria to Cherry Valley, which is a small post village, I think the country is the most beautiful I have ever seen. The road winds through a valley about 5 miles in width, skirted by very high hills. The valley is in a very excellent state of cultivation, and as we moved along, the song and laugh of many an ebony harvester saluted our ears. They were just cutting the golden grain, and the crops seemed to be as heavy as any I have ever seen in my favorite prairie state. The atmosphere was so pure and invigorating that I felt as if I could live a century in that peaceful looking valley. The farm dwellings are neat, built in modern style, and well painted, and as we passed house after house along the roadside I thought, what a pity it is that such a

war as this should invade such peaceful scenes. So you have had a dream in which I appeared indifferent and careless about meeting you. An individual was once supposed to be, whose memory is now embalmed in "immortal verse," and whose patronymic was Rory O'More, who wisely said:

"Dreams always go by contraries, my dear."

I think if I should get home to meet you now I should appear rather *indifferently*, for I think it doubtful whether I should know how to act, or how to "behave myself before folks." I know Rory O'More's philosophy is right, for I dreamed, some time since, that the rebels had captured me, but I know the contrary is true, although I felt worried about it while dreaming. The papers we get today certainly contain startling news in relation to the invasion of Pennsylvania, and it makes me feel ashamed of my government, to see it exhibiting such weakness and imbecility where strength and vigor are needed. Pennsylvania invaded indeed! Instead of that Hooker ought to be invading Georgia in pursuit of Lee. If Lee does go into Pennsylvania with his army I hope he may never leave until he has ruined every secession tory north of Mason and Dixon's line. I am utterly sick of the stupendous failures of that petted Potomac army.

Vallandingham nominated for Governor of Ohio! Shame! Shame! upon the professed Union men who permitted such a convention in their midst, desecrating by its *unhallowed* breath the fair escutcheon of a noble state, and at a time too when thousands of her sons are writing the story of her glory in their blood. I can only adequately express my feelings in big sounding "cuss" words, so I must quit.

When you write me again I wish you would send me a lot of postage stamps for I am nearly out.

Your husband.

Wartrace, Tenn., July 5, 1863

Dear wife:

At length I have a little time to devote to you, but the mail leaves for Murfreesboro so soon that I will not have time to scarcely commence telling you all I want to, and this letter, be it ever so short, must get off in this mail, for you have been waiting and watching too long now. I feel good all over this morning, happy as a lark, and I can't tell why, unless it is because we have seen so much hard service, within the past 12 days, have worked so well and fought so well as to win the applause of our fellow soldiers, and that I am through it all safe. Our brigade has rendered notable service in this great army, so much so, that General Rosecrans, two days since, sent a letter of congratulation to our brigade commander saying that we would be mentioned in "orders" as soon as possible, and requesting that 300 men from the several regiments of the brigade, should be sent to his headquarters to serve as his "body guard." You may think this a trifle, but soldiers are in some respects like children, and are

pleased with trifles. On the morning of June 24th, at 3 o'clock, we left camp 5 miles north of Murfreesboro, and started to the "front," in advance of everything. As we passed through the camps in Murfreesboro, the rattle of drums, sounding of bugles, and clatter of wagons, told us plainly that the whole army was to follow in our wake, and we knew full well, from the direction we were taking, that a few hours march would bring the brigade to some of the strongholds of the enemy, so there was silence in the column as we moved along through the mud, and every ear was strained to catch the sound of the first gun of our advance guard that would tell us of the presence of the enemy.

Soon after daylight a heavy rain commenced falling which continued without interruption all day and night, and has continued ever since, with only a few hours cessation at a time. About noon the first gun was fired, and then we pushed ahead rapidly, for we were nearing the formidable "Hoover's Gap", which it was supposed would cost a great many lives to pass through, and our brigade commander determined to surprise the enemy if possible, by a rapid march, and make a bold dash to pass through the "Gap" and hold it with our brigade alone until the rest of the army could get up. We soon came into the camp of a regiment of cavalary which was so much surprised by our sudden appearance that they scattered through the woods and over the hills in every direction, every fellow for himself, and all making the best time they could bareback, on foot and every other way, leaving all their tents, wagons, baggage, commissary stores and indeed everything in our hands, but we didn't stop for anything, on we pushed, our boys, with their Spencer rifles, keeping up a continual popping in front. Soon we reached the celebrated "Gap" on the run.

This "Gap" is formed by a range of hills that run westwardly from the Cumberland mountains, and the pike runs for about two miles through between these hills; the valley is barely wide enough to admit the passage of two wagons side by side, and the hills upon either side command the valley completely; as we swept through the valley with our 1,500 horsemen on a gallop we noticed the lines of entrenchments crowning the hills, but they were deserted; the enemy was surprised and flying before us, so we pushed onward until we passed entirely through the "Gap", when a puff of white smoke from a hill about half a mile in front of us, then a dull heavy roar, then the shrieking of a shell told us we could advance no further as we had reached their infantry and artillery force. But we had done enough, had advanced 6 miles further than ordered or expected possible, and had taken a point which it was expected would require a large part of the army to take; but the serious question with us now was: "Could we alone hold it in the presence of superior force?" We were at least 12 miles in advance of our army, and from prisoners we learned that we were confronted with 4 brigades of infantry and 4 batteries. The mail is ready. Will continue story in another letter.

Your husband.

Wartrace, Tenn., July 5, 1863.

Dear Wife:

Having hurried off the piece of a letter which I so abruptly closed a few moments ago, so as to get into the mail, I now resume my talk with you. As soon as the enemy opened on us with their artillery we dismounted and formed line of battle on a hill just at the south entrance to the "Gap", and our battery of light artillery was opened on them, a courier was dispatched to the rear to hurry up reinforcements, our horses were sent back some distance out of the way of bursting shells, our regiment was assigned to support the battery, the other three regiments were properly disposed, and not a moment too soon, for these preparations were scarcely completed when the enemy opened on us a terrific fire of shot and shell from five different points, and their masses of infantry, with flags flying, moved out of the woods on our right in splendid style; there were three or four times our number already in sight and still others came pouring out of the woods beyond. Our regiment lay on the hill side in mud and water, the rain pouring down in torrents, while each shell screamed so close to us as to make it seem that the next would tear us to pieces. Presently the enemy got near enough to us to make a charge on our battery, and on they came; our men are on their feet in an instant and a terrible fire from the "Spencers" causes the advancing regiment to reel and its colors fell to the ground, but in an instant their colors are up again and on they come, thinking to reach the battery before our guns can be reloaded, but they "reckoned without their host", they didn't know we had the "Spencers", and their charging yell was answered by another terrible volley, and another and another without cessation, until the poor regiment was literally cut to pieces, and but few men of that 20th Tennessee that attempted the charge will ever charge again. During all the rest of the fight at "Hoover's Gap" they never again attempted to take that battery. After the charge they moved four regiments around to our right and attempted to get in our rear, but they were met by two of our regiments posted in the woods, and in five minutes were driven back in the greatest disorder, with a loss of 250 killed and wounded. On that part of the field an incident occurred worthy of mention, for it shows the spirit of the men of this brigade. A corporal of the —— Ind. was shot through the breast at the first fire; he had always said, as indeed all our men do, that the enemy should never get hold of his "Spencer" to use it; he hadn't strength to break it so he took out his knife, unscrewed a part of the lock plate and threw it away, rendering the gun entirely useless, he then fell back amid the storm of bullets, lay down and died. We held our ground with continual fighting until 7 o'clock in the evening, when we discovered a battery coming up to our support as fast as the horses could run, and such a cheer as was sent up does one good to hear. In a few minutes our new battery was opened and we all felt better. We were nearly exhausted with the rapid march since before daylight in the morning, the continual rain, the half day's fighting, and nothing to eat since about two o'clock in the morning,

yet the prospect of assistance nerved the men to maintain the unequal conflict a little longer. About half past seven in the evening along came a weary, jaded regiment of infantry, trying to double quick, but it was all they could do to march at all; we greeted them with such lusty cheers as seemed to inspire them with new vigor, and they were soon in position; then came two more regiments of infantry, weary and footsore, but hurrying the best they could to the dance of death; then just at dark came our Division Commander, with his staff, and riding along our lines gave words of cheer to his weary brigade that had fought so long and well. In a few minutes up came General Thomas, our corps commander, his grave face beaming with delight as he grasped our brigade commander by the hand and said: "You have saved the lives of a thousand men by your gallant conduct today. I didn't expect to get this Gap for three days." By this time darkness had put an end to the fighting, but there we lay on that hill side in line of battle all night, and I think I slept as well there, without blankets and soaking wet, as I ever did at home. At 3 o'clock in the morning two other brigades came up and took our places in line, so as to be in readiness to renew the fight in the morning, and we fell back to eat and rest. On the morning of the 25th, at daylight, the fight was renewed by the enemy; a heavy skirmish fire was kept up all day, and heavy cannonading, we having 6 batteries in play at once and the enemy an equal number. On the morning of the 25th, too, the sound of McCook's fighting on the Shelbyville road, some 9 miles to our right, reached us, and it was kept up steadily all day.

On the morning of the 26th, Gen. Rosecrans, who had come out to the "Gap", ordered Thomas' corps to advance and our Division was placed in the advance of the corps, our brigade in the advance of the Division and our regiment in the advance of the brigade. We started about ten o'clock.

The enemy fell back before us without firing a shot and beat a rapid retreat for Tullahoma. We moved on all day and encamped within 4 miles of Manchester on the night of the 26th; on the morning of the 27th our regiment started in the advance and went to Manchester on a gallop, we swept by the deserted fortifications of the town on a full run, and while the citizens were at their breakfast tables we dashed into the public square, scattered out in small parties, and in five minutes every street and alley was occupied by Yankees, the town was surrounded, and a rebel major and about 50 soldiers, left as a rear guard, were captured and marched to the court house. I was immediately ordered to take 100 men and pursue some rebels who were said to be escaping by the McMinnville road; in a few minutes I was off without a guide and pursued the rebels about 4 miles but my horses were worn out and theirs fresh, so I had to give up the chase and return. We went into camp at Manchester in the afternoon, and during the whole day Thomas' corps and most of Crittenden's came up and went into camp. We were now within 11 miles of Tullahoma, that has so long been the boasted stronghold and hope of the rebs. On the

night of the 27th an order came to march at 6 o'clock on the morning of the 28th, with none but serviceable horses, capable of enduring a very long and fatiguing march, and the men to take along nothing to eat but five days' rations *of salt*. As soon as that order came we knew it meant hard work for our brigade, so the Col. and myself sat down under a tree and wrote very brief letters to our respective wives, not knowing when they would ever hear from us again, and I guess it is doubtful whether those letters got through. At five o'clock on the morning of the 28th I was in the saddle and wasn't out of it again until one o'clock on the morning of the 29th. The brigades left Manchester at 6 o'clock in the morning, and soon leaving the road, we struck off into the woods until we struck an unfrequented road winding around the base of the Cumberland mountains. Here our regiment was detached from the brigade, and the object of the expedition made known, for the first time, to the field officers, viz: to cut the railroad between Tullahoma and Chattanooga at as many points as possible. Our regiment was to strike the railroad at Allisonia, the first station south of Tullahoma, destroy a bridge there, then follow the railroad and meet the rest of the brigade at Cowan, just in the corner of Alabama, where we were all to engage in filling up a tunnel so as to prevent reinforcements coming from Chattanooga to Tullahoma. This we were to do provided we could without being captured. Our regiment branched off from the brigade, following bridle paths through the woods, and swimming the swollen streams that came tumbling in angry torrents from their mountain sources near by. After traveling about 30 miles we suddenly came in sight of the road leading south from Tullahoma, and to our surprise the road was filled with rebel wagon trains, infantry and batteries of artillery moving southward rapidly. Bragg's army was slipping away and we didn't have the strength to stop it. How little did they think, as they were moving along, 12 miles in the rear of Tullahoma, that a regiment of Illinois Yankees was in the woods, within easy musket range of them, quietly watching their movements and noting their numbers. But oh! how the men chafed, as they saw flag after flag pass us and we did not dare attack them. To attack would have been madness, for there was a whole Division (Withers) with infantry, artillery and cavalry, so we lay quiet for more than an hour while they were passing, then noiselessly countermarched, intending to return to where we left the brigade and follow its trail until we overtook it, but when we reached the point at which we left it it was one o'clock in the morning, and we found that Gen. John Beatty's brigade had come there during the day and was encamped. We concluded to halt there until four o'clock in the morning, so as to rest our horses a little, and send a despatch to Rosecrans informing him how the enemy were evacuating Tullahoma. Col. ————, of my regiment, wrote out the despatch, and I, being acquainted with Gen. Beatty, sent it to him together with a note requesting him to send a courier from his command with it to Gen. Rosecrans. Beatty did so, and after our three hours' rest, we started on the trail of the brigade, at 4 A. M., on the morning of the 29th, and soon started up the Cumberland moun-

tains in a terrible thunder storm. When we reached the summit of the mountains the elemental war was raging in its greatest fury; the reverberations of the thunder rolled through the valleys below us, and the lightning appeared to be flashing below our feet, all this, combined with the dangerous character of our expedition, was enough to try the nerves, but no one dared to fall out, for that would be certain capture at least. About noon of the 29th we struck the railroad again, after descending the mountain side, and found the track torn up, rails bent and scattered all around; we knew this meant that the rest of the brigade had been more fortunate than we and had accomplished their task before the enemy's column reached there, so we pushed on hopefully, and about 2 P. M. when within about five miles of the Alabama line, we overtook the brigade resting in a deep wooded valley.

There was a river in front, so swollen by the continuous rain as to be impassable, and we were compelled to give up the design of destroying the tunnel, and just as an order was issued for us to prepare to bivouac for the night without fires, our pickets on our south front came rushing in saying that the enemy was advancing on us in force.

A rapid retreat was immediately ordered, and back we all started, striking directly into the mountains, without looking for roads. We traveled in the mountains until midnight, then descended from the mountains, single file, by a narrow bridle path, and bivouacked in the valley until morning, without having any very clear idea of where we were. At daylight on the morning of the 30th we started again on our backward march, reaching Manchester again on the evening of the 30th, but when we reached there most of the army had gone forward to Tullahoma. Rosecrans, immediately on receiving our despatch, ordered the army forward and the next night it occupied Tullahoma. Not more than two hours before our advance reached Manchester on our return there, General Stanley, who commands all the *cavalry* of this army, in an interview with Rosecrans, said that our brigade would never get back, that it would certainly be surrounded and captured, and indeed they were still discussing the probability of our capture when our brigade commander, covered with mud and soaked with the steady rain of 7 days, dismounted from his jaded horse before the door of Rosecrans tent and walked in upon the astonished Generals to make report. Rosecrans reply was: "All right ———, I know you now. Take your brigade any place you can find forage and rest yourselves until you are again needed. I want you to furnish me a body guard of 300 of your men." We bivouacked the night of the 30th at Manchester and on the morning of July 1st moved out into a beautiful valley where food and water were abundant, and turning our horses loose let them eat all day while we slept. July 1st we had no rain, but with the exception of that day, it has rained every day since we left Murfreesboro, and from the morning of June 24th to the morning of July 1st we lived in the rain, slept in the mud and rain and were as wet as fish in the river all that time, but it has not caused me a moment's sickness, and I feel first rate after it all. Some officers of the brigade have gone to the hospital, some have

tendered their resignations and we used up 500 horses. From the time we left Manchester until our return there our horses had nothing to eat except what leaves and grass they could nip as we went along, and they got so that they would eat blankets, saddle skirts and anything else they could get into their mouths. I have frequently read of such privations but never believed it to be true, but I know such things to be true now; yet with all its risk and privations I love this kind of service and would like to be engaged in it all the time. That trip will never be fully reported, there was too much rough work in it, consequently we had no reporters with us, but we are satisfied; every soldier in this army knows our brigade now, and that is a distinction more highly prized than a dozen newspaper puffs.

On the 3rd of July we came to this place for rest, and spent the 4th, yesterday, in sleeping and trying to clean up a little.

If it had not rained yesterday I should have gone over to Shelbyville, 8 miles from here, to see Colonel Reid of the 121st Ohio, who, I understand is in command of that place. Shelbyville is a Union place, and the loyal citizens there had an old fashioned 4th of July celebration yesterday. The Tennessee troops are deserting Bragg in numbers and coming into our lines, and unless Bragg is reinforced greatly within the next four weeks Rosecrans will destroy him, as it looks to us here now. Everything looks favorable now; all our armies are moving at the same time for the first time since the war began, and if Dix and Meade will do anything in the east the rebellion will fade with the autumn leaves. We may, however, be too sanguine in this army; we don't look for a defeat, we don't count on a retreat; with Rosecrans to lead we think we can go anywhere in the confederacy.

Many wealthy, influential people in this section of Tennessee are intensely loyal, and I expect Shelby county, Tennessee, is as loyal today as many a county in Ohio. I do wonder if men will be permitted to openly advocate the election of Vallandingham as Governor, in Ohio?

We shoot such men on sight down here and it would be quite as just to deal with them the same way up there. Never mind, many of us will live to get home again, and a day of retribution will come upon those cowards who have been operating with our enemies. Please let father and mother know I am well and all in one piece yet.

Your husband.

Camp on Duck River, Tenn., July 11, 1863.

Dear wife:

Yesterday evening I received your letter written the morning you left Massilon. I hope my letters find you as certainly as yours find me in all my wanderings. I prized your letters highly when I received them in our comfortable camp at Murfreesboro, but how much more valuable are they now, when they reach me after their long chase among the hills and valleys, the mud and rebels of Tennessee. I have just finished a letter to ——— and was congratulating myself over the prospect of a good long rest in this camp to which we moved day

before yesterday, when lo! I hadn't quite finished the letter when up came an orderly with an order for us to march at 7 o'clock tomorrow (Sunday) morning with 7 days rations. That is the way with us, and I am becoming a perfect Arab with this nomadic life we are leading. My next letter may be written from Indiana, Georgia, Alabama or possibly from Libby, who knows? I think likely, however, we shall return to this camp. Our headquarters are in the nicest, shady nook you ever saw. There are more blackberries and finer ones here than I ever saw, and I have eaten so many of them that I don't think I shall ever want any more. * * * *

I was domestic enough to think how nice it would be to have a good lot of such berries put up for our use, about next winter.

* * * * It may be I can get a leave about September, if Rosecrans gets over his fighting humor, but I don't want to be at home when there is a fight on hand, for I should feel ashamed of myself, although I don't really want to fight. I must give you the closing paragraph of Colonel ———'s official report on the battle of "Hoover's Gap." "It would seem invidious to mention individuals, where all did their duty, but I cannot close this report without calling special attention to the conduct of Lieut. Col. ——— and Major ——— who managed their men skillfully and by their coolness under the heaviest fire, imparted steadiness to the whole line." Whew! He didn't know how badly I was scared or he wouldn't have said all that sure.

Buncombe is a great thing in war as well as in politics. The news from Vicksburg, the Potomac and Tennessee is glorious. The rebellion is on the wane and the time is rapidly drawing nearer when we'll "go soldiering" together. **** I'll stop now for I have much to do before we march, so good bye until after the march, when I'll write you a long letter.

Your husband.

Camp near Rowesville, Tenn., July 21, 1863.

Dear wife:

We returned from our expedition Saturday evening, July 18th and as usual, I was greeted by a letter from you. I shall not tell you how much I wanted to see yourself, if for no other reason than to tell you how much I appreciate your promptness in writing.

The same evening I received a letter from brother Charlie, who had just been released on parole after his capture in that raid around Richmond, also one from sister Maggie, containing mother's photograph, so you see I met with a very gratifying reception on my return to camp. But that is not all that conspires to make me feel happy—it is pleasant to have a good wife at home whose heart and hope is with me and my cause through all these long months of rain, heat, mud and battle; it is pleasant to know that my brother has borne himself manfully in the sternest conflicts of these turbulent times, and is still living unscathed; it is pleasant to know that the stain of treason rests not upon the garments of any with whom I am connected, and it

is glorious to know that the old flag of my country floats in triumph, once more, over the Father of Waters, from source to mouth; to know that the bats and owls of treason have been driven from their dens by the gallant boys who fight under that flag; to know that the power of the rebellion is broken and that Providence rifted that dark cloud and let the sunshine through upon the anniversary of our Nation's natal day. Hail! glorious fourth! at once a Nation's sabbath, the birthday of freedom and the dying day of treason. You at home cannot feel the glow of triumph as we do in the field; those of us who looked to the future with high hopes, staked life, reputation, honor, everything in this contest—taking our lives in our hands we went out for what? for money? no; for power? no; for fame? no; only for an idea, for the idea of Union, Freedom, an intangible something always sought for by mankind, often fought for and never appreciated when possessed; we knew that defeat involved ourselves and all we love in ruin; for months, yes years, we have seen our hopes fading one by one; we have seen our comrades falling one by one; we have listened to their wails coming up from southern prisons and been powerless to aid; we have seen strange flags floating where our own should wave; we have turned our eyes homeward and there, with heavy hearts, seen those who should bind up our wounds and cheer our drooping spirits, turn their hands against us, and shout with fiendish joy as our comrades fell by our sides in the storm of battle—foes in front of us, foes to the right of us, foes to the left of us, foes behind us, true friends only in our own ranks and in the great heavens above us, still we struggled on—one anniversary of our Nation's birth came and with it came sore disaster and disgrace upon our flag; another came and with it disgrace and disaster again; another approached, the loyal heart was sad, the loyal soldier despondent, treason with brazen front encompassed him, his very home was a shelter for treason, his hope was fast settling into despair, when lo! a gleam of sunshine, as bright to him as the beams that first sprang from the omnipotent fiat! another anniversary came, and with it light and hope and joy; he saw his flag now proudly flying over the vaunted stronghold of treason; from camp to camp flew the joyful news upon the wings of lightning; from Mississippi's banks went the freeman's shout, it was echoed by their comrades in Tennessee's valleys and mountains, re-echoed again on Potomac's shores, and was sent on its joyful course to be re-echoed wherever a freeman's heart beats or a blue coated sentinel paces his solitary round. Our soldiers are happy, their wives are happy, their children are happy, their friends are happy. God speeds the right. When I think of the developments of the last few days it seems to me like a dream, and I almost fear to scan them too closely lest they may disappear and leave me in the old gloom. We of the Cumberland Army have great cause for feeling happy, for we now occupy the strongholds that have caused most of us very serious thoughts for the past 6 months. We really looked forward to the time when we should receive the order to advance on Shelbyville, Hoover's Gap and Tullahoma with a shudder, expecting it would be a field of terrible carnage, but so well did the "wily Rosecrans" (as the "Chattanooga Rebel"

newspaper called him) manage his advance that Bragg was whipped almost before he knew we were near him, and the pursuit was so close and rapid that he dared not stop to think of fighting until he had put the Tennessee River between himself and the Yankees.

The excellent news from every point almost makes me think that our respected "Uncle" won't need much of an army by next winter, and the most of us can be honorably relieved from further service. I hope so at least, and shall certainly think so if gold falls to ten or fifteen per cent within a few weeks, for the money market is the best barometer to indicate the condition of public affairs. I wrote you the evening before we started on our last expedition.

We were out just seven days and returned without losing but one man, had considerable skirmishing, captured and paroled 60 rebel soldiers, brought into camp two rebel captains and three lieutenants, and wounded and paroled the rebel Lieut. Col. Gantt of the 9th Battalion of Tennessee cavalry. One of the Lieutenants was A. O. P. Nicholson, Jr., son of the celebrated A. O. P. Nicholson of "Cass-Nicholson" letter notoriety, and former U. S. Senator from Tennessee. Young Nicholson is about my own age and I took quite a fancy to him and we became good friends before we parted. At his earnest request I accompanied him, alone, to his father's house, about two miles in the country from Columbia, to enable him to get some clothing to take with him. I there saw his father and sat talking to him on the veranda for half an hour while the son was in the house getting his clothing. The women never showed themselves. He slept under my blankets with me through the whole expedition until we got back to camp and when he was leaving with the other prisoners I filled a haversack at the sutler's tent with good eatables for him and handed him a little money, for I really felt sorry for him. We also brought in over 800 horses and mules and nearly 300 negroes; we sent the latter to Tullahoma. The first day out we arrived at Shelbyville at noon, where I found Col. W. P. Ried, of Ohio, in command of the Post, and Col. ——— and myself took dinner with him; toward evening of that day we passed through a village named Farmington, and on inquiry I found that our village of Farmington, ——— County, Illinois, was named after this one by a man who emigrated from here many years ago. At Farmington we found the Federal flag waving from many houses, children clapping their hands in greeting and women waving Federal flags and laughing through their tears of joy. On reaching the square with the head of our column, about ten well dressed, intelligent looking young ladies, each with a flag of their own manufacture, met us and invited us to stay there that night, saying we were the first federal soldiers they had seen for a year, and we must encamp there for the night, and they would furnish the officers supper, lodging and breakfast, and would have a "Union Dance" once more for our benefit as well as their own, but we couldn't stay. The next day, on getting within three miles of Lewisburg, the county seat of Marshall county, I took 50 men and started ahead on a gallop, with orders to dash in suddenly and surprise the place. The Spencers were unslung and ready for action,

pistols were drawn and forward we dashed at breakneck speed, right into the public square before the astonished citizens knew there was a Yankee within 40 miles of them. When they realized the astounding fact that we were real live Yankees the women began to scream, and the merchants shut their doors, but I ordered the stores opened. We then went to the jail which they have used during the past two years as a prison for Union citizens, and in a few minutes the flames were bursting out of the roof and the jail was in ruins before we left the town. Union men had no rights which this town respected, and we handled them accordingly. The next day, on reaching within five miles of Columbia, the county seat of Maury county, one of the finest counties of the state, I was ordered to take 75 men and go forward rapidly, to surprise that place also; on getting within 3 miles of the town we discovered two rebel officers eating dinner at a farm house, they started to run, and one of them, a lieutenant, got away, but the other, a captain, we captured. I sent him back to the main column, and dashed on to Columbia. On getting in sight of the place I was surprised to find it was evidently a town of about the size of Mount Vernon, Ohio. I knew there were rebel soldiers there and that there were fortifications, but I hoped to surprise them and give them no time to assemble, so with a good pike ahead of us we put spurs and after a run of less than a mile we dashed into the public square by different streets, and the startled soldiers who were sauntering about, and in saloons, stores &c raised the cry—"Yankees"! "Yankees"! and started to run in all directions, some firing as they ran, but my boys, with their Spencers, fired too fast for them and they soon dropped their guns and surrendered. We captured 3 lieutenants and 30 privates here. While riding along one of the streets a woman called me and told me that Captain Bullock and Lieut. Col. Gantt had left town at the opposite side from which we entered, just as we entered, so taking half a dozen men I started in pursuit of them and ran them 3 miles, getting within half a mile of them, but their horses were fresh and I had run mine 6 miles, so I had to give up the chase for fear of killing my horses, but the second day after this, as I dashed into Centerville, the county seat of Hickman county, with the advance guard, a little after daylight, I had the pleasure of capturing the same two gentlemen who were not expecting us there at all, but Gantt was not secured until one of my men shot him through the arm and leg, as he was running away through a field of standing grain, wounding him so badly that we couldn't take him with us, so I paroled him to report to our military authorities at Nashville as soon as his wounds would permit. I was then 8 miles from our main body, so I returned to it. We were then 80 miles in a straight line from our camp, and learning that Col. Biffles, with a superior rebel force, had crossed the Tennessee River and was moving toward us, we turned southward, went within about 30 miles of the Alabama line, collecting negroes, prisoners and horses all the time, then turned northeast and moved back to camp. After leaving Columbia and going toward Centerville we passed right by the home of ex-President James K. Polk. It is a large comfortable looking house on a large lawn with buckeye

trees all around the front fences. We had a hard trip, but I enjoyed it very much.

I slept in a house every night and took my meals at a regular table. Strange to say, all through the country we traveled they had not heard of the fall of Vicksburg, and even the Lieut. Col. whom I paroled, who was a prominent Tennessee lawyer and educated gentleman, had not heard of it, and could not believe it, when I told him. The officers we brought in with us as prisoners became very much attached to our command, and seemed to be sorry to leave us. They were extremely depressed when they saw the late papers and one of the Captains, after reading the news, said to me: "Major the confederacy is played out, it's humbug, and my fighting is done. Come what may I'll fight no more."

This captain was a rising young lawyer at Columbia when the war broke out but as he said: "It's all gone now." I sympathized with him, for he was not much older than I, and I thought what has become of my start as a lawyer? I can't say what I saw of the people I saw, their feelings, sentiments, farms and homes; I must put that off to another time. * * * * * * *

Your husband.

Camp near Decherd, Tenn., August 3, 1863.

Dear wife:

I received your letter of the 15th ult this morning, and while it delighted me to receive it it pained me to read it, for I saw you were disappointed and sad when you wrote it. I have not written you for two weeks I believe. A few days after returning from our last expedition General Reynolds ordered a general Court Martial and appointed me Judge Advocate of the Court; since that time I have been very busy day and night in the preparation and trial of cases, and shall be, I expect, for two weeks more. It leaves not a moment of leisure time, and the time I occupy in penning this hasty letter is just so much time stolen from duties that are pressing me. The weather is getting very hot too, and I assure you it is not pleasant to conduct the proceedings of a court martial with the mercury at ninety in the shade, and be compelled to work incessantly at least 15 hours out of every 24. The worry is quite as bad as the work, for it is so new to me that I am constantly afraid of blundering, and I want to send up a good record if I have to work every hour. Notwithstanding the hot weather and hard service we have seen lately, my health is excellent—never was better. Our Colonel is home now, very sick, and I expect will not be back for some time. I shall not ask for a leave before he returns. On coming to my quarters yesterday evening I was informed that an officer named Dunn called to see me during the day, that he was light complexioned and wore spectacles.

He left his address but it was mislaid, by the carelessness of some one and I have not been able to find it. I wonder if it can be your brother Henry. He is on duty somewhere in this army, as Topographi-

cal Engineer. I know it is unmanly to be repining at one's lot, but I can't help thinking, sometimes, that mine is pretty hard in this war, but then there are thousands whose lot is harder, but I feel that duty demands of me all the sacrifice I am making and I look hopefully to the future to repay me. I wish I could sit down with you tonight and tell you all my hopes and show you the bright future for you and me with which I regale myself occasionally; I know it would inspire you with courage to bear the trials of today. Never give up!

"It is wiser and better,
Always to hope than once to despair."

I know that you are lonely, I know that feelings of gloom and sadness will steal over you, but think, at such times, that I am with you in spirit, that scarcely a waking hour passes over me that I do not send you a tender thought to steal its viewless way through scenes of war and seek admission to the chambers of your heart, to remind you that your husband has not forgotten you. I can begin to see the end of this war, I think, and oh! when "this cruel war is over" how proudly I can go home to my brave wife and feel that our whole duty was done, by me and mine, when our country was in danger.

When I left you at Louisville I expected to see you again in May, for I really believed ill health would compel me to resign, but my health improved, it is now excellent, and it is difficult for me to frame a well grounded application for leave of absence, but as soon as I think the prospect fair I shall apply for one. Six days more and I shall have completed a year of service. Quite a "veteran" am I not? I hardly think another year will be required of me. I've got me a new horse, a magnificent one; we captured him in Hickman county, Tennessee. He is said to be a favorite horse of the rebel General Forrest, that went lame on him out there and was left behind.

He is hard mouthed and stiff necked as any rebel, the scamp ran away with me yesterday and took me clear to the picket line before I could stop him. I bought him of the government and paid $100 for him.

You need never be afraid of me being captured while I ride him, for he is fleet as a deer, and having been trained in the rebel service, he knows how to *retreat*. I'll write as often as I can, but our life is such a nomadic one that our mail comes and goes very irregularly.

Your husband.

The Advance on Chattanooga.

Tracy City, on Cumberland mountains, Aug. 18, 1863.

Dear wife:

I have an opportunity of sending you a line by a courier who is going back to army headquarters in the "settlements." We are here in the mountains, shut off from everybody. Just got here, and will bivouac here tonight. Have to write with pencil and use my saddle for writing desk. No wagons or baggage with us. We travel by

mountain trails. Our brigade is alone. We are bound for Chattanooga, but don't know where it is or how we'll get there. We shall keep in the obscure trails and hope to surprise the place. Time's up, good bye.

Your husband.

Dunlap, Tenn., Aug. 19, 1863.

Dear wife:

It is now 9 o'clock at night, and as our pack supply train starts back to Tracy City in the morning, I'll send you a hasty note. All day yesterday and today we have been traveling in the mountains but this afternoon we came down the mountain on the east side and are bivouacked tonight in the Sequatchee Valley, 25 miles from Chattanooga, as they tell us here. We had some skirmishing today, and captured 25 rebels, together with a lot of Union men whom they had prisoners, and some of whom they intended to hang here tonight. We happened along in good time for the poor fellows who were to be hung and I tell you they were happy. We have just received an order to march at 6 tomorrow morning, with 6 days rations, but we only have two and a half days rations, so we will have to stretch them out for 6 days. Our Colonel is at home sick, our Lieut. Col. is here sick, and that throws me in command of the regiment. I hope the Lieut. Col. may be well enough to take command in the morning, but am afraid he will not be. This is a beautiful valley, about half a mile wide here, with mountain tops on every side reaching up into the clouds. There is a marked difference between the temperature in the valley and on the mountain tops. Last night at this time I was on the mountain, and it was cool enough to make a fire agreeable; tonight, in the valley, the air is sultry. The citizens say they are having a hot summer here, but I can't see that the heat affects me any more here than it did at home. I must be up early so pardon me for not writing more. These mountain marches and short rations make a body very sleepy when night comes. Good night, and think of me as a contented soldier whether feast or famine reigns in my "mess."

Your husband.

Across the river from Chattanooga, Sept. 5, 1863.

Dear wife:

I have deferred writing you for a very long time, you will say. Well I have indeed, but I couldn't help it. I wrote you from Tracy City, on the mountains, about the 16th or 18th of August, then I wrote you another from Dunlap in the Sequatchee Valley, in a couple of days afterwards. The next morning after writing you the last letter we started across the last range of mountains which separated us from the Tennessee River, leaving our baggage behind us. Since that morning we have been marching, fighting, bushwhacking, reconnoitering, living on hard crackers and talking across the river and exchanging papers with the rebel pickets of Chattanooga. Our wagons reached us day before yesterday and this is about the first chance I have had at

pen, ink and paper for many a day. I was in command of the regiment for several days while crossing the mountains, and on the morning of the day we reached Chattanooga, or rather the river bank opposite Chattanooga, I was in command of the advance guard, and the men under my command were the first to open the fight and fire into the stronghold. Just as we dashed up to the river bank a ferry boat, which had just unloaded a lot of mules and a dozen rebel soldiers on our side of the river, was preparing to return to the Chattanooga side; we began firing into the boat, and, as we have since learned, killed 6 and wounded several more, while the boat drifted off down the river out of our range, and left us sitting there on our horses, drinking out of the river, and we looking up the Main street of the city. I had started from Poe's tavern, 12 miles up the valley that morning, in advance of every thing, had moved briskly, and it was very early when we reached the river. They were completely thunderstruck at our sudden appearance and audacity, and so great was their surprise that, if it were not for the river over which there was no bridge we could have ridden clear through the city without being molested by its garrison. I sent a courier back to inform the brigade commander where I was, and withdrew my men under cover of the timber, but it was nearly half an hour before they had their guns manned so as to open their batteries on us. Soon after that the balance of the brigade and our battery came up on the gallop, our rifled guns were unlimbered on the hill top opposite the city, and then we had an artillery duel from that time (about 9 a. m.) until near dark with a loss of one man and 4 horses on our side but we don't know the loss in the city. Since then we have been lying here on the hills opposite the city, watching the soldiers and citizens moving about the streets, shelling the railroad depot every few days, skirmishing along the river bank with soldiers in the streets of the city, and picking up deserters as they swim across the river.

We are the *extreme front,* and have remained here at Chattanooga longer than any portion of the Federal army since the war began. I know where the balance of our army is and what doing but it would not be prudent for me to write it here, for this letter may fall into rebel hands, yet I may say that I have the fullest confidence in the success of Rosecrans present movement. From our present position we can look down into the streets of Chattanooga and even read the sign-boards. We could lay the place in ruins in one day if we chose to do so. Colonel ——— and myself have crossed the river several times in a canoe and spent several hours talking and playing cards with rebel officers under the shadow of Lookout mountain, and they have as often crossed to our side and talked and played with us. We find them intelligent gentlemen and good fellows. I doubt very much whether you have received any of my letters since I left Decherd, for mail communication has been largely interdicted, and I suppose you are somewhat uneasy about me, but you never need feel so, for I am getting along finely and am having an experience that will be a treasure to me in the future. I am like a vegetable, ripening rapidly under the intense artificial light of this war. I am very anxious to get home, but here we are in the face of the enemy, sleeping at night under the

very shadow of the hills whose tops bristle with rebel cannon; in momentary expectation of an attack. Last night the enemy built a pontoon bridge, and this morning it is lying on the bank on the opposite side of the river, only about 650 yards from us, but too low for our guns on the hills to reach it; we expect them to attempt to launch it tonight and cross over a body of troops to this side. If they attempt it we must prevent them if possible, otherwise we shall be compelled to burn our baggage and fall back to a supporting force which is a good way off, so you see, under such circumstances, it would be considered an exhibition of the "white feather" to ask for leave of absence, and I must defer it until matters are more settled. I would write you more details now but that confounded pontoon bridge lying across the river is on my mind so much that I can hardly think of anything else, besides I have very slender hope that this will ever reach you and therefore feel very little like spending much time in writing, possibly for the amusement of some Johnnie who may get this. If you should get it though, let me again impress you with the fact that probably for the next three months our mail communication may be very much interrupted and you may hear from me but seldom and you must not, therefore, feel disappointed because you don't hear from me regularly as before.

Commending you to the same Providence that has protected me in my rough pathway, and hoping that a *restored union*, in a double sense, may soon dawn upon us, * * * *.

Your husband.

Camp on Chickamauga River South of Chattanooga,
Sept. 16, 1863.

Dear wife:

I wrote you a hurried note yesterday, just before getting into the saddle to go, I knew not where, and am glad I have an opportunity to write you again today. This is a day of rest for us, which is something rare lately. Since we crossed the Tennessee River we have had almost continual fighting, and pretty hard too, up to yesterday. All the cavalry of this army has been on our right flank for some time, and we have been operating on Crittenden's left flank, and we have had our hands full night and day. Everything you see in the papers that has been done by Crittenden in this advance, has been done by our brigade, and Crittenden, being the Corps Commander, has received the credit for it. We went ahead of his corps and cleared the way in his front, so that his infantry has moved along without seeing a single rebel soldier except those we sent back as prisoners. We bivouacked one night within 6 miles of Dalton Georgia, after fighting and driving Pegram's division of cavalry all day, and had them swarming around us all night; at daybreak in the morning we started in retreat and I was placed in command of the rear guard of 3 companies—about 120 men—and had to cover the retreat of the brigade, resisting the advance of the enemy for some 6 hours before we got to a safe place. I didn't lose a man, but at one time got about 3 miles in rear of the brigade and we

had to run like greyhounds to prevent being surrounded and cut off. That afternoon we ran into another Division of Forrest's cavalry and had a hard fight with them, in which we lost 35 men, but we drove them with a heavy loss, and pursued them until we came within full sight of Buckner's army corps. Here was a fix. It was night, and we had taken the wrong road in the hurry of pursuit without knowing until we came in full sight of Buckner's camp fires, and our little brigade found itself thundering at the very lines of an army corps. Our audacity, however, served us, for the rebels supposed, of course, that none but a large force would venture so far and accordingly prepared for a "big fight." While they were so engaged our brigade commander seized a citizen for a guide and "cut across lots" and by marching until one o'clock in the morning through woods and fields reached Crittenden's lines at Lee & Gordon's mills, but Crittenden, not looking for Federals in that direction, supposed he was attacked and his pickets fired on us and fell back. The mistake was soon discovered and we got inside his lines, and men and horses, tired and hungry, dropped down to sleep together, having not a mouthful to eat since sometime before daybreak the morning before; after about two hours rest we were up and off again still without anything to eat but some hard crackers which we stuffed in our pockets and ate as we rode along. That is a specimen of the way we live in this brigade. Infantry soldiers who march on foot know nothing about this kind of soldiering. Sometimes they have hard marching and scant fare, but whenever we start out we move and skirmish continually, sleep but little, and eat whenever we can catch a chance as we move along. The dust is about 6 inches thick on all these Georgia roads, the weather is extremely hot, but the nights are a little too cool and there has been no rain for a long time.

My health is excellent; indeed the excessive fatigue and hardship I have endured since we have been mounted have been a mine of wealth to me, for I am hardened and strengthened, and I think the bad effects of a sedentary life are entirely worn away. If you could see me in my rags and dirt as I am now, you would laugh immensely, and if my dear mother could see me she would laugh first and then cry to see me looking so much like a beggar man; my coat is out at the elbows and all the lining torn out, my vest is lost, my shirts all gone but two, and they so small they wont button anywhere, my boots with huge shiny legs but soles "gone up," and my hat the very picture of misery and dilapidation, but my boots will hold my spurs, and I have a fine horse and saddle and my regiment a good reputation, and that's sufficient, for I can look the "brass and blue" ornamental fellows squarely in the face and feel proud of the rags I have won in my country's service. I would wear better clothes if I could get them, but I am dressed as well as the rest of our brigade, and we are so constantly moving that we can't get time to "go to town" to get anything better. But it doesn't make any difference in the field, for a fine uniform does not make a soldier. I remember, when I saw Jerry at Louisville about a year ago, when he had been trailing after Buell in his famous retreat from Tennessee to Louisville, following after Bragg, he was

some ragged and dirty, and I was tricked out like a butterfly with everything new and glittering. I then thought he was a very careless fellow and that I would never look as he did, but I am now as much worse as possible, yet feel a thousand times better and happier, for I have learned something about actual soldiering, and since then have seen our flag go forward from victory to victory and have a right to feel that I have contributed in some small degree to that end. We captured a large rebel mail at Tyner's on the railroad 9 miles east of Chattanooga, some days since, and I read probably 200 of the letters, and heard as many more read, and such a gloomy, despondent bunch of manuscript, relating to the Southern Confederacy, I never dreamed of. They all agreed that the Confederacy was ruined, that they were whipped, that it was no use fighting any longer, that they intended to desert, &c. &c. Among them I read letters written by officers of Buckner's staff acknowledging they were whipped, and one, advising his brother-in-law in Richmond to convert his property into gold and make preparation for them both and their families, to fly the country, as they couldn't possibly hold out much longer. Day before yesterday a captain and his company deserted, all together, and came marching in to our lines. The newspapers don't tell one hundredth part of the facts in regard to desertion from the rebel army; there is a perfect stampede among the troops from the states, except Virginia, South Carolina and Florida; they come swarming into our lines daily, we pick them up in the mountains, in the valleys and by the road sides, and there are many who go to their homes and never come to our lines. It would seem to be good policy not to force a general engagement at this time so long as such desertion continues, for every desertion makes one less rebel to fight. Something must be done though, soon, for two such hostile armies can't lie so close to each other many days without breeding trouble. As I write I can hear the popping of guns on the picket line, and almost any moment that popping is liable to bring on a general engagement, although Rosecrans told General Reynolds, yesterday, that he didn't expect to get a fight out of Bragg this side of Atlanta. It was hinted to me this morning that I would probably be appointed Division Inspector on General ———'s staff. I shall not ask for it, but if appointed shall be pleased and if not shall be content. We were away down near Dalton Georgia when I received yours of September 2nd. It worked its way almost through the rebel picket lines. xxxxxx

Your husband.

BATTLE OF CHICKAMAUGA.

Fryer's Island, Tenn. River, Sept. 22, 1863.

Dear wife:

Have been through all the Chicamauga battle the papers have told you about and am safe and in good health. Our brigade commenced it on Friday morning and fought all day until ten o'clock at night trying to keep the rebels from crossing Chicamauga creek, then we fought in line with the infantry all day Saturday and Sunday, and Monday morning this brigade withdrew through Chattanooga to this

Island in the Tennessee River opposite the north end of Mission Ridge, and we are an outpost here to prevent the rebs from crossing the river here and getting in the rear of Chattanooga. Our army is falling back to Chattanooga. We are *somewhat* whipped but will get over it. The rebs were too numerous for us, they didn't have enough desertions. I had to run for it Friday morning but a fast horse saved me, lost my hat in the race—that wretched hat I told you about in my last letter—and I went bare headed all Friday, Friday night and Saturday until late in the afternoon, when I picked up a hat on the field which I am wearing now and it is better than the one I lost, but not much at that. These are stirring times with us, soldiering in earnest.

Your husband.

Headquarters ——— Division, 14th Corps.
Chattanooga, Oct. 4, 1863.

Dear wife:

Should I not be thankful that I am alive and able to write you this pleasant Sunday morning? Thankful that I am one of the spared amid the ranks of this decimated army? I am indeed thankful.

For 72 hours in succession I was in the midst of the storm of battle, without food or sleep, dear friends and companions dropping all around me and yet God has spared me. Well, war is a great thing, and I tell you that amid the terrible fighting of Saturday and Sunday, whenever I had time to think, I had some very serious thoughts about how I was going to get out of that tornado alive. Something made me stick, and here I am and glad of it but wish I could get home for a little while. Some days since I was talking with Gen. John Beatty, and we arranged to apply for leave of absence at the same time and go home together before the election in Ohio, but in a couple of days I saw I could not honorably ask for a leave at that time; I called on Beatty again this morning and found he had arrived at the same conclusion, so we reluctantly concluded to defer our applications until a more opportune time and then go home together if possible.

Does it seem strange to you that other officers can get home as frequently as they do while I can't get home for ten or twelve months? If many of those officers knew how they are talked of, and in what estimation they are held on account of their frequent leaves of absence and dodging fights, they would either never ask for leave or would resign at once and go home to stay with the non combatants, and I know you would rather have me stay during the war than go home in the hour of action and so incur the reproach of my comrades.

Many officers are going home now on account of sickness but there is no use of me thinking of getting home on that ground for I don't believe I could get sick if I should try. I wrote you before the big battle, from some place down in Georgia, that I had a hint that I would be assigned to duty as Inspector of our Division. A few days after the battle I received an order to report at Division headquarters for duty as Division Inspector, accompanied by a letter from Major General ————, the Division Commander, saying he had just sent me

such an order, and that if I would like a position on his staff, as Inspector, to come prepared to stay. I concluded to accept it and try it a while, although I did not like it at Nashville, but I think it will be different in the field and I will probably like it better. I began duty as Inspector of this Division on September 26th and have been busy since with office work and in learning how.

I can give you some information about your brother Henry. During the battle he was on the staff of General Brannan, as Topographical Engineer. Gen. Brannan's adjutant general told me today that "Lieut. Dunn behaved with great gallantry during the battle of Saturday and Sunday, and on Sunday evening was sent with a message by Gen. Brannan, in carrying which he ran into the enemy's lines and was captured." He is doubtless a prisoner in the hands of the enemy, and unhurt. I am sorry to know he was captured, but am glad it is no worse. They captured my hat on Friday and would have captured me but I ride a horse that the Southern Confederacy can't catch in a fair race, and we had a fair race that time for about two miles.

Gen. Beatty told me he saw Sam Snider lying on the battle field, with a pretty severe wound in his shoulder, but could do nothing for him except to give him a drink of water. Wounded men suffer from thirst as much as from ordinary wounds. One of your letters, I forget its date, was handed me on the battle field, on Saturday afternoon, during a brief lull, and just before our heaviest fighting began, indeed I was reading it as the enemy came charging on us.

Good bye. I surely will get home soon.

Your husband.

Chattanooga, Oct. 9, 1863.

Dear wife:

It is now about 6 o'clock in the morning and I have been up an hour, so you see I am an early riser sometimes when I can't help it. There is a captain here from my regiment who is going home today on sick leave, and I'll send this little letter by him, to be mailed somewhere in the U. S. An order will be issued today breaking up the present organization of the Army of the Cumberland and reorganizing it. Maj. Gen. ————, on whose staff I now am, is to be Chief of staff in the new organization, and that, of course, will relieve all his staff, so I suppose I will receive an order to rejoin my regiment, but where it is now I don't know. If I receive such order I shall try to get a leave of absence before returning to the regiment. If I should try to get a staff position under the new organization I know I could get it, but I shall not try, for I believe I will be better satisfied serving with my regiment, among my personal friends and home acquaintances. If I should be appointed on another staff it will prevent me from getting home as soon as I otherwise would, but one thing is certain, I'm going home soon. Address me:

Major ————, ————, Ills. Vols.
Inspector ——— Div. 14th A. C.
Chattanooga, Tenn.

and I will get it at the regiment if nowhere else.

Your husband.

Chattanooga, Oct. 21, 1863.

Dear wife:

So you have the blues have you? Oh well, cheer up! Remember, *we are suppressing the rebellion,* and you agree with me that it must be done at all hazards; you are doing your part of it, quite as well as I, in bearing with bitter disappointment and almost neglect. We men are not bearing all the burdens of this war, our women are bearing their full share.

I had been doing my part of it, I confess, with dark forebodings for some little time, until the news of the Ohio and other elections came like a rift of sunshine, breaking through the clouded skies, giving promise of brighter and better days. I remember receiving your last letter, but oh, how long since, and what changes have taken place!

I remember I was reading that letter as the fight was thickening around us on Saturday at Chicamauga; the thunder of the artillery and rattle of musketry kept growing closer and closer as I read, and before I had finished it the rebel yells and whistling bullets told us that our time had come, so forward into the leaden hail we charged to meet their coming charge and broke it with the constant fire of our Spencers but I got through it with your unfinished letter crumpled up in the pocket of my blouse, and finished reading it when we had cleared the Johnnies from our front. We got through the three days of fighting without losing many men. We think our Spencers saved us, and our men adore them as the heathen do their idols. I wrote you before that I had been assigned to duty on the Division staff, as Inspector, after the battle. I remained as Inspector until our Division commander was taken from the Division and made Chief of Staff to Gen. Rosecrans. Gen. Thomas, who commanded the corps, then sent for me, and told me I might either return to my regiment or be assigned to some other Division as Inspector. "Well," he said, "you make a good Inspector, Gen. ———— tells me, and perhaps you had better remain unless it interferes with your promotion in your regiment", so I chose to continue as Inspector, for I don't care about promotion. I have all the rank now I care for. I was assigned to duty on the staff of Gen. ————, as Inspector of his Division, viz. 3rd Div. 14 A. C., but change appears to be the order of the day, and I don't know where I may be ten days hence, for night before last a telegram came from the Secretary of War, ordering Gen. Rosecrans to report at Washington and placing Gen. Thomas in command of the Army of the Cumberland, and now the question comes who will command the 14th army corps in place of Gen. Thomas? Rumor says that Gen. ————, our old Division commander, will.

I have no idea where I will go other than to my regiment, and am not likely to know until the very moment the order is issued, for I shall not ask for any place or position but shall do as the private soldier does, go ahead under the orders I have until I get different ones. I suppose I look odd amongst the rest of these staff officers, with my great big boots and worn clothes, while they are all tricked out in fine uniforms, gold lace, brilliant shoulder straps, fine boots, fine handkerchiefs, &c &c. I laugh about it myself sometimes, and wonder what they do think about that seedy looking Major, but thank fortune I don't care a cent what they do think, if their opinions are based upon the quality of my clothing, for I have no better; my venerable Uncle Samuel is indebted to me considerable and I haven't money enough to pay for a paper of "fine cut" and if a Paymaster don't come pretty soon I'll be as poor as Don Quixote was in his military career, and if Bragg don't get away from here pretty soon, so we can get some forage for our stock, my fine horse will only exist as a sorrowful memory of better days. Did you ever expect to see your husband reduced to such poverty? Well, don't laugh at me just because I'm poor. I could relate actual experiences of my own since reaching Chattanooga in my present penniless condition that would be amusing enough to cure any case of hypochondria, and my own experience is probably not any harder than that of nine tenths of the officers of this army, except that those who had good clothes when the trouble began have better clothes than the rest of us now. The usual salutation in Chattanooga now is: "How much money have you got", the universal answer being "Pretty well broke". But it will not do for me to expose the secrets of Chattanooga in this letter, for our mails have to go by wagon road 60 miles over the mountain, before reaching the railroad, the chances are pretty good that some of our mails will fall into rebel hands, and I don't want them to gather any crumbs of comfort out of my letters. If this should fall into rebel hands, let me say by way of parenthesis, to the rebel who reads it: "I have captured and read hundreds of rebel letters, to this *one*, so I'm ahead of you Johnnies on that score". These changes of position that I have been undergoing for some time have prevented me from having any opportunity to get a leave, but I'm living in the greatest hopes of any fellow you ever saw, for I know that when I ask for one I'll get it, and I shall ask for it just as soon as I can decently. I presume you have seen by the papers that Col. ———— of my regiment was killed in a fight with Wheeler's cavalry, near Farmington, Tennessee. It is sad news indeed to me, for he was a gallant and accomplished officer, and during our entire period of service we have been bosom friends. It grieves me to think that we have passed together through so many severe fights, have talked together so much about death upon the battle field, and that in so few days after being separated from him he should meet his death. He fell like a brave man by a bullet through his heart while charging a rebel battery, but the regiment, inspired by his example, rushed on and took the battery and routed the rebels. It was in the long chase after Wheeler, who had crossed the river after Chickamauga to cut the railroad which supplied our army with food, and this battery had stopped the cavalry

leading the chase, so they stopped, and as usual, sent back for one of the regiments of mounted infantry to clear the way. My regiment was the one selected, they dismounted, and took the battery but lost one of the bravest and best officers in the army. That is the only fight my regiment has ever been in when I have not been with it, and while it creates a vacancy, yet neither the Lieut. Col. nor myself can be promoted because we number less than 500 men and under existing orders, no new field officers can be mustered. The field officers of a majority of our regiments are in the same condition, vacancies occur, but officers cannot be promoted to fill them. This works great injustice in many instances, and there is general dissatisfaction amongst officers in regard to it but the rule is inflexible and we must submit. * * * * * * *

Tattoo long since sounded, the hour of midnight is near and I must be up with the lark, to inspect the picket lines before it is light enough to give the rebel pickets a good sight of me, for I have to ride part of the line in full view of them, and I ride fast along there, the pickets on both sides being concealed in their holes.

Your husband.

P. S. Send me some postage stamps by Gen. Beatty.

Chattanooga, Oct. 27, 1863.

Dear wife:

"The melancholy days have come,
The saddest of the year, &c."

and, to be in keeping with the face of Nature, my letters should be "sicklied o'er with the pale cast of thought," but I didn't come into the army to think; a soldier has no business to think, unless it may be to devise means for sending over the river Styx the greatest number of his enemies, but since the rebels are going to sticks fast enough anyhow, I have determined to take things easy and not bother myself with thinking, so if this letter should contain no news or anything else but nonsense, just attribute it to the fact that I've quit thinking and gone into plain soldiering in the most comfortable manner possible. Oh yes, I do think sometimes. When the reveille calls me to the light of a new day; when our daily cannonade breaks on my ear at midday, and when the

"Bugles sing truce and the night cloud has lowered,"

then thoughts of home come stealing over me, and I think of many things more pleasant than those surrounding me here, although soldiering is not so very unpleasant to me, but I am satisfied this is not exactly my sphere, and I am satisfied there is something in civil life that I would fit into better, if my duty to my Uncle Samuel would only permit me to devote myself to it. What a pity I'm not a Major General. I could then go home and make a visit every now and then, and no one think anything of it. If I couldn't get home any other way, I could make a blunder, sacrifice two or three thousand men, be relieved of my command, be ordered to report at Cincinnati, Columbus or Wash-

ington, go there and draw my pay regularly and spend a season in fashionable society. That would be fine wouldn't it? Yes; but you say there is more or less disgrace attached to such a course. Aye, "there's the rub," and I hope those who take such a course may feel that disgrace most keenly all their lives.

In fixing up my new quarters at Division headquarters here I was given a new wall tent for myself, and it became necessary to get a stove, as the weather is getting cold, especially at night; my clerk said he knew a man in the 14th Ohio, who had one to sell, so I sent the clerk to have him bring it up. The next day a quiet, clean, elderly private presented himself at my tent with a little copper stove, cone shaped and evidently made by himself, with some small copper pipe to fit it. I asked him his price and he replied "ten dollars." I remonstrated with him about his exorbitant price—the old man's eyes filled with tears as he replied: "Major I have a wife and six children at home whom I have not seen for over two years; I have done duty all the time, and never missed a fight where my regiment was engaged; I have done this for $13 a month all the time, and have sent nearly every cent of it to my wife, and it has supported her, but winter is coming on, my children need clothing, and if you give me ten dollars for this stove you'll never miss it out of your salary, and I'll send it home to my wife to buy shoes or something for the children." I took the stove then, and would have done so if he had asked me $25 for it. How many such cases there are in the army! Poor fellows! they are the patriots; *they* form the bulwark that must save our country; *they* are the heroes who charge batteries, win battles and enwreathe our starry flag with glory, but who, alas! fill nameless graves today in every valley and on every hill side from the Ohio to the Gulf. When will our people cease to emblazon the names of Generals, Colonels, Captains, &c., &c., in characters of brightness, while they forget the unadorned privates who did the actual fighting?

Chattanooga is the great point of interest now. The Potomac is "played out" as the boys say. Vicksburg "went up" and is paroled; Charleston is condemned to "Greek fire," and everybody is coming to Chattanooga. Grant is here, Hooker is trying to fight his way here, and I have been out at the front all day listening to the booming of his guns as he thunders away for a passage over Lookout Mountain. Halleck is on his way here and will only be *in the way*. General Smith late Chief Engineer of the defences of Washington is here, and indeed, Major General and Brigadier General stars are getting to be as plentiful as corporals chevrons. I'm afraid that's one trouble with our army just now—we have too many Brigadier stars and not enough of that other kind of "Stars" that fights and lives on "hard tack" at $13 a month. Notwithstanding the scanty "Bill of Fare" prevailing here now, my mess had turkey and real Irish potatoes (none of the dessicated affairs) for dinner yesterday. The turkey and potatoes were intended for company dinner we intended giving to another staff, but our forage scouts specially sent out by us had to go 55 miles up in the country to get one small turkey and about a peck of potatoes, so, as we didn't have enough to go around we ate it ourselves and needed more to satisfy hunger. Tonight we sent out a wagon across the river, with a

guard, and an officer in charge, furnished with money from the different messes about our headquarters, to buy something for us to eat. They will probably have to go 60 or 70 miles up the valley before they can find a chicken or potato. * * * *

Another change took place in this army today. General John M. Palmer of Illinois, was assigned to the command of the 14th corps, and that is the corps in which I am now and have been ever since the Army of the Cumberland was organized. We all regret losing General Thomas. * * * * * *

Your husband.

Chattanooga, Nov. 5, 1863.

Dear wife:

It is now ten o'clock at night. I took up a paper tonight and read the remarks of General Rosecrans at Cincinnati; I laid the paper down, mad, indulged myself with a mental denunciation of all Generals, except "our Rosy," took up the paper again and read Henry Ward Beecher's address at Manchester, England, and felt much better; am decidedly in favor of Beecher and his political theories; hurrah for Beecher, Gerrit Smith, Wendell Phillips, and every other *earnest man,* who has sense enough to know what is right politically as well as morally, and has courage enough to proclaim it and act it.

I am as confirmed an abolitionist as ever was pelted with stale eggs, but I rarely think of it except when I see the operations of old stay-at-home politicians to drag down and ruin every earnest man who, in these days of action and earnestness, is supplanting them in the affections of the people. Rosecrans relieved! Then comes the starveling crew of home politicians to defame his character, to defame a name that should stand bright on the pages of history, to steal away laurels that such as they can never win. If such men and such reports are to mould public opinion, God help the Republic! I have no patience to think about it, much less to write about it. The scoundrels! How can men be so depraved? General Rosecrans was my *beau ideal* of a leader; I would follow him with the devotion of the crusaders for "Peter the Hermit." This entire army *was* an army of crusaders under his leadership. He was the light and life of this army. When the order for his removal was made public this army said nothing, it was dumb, the blow was too sudden and too severe for speech; we all now pursue our way quietly, as soldiers bound to obey the orders of our superiors; we used to obey because we loved our leader, but let it be announced tomorrow that Rosecrans was to command us again, and every silent tongue in this quiet army would find a voice, whose loud acclaim would almost wake again to the deadly shock our sleeping comrades on Chickamauga's banks. But enough; we'll triumph under Grant, just as well as Rosecrans, and perhaps it is right that *Generals* should be dealt with unjustly sometimes, as well as privates.

Yet this kind of work sets a "still small voice" talking with me occasionally, something in this wise: "What are *you* here for? You left a comfortable home, and a growing practice, you have roughed it

in the field for over a year, you have a wife at home, and you have a long life before you if you would only return to where you would be *safe,* you are scheming neither for place nor pelf here, you can make more money at home, why not, then, go home, live like a Christian, and enjoy the passing days? The Generals, who risk nothing but reputation, will have their names blazoned in history while yours will be hidden away in the army rolls." And what do you think? I sometimes think that "still small voice" whispers to me a great deal of truth, and yet I dare not listen too much to its counsels, for they are selfish, and not in accord of the spirit of the times. Selah! as the Good Book says. Let's change the "key note." When I commenced this letter a splendid brass band was playing a delightful "Quickstep" near my quarters, and in the midst of my indignation I found myself beating time with my feet, and it brought vividly to my mind the scenes and persons of "the days when we went gypsying, a long time ago," but not so very long ago either, so I laid down my pen, and for a few moments thought, thought of that circle of youth and gaiety, of the music, the merry laugh and light hearts of the ball room, but now how changed! that merry laugh struggles forth now, with but the doleful cadence of a sigh, the light heart is burdened with sorrow, that circle is broken, here and there I see a soldier's grave containing all that's left of some of those early friends, others I see engaged in a fruitless struggle with "the fickle Goddess," but all scattered, dead and dying, some with honor, some without.

"The lights are dead, the music fled,"

Well, what of it? Does it make me feel sad? Not a bit of it. I don't feel half as gloomy after these reflections, as I did last night after sitting up until midnight to read Alexander Dumas' account of the life and death of Louis XV. Every fellow has to "paddle his own canoe," even Louis XV had to, and a sorry voyage he made of it. In your last letter you seem to think I don't give you enough description of battles, armies, scenery, etc. If you were as tired of battles and armies as I am you wouldn't care to spend much time on them for they are very unpleasant things to be in and one does not like to reproduce memories of unpleasant things. My letters have been barren and uninteresting of late I know, but you must recollect we have been on very short rations—the rebels say we are starving—and how can a starving soldier write an interesting letter? If "Miss Flora McFlimsey" was in such agonies because she had "nothing to wear," imagine my condition with "nothing to wear" and "nothing to eat."

Nodier, a French savant, insisted that the toad lived upon his own skin, which he shed once a year, and which served to sustain him until the next shedding season. I wish I was that kind of a toad just now, I'd thrive in this rainy season, and Bragg might cut our cracker line as much as he pleased, he couldn't affect my rations. I commenced some days since to jot down my own recollections of the advance on Chattanooga, the evacuation, the battle of Chickamauga, and the retreat to Chattanooga. I may be too lazy to finish it, for I find my memory crammed with incidents enough to fill a volume, and like "The

Discontented Pendulum" give up in despair at the length of the task before me. Still I shall try to muster up perseverance enough to finish it, for bye and bye many of these incidents will have passed out of my mind, and I would like to have the record made up here in the heart of the Confederacy, so as to remind me hereafter, of those days of adventure and jolly soldiering that even now seem as days of romance in my soldier life. Bless me! My sheet is almost full and I have but one postage stamp, and it is impossible to beg, borrow or steal another in Chattanooga, so you must be content with this, for if I run into another sheet the postage will be six cents and Uncle Sam won't trust me for the other three cents. An officer of this staff received a letter to-day from a friend in Libby prison, and he says your brother Henry is there with him and is well. Out of money, out of clothes, out of rations and out of postage stamps, I must quit.

Your husband.

Chattanooga, Nov. 15, 1863.

Dear wife:

I write you briefly tonight, with a heavy heart. I have just recieved and read yours of the 8th inst. It is the first announcement to me of the death of my dear brave brother Charlie. Oh God! comfort my dear mother in her affliction! Poor boy, another victim. * * *

I cannot write tonight, my mind wanders off to my dear dead brother whose soldier life has been such an active stirring one, always at the front, a leader in daring enterprise, with well won promotion awaiting him. But it is some consolation to know that he went like a soldier, shot in the forehead, while leading his men in the deadly charge, and falling on the enemy's breast works. I am but a weak child tonight. One by one my friends are falling; a sister goes to her grave without my farewell kiss; a brave soldier brother yields up his life while fighting for our flag; my Colonel, my bosom friend and companion on many a weary march and hard fought field, has fought his last battle, and the loss of each of them comes to me tonight with accumulated force, and makes me feel discouraged and disheartened. * * * I really ought not have written you such a letter as this, but I couldn't help it, I shall try and write a more cheerful one to mother tomorrow. I see by your letter that you were with her when it was written. Don't let her see this for it will only make her sad. * * *

Paymaster Rhodes of Delaware, O., is here paying some of the troops of this Division and I will get 4 months pay from him tomorrow. Would rather have something good to eat, money is no good here. Can't even buy clothes with it, although I need them very much. It is rumored today that Gen. Reynolds is to command the 14th corps. That will suit me. * * *

Your husband.

Chattanooga, Nov. 17, 1863.

Dear wife:

I wrote you only a couple of days ago, but I have spent this evening, so far (it is now ten o'clock) in reading the letters of an English officer at the siege of Delhi, India, written home to his wife, and I see by their dates, that he wrote to her daily, unless prevented by military duty, and it made me think that perhaps I didn't write as often as I should, so I just laid down my book, took up my pen, and here I am "hard at it" writing you a letter when I really ought to be asleep. for I must be up and out on the picket line at the front, by daylight in the morning. Your last letter brought me very sad intelligence, and I answered it in a most gloomy and despondent mood, which I should not have done I know, but I couldn't help it, I wrote just as I felt and just as I should have talked if I had been at home. Next day after writing it I stated to Gen. ———————— on whose staff I now am, the fact of my brother's death, killed in action, and that I would like to have 20 days leave of absence, if I could be spared from my post. He replied: "Certainly Major, I will approve your application and should be glad to see you get it but I fear they will not approve it at Department headquarters, for before your return there will probably be some active work for this army." I told him if there was probability of active work before my return I should not make application, but would stay at my post. * * *

When I settled in Illinois among strangers, and hung out my modest shingle, with fear and trembling, I felt as if I was "starting in life" and with pretty big chances against me, but I "made it go" and was getting "fixed to my notion" when this confounded war turned up and upset everything. That's the time Fortune flanked me; when I quit the service I'll have to start life again, so this time, you see I'm preparing to flank Fortune, and if possible start a little ahead of her in the race. * * *

I am not at liberty to tell you what I know of contemplated army movements, but I can say that I shall not be surprised if, within ten days the blow will be struck that will strike the heart of the rebellion. Movements are in operation at the very moment I am writing these lines, which, if they can be kept from the knowledge of the enemy 48 hours will, in all probability, damage Bragg's army as much as anything that has ever been done. If the plan is not frustrated in some way, you will, of course, read of it in the newspapers before you get this, so that when you do get it you will read it either as a guess that was true or as one that was false at the time it was made, and even though it may be stale when you get it, I give it as a bit of gossip in the best informed army circles today. Tomorrow morning may change it all, the enemy may not then be found in our front, or he may have doubled his force, or he may open his batteries on us from fifty points where he commands this devoted city. Such is army life here—like the views in the kaleidoscope—changing with every turn of the cylinder, yet here we are, tens of thousands of men wrapped in their blankets, sleeping soundly, all save the lonely pickets, under the cannon of the enemy, equally indifferent whether the morning light brings a bat-

tle or day of ease, our dreams and visions of home the same whether our reveille be the cannon's roar or the bugle note.

If Gen. Thomas knew how bad I want to get home he would send me a leave of absence tomorrow, I know, for he is a most kindly old gentleman, but I'm not going to acknowledge it to him or anybody else but you. Nothing like keeping up your courage. The world respects even a *show* of courage. Keep yours up. I'll get home sometime for good and when I do

"The night will be filled with music,
And the cares that infest the day,
Shall fold their tents like the Arabs,
And as silently steal away." Good Night
Your husband.

Chattanooga, Nov. 19, 1863.

Dear wife:

Last night, after finishing a letter to you, I determined to keep a diary until I wrote you again, and send you the diary for my next letter. My resolution to do so is very firm but I don't know how it will hold out. My servant, who is a free black, from Cincinnati, and came into the army as servant for Col. Reid of Delaware, Ohio, came into my tent at daylight this morning and built a fire, then aroused me and went out to saddle and bring out my horse for me; I was very sleepy and disliked the idea of getting up to go out in the dense fog, so I lazily rolled over and went to sleep again, but in a few minutes, my African: "Major your horse ready, want him?" "Yes." I drawled out sleepily, and rolled over again, wishing I could sleep a couple of hours longer, but it was no use wishing, I had to get up, hurry into my clothes and mount. The morning was cold and my horse feeling fine even if he was hungry, so I was soon wide awake, galloping through the silent camps to the front. At the picket reserve I met Gen. Starkweather, whose brigade was then on picket and whom I was to relieve with Turchin's brigade. While sitting there on our horses, talking and awaiting the arrival of Turchin's brigade, a picket from one of the outposts further to the front, came and reported to Gen. Starkweather, with a rebel deserter who had just came through our lines; the General ordered him taken to the Provost Marshal and nothing further was thought of it, all despatched in a business like way; it occurs so frequently that our soldiers think nothing of it.

I couldn't help thinking, as I looked at him: "You're a cowardly rascal." I like to see them desert; I wish they would *all* desert and go to their homes, but at that moment I respected his misguided comrades who remained at their posts more than I did him. About half past six o'clock Turchin's brigade came filing out through the fog; I gave some directions to the brigade Inspector and he started with the "reliefs" to the different outposts; waiting a few moments to see that everything was going right, I started back to my quarters; found my cot made up, tent swept out, light boots blacked, a good fire and a late

Cincinnati Commercial on my table; read the paper until breakfast was ready at half past eight; after breakfast took a snooze of about an hour and a half, by which time the "Daily Reports" from Brigade Inspectors were in; made up my own "Daily Report" from them and had it approved by the General, sent it off by an orderly to the Corps Inspector, and my routine work for the day was done. Had nothing to do then but sit in my snug tent and read the papers, sleep, write or do whatever I chose. Captain Johnson of General Negley's staff called a few moments. He is a fine looking officer, about 6 feet tall, slender, and has a moustache and imperial like Shakespeare's in the pictures.

He was a New York salesman at the commencement of the war but with more grit than some other New York salesmen we know of. After a two o'clock dinner I rode out without any particular aim or destination. In town I met Colonel Nodine 25th Illinois, Colonel Hays 10th Kentucky, Lieutenant Bales Carter Quartermaster 125th Ohio, formerly of Fredericktown, Ohio, and later of Mount Vernon, Ohio, also, met Doherty, correspondent of the Louisville Journal; next met a citizen who starts to Louisville tomorrow morning and gave him some money and my "size" to buy me a uniform coat (you see I found a paymaster) then rode back to my quarters and slept until supper was ready; after supper took up a novel—"Ten Thousand a Year"—and read it a couple of hours, until tattoo, laid down the novel, commenced this diary, and now, having finished it for the day, shall take up "Ten Thousand a Year" and read it a while then "turn in."

November 20, 8 o'clock P. M.

I have just come from Gen. ————s room and he said "Major we must all be out at 4 o'clock to-morrow morning; we will get up at 3 so as to get a cup of coffee; we will fight to-morrow probably." That is refreshing news certainly, to a man who is by no means anxious for a fight, but that is what I agreed to do when I entered the army, and if we fight every day I have no right to complain, so here we go, a fight to-morrow morning and a glorious triumph for us I hope. I was up at daylight this morning and on the picket line; two deserters came in while I was there. On returning to camp I met Gen. Carlin just going out. He was Corps officer of the day to-day. I have met him at the picket line before. I think he is a careful, painstaking officer, possessed of what Napoleon called "two o'clock" courage—he's not afraid to get up and stir around in the morning when his subordinates are sleeping. I won't write much to-night except to say that the enemy attacked Burnside in force day before yesterday, and now surround him in Knoxville, so we must fight in the morning, to create a diversion in his favor, and thus save Burnside and East Tennessee. Pontoons are to be thrown across the river about 3 miles above here, to-night, and Sherman's corps, with Davis' Division of the 14th corps, are to cross there at daylight, while Hooker on our right flank beyond Lookout Mountain, attacks to divert the attention of the enemy from Sherman, and, if all goes well, we attack the centre at Missionary Ridge, and all working together, drive them from Lookout Mountain and Missionary Ridge. Let us see now how near my predictions come true.

Saturday, Nov. 21.

Well, my prediction in yesterday's diary didn't come true. Last night, about an hour after Gen. ———— told me what I have written above about to-morrows movement, an orderly came to him in haste with a message. He opened it and read: "The movement for to-morrow morning is countermanded." That ended the trouble about getting up early in the morning. Immediately on hearing this I went over to Gen. Davis' headquarters, and from there, (in company with my friend Capt. Howard of the 18th U. S., who is Commissary of Musters for Gen. Davis' Division) went to Gen. Reynolds headquarters, but found no one at home, so we went over to Gen. Grant's headquarters where we met Gen. Rawlins, Col. Lagow, Capt. Hudson and Capt. somebody else, all of Grant's staff. There learned that Bragg had notified Gen. Grant, yesterday, to remove the non-combatants from Chattanooga, which we laughed at as a joke. Returning to Gen. Reynolds headquarters we there met Capt. Floyd, Reynolds aide de camp, and took him with us to Capt. Howard's room where we found Col. Smith, of the 16th Illinois. We sat down and talked over the prospect of a fight while Capt. Howard (who is a capital little fellow), busied himself in making an elegant punch, of which of course, we all partook. Capt. Floyd then returned to his quarters, and Col. Smith, Capt. Howard and myself all turned in to Howard's big old fashioned bed together, for it had commenced raining and we didn't want to get wet going home in the rain. There, that's the conclusion of my Friday's operations. I was up at 6 o'clock this, Saturday, morning, came home here to my own quarters through quite a rain, breakfasted at eight, dined at two, supped at seven, and did nothing all day but sit in my tent and read the papers and my novel "Ten Thousand a Year" which now, at ten o'clock P. M., I have just laid down for the purpose of writing up this diary for to-day, after which I shall take it up again and read until sleepy. I like to read a good novel any time, but it is particularly pleasant to get hold of a good one in camp, with which to while away the long slow hours of a rainy day or lonesome evening, and I am specially interested in this one for the author is, evidently, a lawyer, quotes Blackstone, Chitty, Co, Litt, &c. quite glibly; talks about *nisi prius,* the *absque hoc,* "lessor of the plaintiff," &c. &c. like an old stager, and indeed has so skilfully interwoven into the plot of his story the abstruse principles of the English law relating to "Conveyances" and "Descents and Distributions" that in reading his pages I can almost imagine myself at home in my comfortable office, reading up for a land case. After all, that same office, humble as it is, and my law books, few though they be, have more charms for me than all this "pomp and circumstance of glorious war," and after we get this rebellion crushed I don't want to take a contract to crush any more; I prefer to settle all disputes hereafter by jury trial. Now for my "Ten Thousand a Year."

Sunday, Nov. 22.

Up rather late this morning, caused by sitting up to finish my "Ten Thousand a Year". Confound the "Ten Thousand a Year". After wading through the large volume I discovered that the last pages

were torn out, as I thought, but on turning to the title page, I discovered for the first time, that the story was "complete in two volumes." The other volume can't be obtained in Chattanooga, so now I'm in a bad fix—can't digest the story in this unfinished condition, and can't get the other half for a digester.

When I got up this morning, at eight thirty, breakfast was ready, and three letters were lying on my desk. By the address I saw, as I was dressing that one was from you, one from Mr. ———— and one from Mt. Vernon, Ohio, but I didn't know the handwriting on it. It then became a grave question with me whether I should read my letters before or after breakfast. If I am not in a hurry I like to keep your letters unopened a while, for the purpose of thinking about the contents, speculating as to whether they are gloomy or cheerful, whether they bring good news or bad news, whether they bring tidings of deaths or marriages among my friends and former associates, whether any of my old associates have had better luck or worse luck than I, so in accordance with this practice I determined to breakfast before opening my mail. Having finished breakfast I opened the Mt. Vernon letter first, and great was my surprise to find it was from Miss Martha ————. She writes me such a letter as Joshua R. Giddings might be supposed to write to some young politician of the Democratic persuasion who had long resisted Joshua's arguments, but who had suddenly discovered their truth and beauty, and had opened himself out like a sunflower to bask forever after in the full rays of the sun of Abolitionism.

Martha and I used to have some strong political arguments, and in her letter she reminds me that she has finally beaten me, and that I have come to her way of thinking. You know she was a noisy Abolitionist. But she is mistaken. I am not an Abolitionist, i.e., a *political* abolitionist. I have no affiliation with or sympathy for the *political* abolitionist, for they are a canting hypocritical set of cowards, having courage only to support their peculiar opinions with their tongues; they can't be found in our armies now, but are at home, holding their little tea party conventions, mourning over "man's inhumanity to man" and adopting addresses to the President entreating him to proclaim to the world that the negro is the equal of the white man, and that it is an abolition war. The fanatical fools! Can't they see, without conventions or proclamations, that it is an abolition war? If they were honest they would turn out and help fight the battles, instead of whining around home because the President won't ratify *God's own decree* by signing "A. Lincoln" at the bottom of it. Such abolitionists as Smith, Giddings, Phillips &c. I don't object to now, for they have, to a great extent, dropped their cant, and are, and have been striking sturdy blows for the government.

You see I am a *practical* but not a *political* abolitionist. But this is enough; I am simply "thinking out loud", moved to these thoughts by Miss Martha's letter. In your letter you say: "You know I can make good coffee". You can't imagine what a luxury a cup of that coffee, with "sure enough" cream and white sugar, with a piece of bread and butter would be down here just now. When I get home I shall appreciate plain bread and butter more than I ever did before

I was "brass mounted". I see by the despatches of to-day that the Cabinet has actually been considering the recall of the seceded states. That begins to look like business, but what bothers me is that the most serious part of that business will have to be transacted in a very rough way, probably in a day or two, by this very army.

I have been looking at the rebels, with a good glass, all day, filing along Mission Ridge in long columns, moving toward our left; evidently there is something up, and I think both sides are massing for a fight. Howard's Corps came across the river just at dark to-night, and it is here in Chattanooga, for the first time, to-night. While I write I can hear the rumble of artillery crossing the pontoon bridge, and I can also hear the whistles of the locomotives of the rebels, just on the other side of Mission Ridge—say three and a half miles from where I sit. What are those locomotives doing? Are they bringing rebel reinforcements, or are they hurrying Bragg's army away on another retreat? Hardly the latter I think, but I'll know to-morrow morning. We'll have to whip Bragg this week unless he runs away again. Was glad to get your letter and the postage stamps. You ask me if I have read the speech of Gantt of Arkansas. I have. A party of my regiment, under my command, last July, shot in two places, and captured his brother, Lieut. Col. George Gantt, at Centerville, Hickman Co., Tenn. I got his horse, saddle, bridle and pistols, had him carried to a house in Centerville, which is the county seat, had his wounds dressed, and as he was too badly wounded to take along, paroled him to report to the Federal Commander at Nashville as a prisoner of war as soon as he should be able to travel. He wrote a letter to his wife in Maury Co., Tenn., which I took and sent to her. I don't know whether he has ever reported or not. He was said to be one of the leading lawyers of Tenn before the war. Must get this off to-morrow. It will take two stamps and that is all I can spare now. Will try to continue the diary, and if I should be captured in the coming fight will have plenty of time in Libby to write, but expect to spend most of the time there devising plans of escape.

Your husband.

BATTLE OF MISSION RIDGE.

Chattanooga, Thursday, Nov. 26, 1863.

Dear wife:

I have just come down off Mission Ridge, up which we fought our way yesterday afternoon. My horse carried me up there without a girth to my saddle, but I can't tell how. We captured quite a good sized army in the way of prisoners and artillery. Right in front of our Division as we climbed the mountain, were massed 42 pieces of artillery, belching away at us, but they couldn't even scare us, as they couldn't depress their guns to reach us, but had to blaze away far over our heads. We captured all these guns. One of the first officers I saw at these guns was old Quartermaster General Meigs, wild with excitement, trying himself, to wheel one of these guns on the rebels,

flying down the opposite side of the mountain and furious because he couldn't find a lanyard with which to fire the gun.

Our advance to the base of the Ridge was the grandest sight I ever saw. Our line stretched along the valley for miles, in the open field, in plain view of the rebels on the mountain top, and at a given signal all moved forward as if on parade, through the open valley to the foot of the mountain, then without further orders, slowly, steadily, but broken into irregular groups by the inequalities of the face of the mountain, that long line climbed up the mountain, mostly on hands and knees, amid a terrible storm of shot, shell and bullets; the rebels were driven from their entrenchments on the mountain side, and on our gallant boys went, officers and men mingled together, all rank forgotten, following their old flag away to the mountain top, a struggle for a moment and our flag was planted here and there by scores of color bearers, on the very crest of the Ridge, battery after battery was taken, battle flags and prisoners captured, and the men indeed seemed perfectly frantic—rushing down the opposite side of the mountain after the flying rebels, regardless of officers, orders or anything else.

I slept on the ground on top of the Ridge last night, and when I waked this morning found myself lying within three feet of a dead man who, I thought, was lying there asleep when I laid down there in the dark last night. I have no time to write more; one brigade of our Division started in pursuit this morning, the rest of the Division may be off when I get back to where I left it, so I must hurry.

Thank God I am again unhurt, and in excellent health. Chattanooga is full of prisoners. They are non combatants now, and Grant will remove them to a safe place in accordance with the notice Bragg gave him some days since.

Your husband.

Chattanooga, Dec. 7, 1863.

Dear wife:

I received your letter written Nov. 26, on the 3rd day of this month, and when your letter was brought to my tent I was lying on my cot indulging in some vigorous remarks concerning mules in general, and one mule in particular, which, about two hours before, had given me a hard kick on the leg as I was riding past him, cold and hungry, just returning with my Division from the pursuit of Bragg and his valiant cavaliers whom we so handsomely "cleaned out" as the soldiers say. On Monday, Nov. 23rd our Division was ordered to move out just in front of the fortifications. We did so, and the rebels, as they looked down on us from Lookout Mountain and Mission Ridge, no doubt thought we had come out for a review. But Sheridan's Division followed us out and formed in line with us. Wonder what the rebels thought then? "Oh, a Yankee review; we'll have some fun shelling them directly." But out came Wood's Division, then Cruft's Division, then Johnson's Division, then Howard's entire Corps of "Potomacs." "What can those Yankee fools mean," Bragg must have thought, as he sat at the door of his tent on Mission Ridge and

watched the long lines of blue coats and glistening guns marching around in the valley below him, almost within gun shot of his pickets, and yet not a gun fired. All was peace in Chattanooga valley that day.

The sun shone brightly, the bands played stirring airs; tattered banners that had waved on battle fields from the Potomac to the Mississippi streamed out gaily, as if proud of the battle scars they wore. Generals Grant and Hooker, and Sherman and Thomas and Logan and Reynolds and Sheridan and scores of others, with their staffs, galloped along the lines, and the scene that spread out around me like a vast panorama of war filled my heart with pride that I was a soldier and member of that great army. But what did it all mean? Bragg, from his mountain eyrie, could see what we were doing just as well as Grant who was riding around amongst us. The rebels thought they had us hemmed in so that we dared not move, and so near starved that we could not move. Two o'clock came, and all was yet quiet and peaceful, gay as a holiday review; we could see crowds of rebels watching us from Mission Ridge and Lookout Mountain, but three o'clock came, and a solitary shot away over on our left, among Wood's men, made every fellow think: "Hark"! A few moments and another shot, then a rat-tat-tat-tat made almost every one remark: "Skirmishing going on over there." Wood's line moved forward, a few volleys, still Wood's line moved forward, and Sheridan's started forward, heavy work for a few minutes then all was quiet; two important hills were gained; cheer after cheer rang out in the valley and echoed and reverberated through the gorges of Lookout and Mission Ridge; still it was only 5 o'clock Monday afternoon. The bands commenced playing and the valley was again peaceful, but we all knew there was "something up," and Bragg must have thought so too. We lay there all night, sleeping on our arms.

Tuesday morning, Dec. 24th, broke bright and beautiful; the sun rose clear; but for whom was it a "sun of Austerlitz"? Grant or Bragg? We talked of Austerlitz and Waterloo at headquarters that morning. During the night the moon was almost totally eclipsed. We talked of that also. It was considered a bad omen among the ancients, on the eve of battle; we concluded also that it was ominous of defeat, but not for us; we concluded that it meant Bragg because he was perched on the mountain top, nearest the moon. Daylight revealed the hills which Wood and Sheridan had won the day before, bristling with cannon of sufficient calibre to reach Bragg's eyrie on Mission Ridge. About 9 o'clock in the morning some 30 heavy guns opened on Mission Ridge. It appeared then that we were to advance right down the valley and attack the rebel centre, but, hark! Away off on our right—3 miles away, on the opposite side of Lookout—we hear firing. What can that mean? Suddenly the cannon, with which we have been pounding away at Mission Ridge, are silent, and all eyes are turned westward toward Lookout Mountain. The sounds of battle increase there but it is on the other side of the mountain from us and we can see nothing, but the word passes around: "Hooker is storming Lookout"! My heart grows faint. Poor Hooker, with his Potomac boys are to be the forlorn hope! What? Storm that mountain peak 2400 feet high, so steep that a squirrel could scarcely climb it, and bristling

all over with rebels, bayonets and cannon? Poor boys! far from your quiet New England homes, you have come a long way only to meet defeat on that mountain peak, and find your graves on its rugged sides! Lookout Mountain will only hereafter be known as a monument to a whole Corps of gallant New Englanders who died there for their country! But hold! Some one exclaims: "The firing comes nearer, our boys are getting up"! All eyes are turned toward the Mountain, and the stillness of death reigns among us in the valley, as we listen to the sounds of battle on the other side of the Mountain while all was quiet as a Puritan sabbath on our side of it. How hope and despair alternated in our breasts! How we prayed for their success and longed to assist them, can only be known by those of us who, in that valley, stood watching that afternoon and listening to the swelling diapason of their battle. But the firing actually did grow nearer, manifestly our men were driving them; Oh! now if they only can continue it, but we fear they cannot! I have a long telescope with which I can distinctly see everything on our side of the mountain. I scan the mountain with it closely and continuously, but not a soul can I see. After hours of anxious suspense I see a single rebel winding his way back from the firing and around to our side of the mountain.

I announce to the crowd of Generals standing around: "There goes a straggler"! and in an instant everybody's glass is to his eye, but no more stragglers are seen, still the battle rages, and the little gleam of hope, that solitary straggler raised in our breasts, dies out. Minutes drag like hours, the suspense is awful, but look! look! Here comes a crowd of stragglers! here they come by hundreds, yes by thousands! The mountain is covered with them! They are broken, running! There comes our flag around the point of the mountain! There comes one of our regiments on the double quick! Oh! such a cheer as then went up in the valley! Manly cheeks were wet with tears of joy, our bands played "Hail to the Chief," and 50 brazen throated cannon, in the very wantonness of joy, thundered out from the fortifications of Chattanooga, a salute to the old flag which was then on the mountain top. The work was done. Lookout was ours, never again to be used as a perch by rebel vultures. Didn't we of the old Army of the Cumberland feel proud though? It was one of the regiments that fought at Chickamauga that carried that first flag to the mountain top. It was a brigade of the old Chickamauga army that led the storming party up the mounain. A straggling skirmish fire was kept up along our (the Eastern) side of the mountain, which we could trace by the flashes of the guns, until 11 o'clock at night, but then all became quiet, and again we passed the night in line of battle, sleeping on our arms. Bragg, no doubt, thought Hooker would continue to press forward across the valley from Lookout and attack his left on Mission Ridge in the morning, so he prepared for that during the night, by moving troops from his right to his left, to meet the anticipated attack of the morning, but Sherman, with his Vicksburg veterans, had all this time been lying concealed behind the hills on the North side of the Tenessee river, just North of the northern end of Mission Ridge, where Bragg's right was, awaiting the proper moment to commence his part of the stupendous plan. The

time was now come. Lookout was ours; now for Mission Ridge! Before daylight of Wednesday Nov. 25th, Sherman had his pontoons across the river, about 3 miles north of Chattanooga, and under cover of a dense fog, crossed his whole Corps and took possession of the northern extremity of Mission Ridge, finding nothing there but a few pickets, and there he fell to work fortifying. By this time Bragg saw his mistake. The attack of Wednesday was to be on his right, at the North end of Mission Ridge, instead of his left at the South end of the Ridge, so he hurriedly countermarched his troops back from his left to his right. When the fog rose, about ten o'clock in the morning, Sherman attempted to carry the summit of the Ridge but was repulsed; again he tried it but was again repulsed, still again he tried it and was repulsed. This time the fighting was all to the left of where we were instead of to the right, as it had been the day before. Sherman, after terrible fighting, had been repulsed in three successive efforts to crush the enemy's right on the top of the Ridge, and an order came for our Division to move up the river to his support. We started. The enemy could see us from the top of the Ridge, and quickly understood (or thought they did) our design, so they commenced shelling us, as our long line of 20 regiments filed along, but we moved along until we came to where a thin strip of woodland intervened between us and the Ridge. Sheridan's Division followed us and did the same. The enemy supposed of course that we were moving on up the river to the support of Sherman, but we were not; we halted and formed line of battle in that strip of woodland, facing Mission Ridge. This, I confess, staggered me; I couldn't understand it; it looked as though we were going to assault the Ridge, and try to carry it by storm, lined and ribbed as it was with rifle pits, and its topmost verge crowded with rebel lines, and at least 40 cannon in our immediate front frowning down on us; we never could live a moment in the open spaces of 600 yards between the strip of woods in which we were formed, and the line of rifle pits at the base of the mountain, exposed as we would be to the fire of the 40 cannon massed, and from five to eight hundred feet immediately above us, also to the infantry fire from the rifle pits. I rode down along the line of our Division, and there I found Woods Division formed on our right and facing the Ridge just as we were; I rode on and came to Sheridan's Division formed on Woods right and facing the same. Here was a line of veteran troops nearly two miles long, all facing Mission Ridge, and out of sight of the enemy. The purpose at once became plain to me, and I hurried back to my own Division, and on asking Gen. ———— he replied: "When 6 guns are fired in quick succession from Fort Wood, the line advances to storm the heights and carry the Ridge if possible. Take that order to Col. ————" (commanding the third brigade of our Division) "and tell him to move forward rapidly when he hears the signal." I communicated the order at once and that was the last I saw of the brigade commander, for he was killed just as he reached the summit of the Ridge. A few moments elapse, it is about half past three o'clock P. M., when suddenly, 6 guns are rapidly fired from Fort Wood. "Forward"! rings out along that long line of men, and forward they go, through the strip of woods, we reach

the open space, say 600 yards, between the edge of the woods and the rifle pits at the foot of the Ridge. "Charge"! is shouted wildly from hundreds of throats, and with a yell such as that valley never heard before, the three Divisions (60 regiments) rushed forward; the rebels are silent a moment, but then the batteries on top of the Ridge, open all at once, and the very heavens above us seemed to be rent asunder; shells go screaming over our heads, bursting above and behind us, but they hurt nobody and the men don't notice them; about midway of the open space a shell bursts directly over my head, and so near as to make my horse frantic and almost unmanageable; he plunges and bursts breast strap and girth and off I tumble with the saddle between my legs. My orderly catches my horse at once, throws the blanket and saddle on him, gives me a "leg lift" and I am mounted again, without girth, but I hold on with my knees and catch up with our madcaps at the first rifle pits, over these we go to the second line of pits, over these we go, some of the rebels lying down to be run over, others scrambling up the hill which is becoming too steep for horses, and the General and staff are forced to abandon the direct ascent at about the second line of rifle pits; the long line of men reach the steepest part of the mountain, and they must crawl up the best way they can 150 feet more before they reach the summit, and when they do reach it, can they hold it? The rebels are there in thousands, behind breastworks, ready to hurl our brave boys back as they reach their works. One flag bearer, on hands and knees, is seen away in advance of the whole line; he crawls and climbs toward a rebel flag he sees waving above him, he gets within a few feet of it and hides behind a fallen log while he waves his flag defiantly until it almost touches the rebel flag; his regiment follows him as fast as it can; in a few moments another flag bearer gets just as near the summit at another point, and his regiment soon gets to him, but these two regiments dare not go the next twenty feet or they would be annihilated, so they crouch there and are safe from the rebels above them, who would have to rise up, to fire down at them, and so expose themselves to the fire of our fellows who are climbing up the mountain. The suspense is greater, if possible, than that with which we viewed the storming of Lookout. If we can gain that Ridge; if we can scale those breastworks, the rebel army is routed, everything is lost for them, but if we cannot scale the works few of us will get down this mountain side and back to the shelter of the woods. But a third flag and regiment reaches the other two; all eyes are turned there; the men away above us look like great ants crawling up, crouching on the outside of the rebel breastworks. One of our flags seems to be moving; look! look! look! Up! Up! Up! it goes and is planted on the rebel works; in a twinkling the crouching soldiers are up and over the works; apparently quicker than I can write it the 3 flags and 3 regiments are up, the close fighting is terrific; other flags go up and over at different points along the mountain top—the batteries have ceased, for friend and foe are mixed in a surging mass; in a few moments the flags of 60 Yankee regiments float along Mission Ridge from one end to the other, the enemy are plunging down the Eastern slope of the Ridge and our men in hot pursuit, but darkness comes too soon and the pursuit must cease;

we go back to the summit of the Ridge and there behold our trophies—dead and wounded rebels under our feet by hundreds, cannon by scores scattered up and down the Ridge with yelling soldiers astraddle them, rebel flags lying around in profusion, and soldiers and officers completely and frantically drunk with excitement. Four hours more of daylight, after we gained that Ridge would not have left two whole pieces of Bragg's army together.

Our men, stirred by the same memories, shouted "Chickamauga"! as they scaled the works at the summit, and amid the din of battle the cry "Chickamauga"! "Chickamauga"! could be heard. That is not *fancy* it is *fact*. Indeed the plain unvarnished facts of the storming of Mission Ridge are more like romance to me now than any I have ever read in Dumas, Scott or Cooper. On that night I lay down upon the ground without blankets and slept soundly, without inquiring whether my neighbors were dead or alive, but, on waking found I was sleeping among bunches of dead rebels and Federals, and within a few rods of where Bragg slept the night before, if he slept at all.

You must not think that the General and staff remained at the second line of rifle pits on the side of the mountain, where I left them a few pages back, until the fight was over. The steepness of the mountain compelled us to zigzag back and forth, ascending a little with every zigzag until we reached the summit while the hand to hand melee was going on, before the rebels broke away down the Eastern slope.

Early next morning I rode back to my quarters in the city, where I am now writing, got a new saddle girth and wrote you a brief letter, just to let you know I was safe. That was Nov. 26th, Thanksgiving Day in the United States, I believe, and it was the same with me, though my "Thanksgiving Dinner" was hard tack and raw bacon, but it was toothsome as turkey, for hunger makes fine sauce, you know. You wrote me that same day. After writing my hasty letter to you I hurried back to the Ridge and found my Division gone in pursuit of Bragg, but I soon overtook it, and we bivouacked for the night without having overtaken the enemy. On that night (26th) I rolled up in my saddle blanket and slept on the ground soundly. We started at two o'clock, on the morning of the 27th, and reached Chickamauga Creek, the bridge over which the rebels had burned in their retreat, and by daylight we had a bridge over it and marched to Greyville, where we met Davis' Division, which had moved by a different road and had captured a battery and 300 rebels in a fight there that morning. Davis had moved by a shorter road and arrived there ahead of us. I wasn't *very* sorry for it, for by him getting there before us he saved us a fight, and I like to dodge fights, but appear to have poor success at it, and a fellow stands a chance of getting just as badly hurt in a little fight as in a big one. After halting a few moments at Greyville we started in a Southeasterly direction, toward Ringgold, where we heard the sound of a battle going on, and Gen. ————, our Corps Commander, rightly supposed that Hooker, who had taken that road, had come up with the enemy. After marching ten miles very rapidly we reached Hooker and found him hotly engaged with the enemy; our Division was soon in line and ready for the word to "go in" but the rebels withdrew, and

fell back to Dalton. We bivouacked at Ringgold on that night (27th) and the next day one brigade of our Division was sent down the railroad toward Dalton to destroy the railroad bridges. I asked leave to accompany this brigade, as I had been over the road with ————'s brigade of mounted infantry, before the battle of Chickamauga, and knew the country and location of the railroad bridges. The General gave me leave to go and direct the expedition, so I went along. We burned 5 railroad bridges, tore up and burned the ties of a mile of the track, took some prisoners, one of them a lieutenant on the staff of Gen. Joe Johnston, and found the houses along the road filled with dead and wounded rebels, whom we left as we found. We got back to Ringgold, in the rain, before dark, and bivouacked for the night, (28th). Gen. Turchin, who had a couple of tents along in a wagon which he had brought with him, loaned us a tent, and we all, General and staff, rolled up in our saddle blankets and slept together under that tent. I enclose a rough pencil sketch, made by one of our staff officers, depicting a portion of our staff that night just before we got any supper. Gen. ———, you see, is making desperate efforts to fry his own supper, consisting entirely of fresh pork. The African, with frying pan is endeavoring to provide something for the rest of us.

No other incidents of note occurred until we returned to Chattanooga, except, as we were returning, I was riding through the woods in company with Gen. ————, our Corps commander, and his staff, when we came across a caisson, loaded with shells, which the rebels had abandoned.

Gen. ———— ordered me to find my Division commander and have him bring the caisson in to Chattanooga. I couldn't find my Division commander nor any team that could haul it in, so I went to work with the assistance of my orderly, and knocked some weatherboards off an old church near by, and built a rousing fire under the caisson, but had to hurry away from it after I got my fire well started, and hadn't gone far until the fire reached the powder, and then I had the fun of hearing 90 rebel shells explode together, and I tell you, it made something of a racket in those old Georgia woods. I am glad now that I didn't ask for leave of absence before the fight, for I should have missed it, and should always have regretted it. I shall now get one as soon as I can. Gen. Reynolds has gone to New Orleans to take command there. I should have been glad to go with him, but if I did I wouldn't have got home until the close of the war, and I couldn't think of that. There are many things I intended to write about when I began this, which I have omitted, but this is long enough, and I'll quit. xxxxxxxxx

Your husband.

Chattanooga, Dec. 9, 1863.

Dear wife:

I received, to-day, your letter of 28th ult. It is a good one, well and spicily written, and was full of little items decidedly interesting.

Dec. 10. Just as I had written the word "interesting" in the line above, a party of friends came into my tent and that ended my letter

Her Baird

writing for the night. Calls are often made at inopportune times, as you have no doubt discovered, but one must do as he is advised to do at the picture gallery, "look pleasant." I was in good humor last night and was sorry to be interrupted, but I can't say I'm in bad humor now, so I think I will try and finish the letter. On reading your remarks relative to "Vic" my mind ran back to certain "Lines to Vic," in "The Commercial" of long since, and I had a quiet little laugh all to myself. What funny pranks Time plays with the bright little romances of our "girl and boy" days. The romantic poetaster of a very few years since, now sits, solitary, in his muslin house on the bank of the Tennessee and thanks his stars that he has an assurance of plenty of pork and hard tack for his morrow's breakfast, while she, for whom he racked his brains to find jingling rhymes, has settled down into a quiet, steady materfamilias. Why the mischief don't Major ———— marry somebody? He has fought, fled and flickered for his country; he's an old soldier, and ought to have the blessings of a helpmate to brighten his declining years. But here am I, talking about the blessings of a helpmate, just as if I knew anything about it; I guess I had better wait until I can speak with more experience.

I sometimes think that when I do get home it will require the services of another clerical gentleman to convince us we are within Hymen's dominions. I told Gen. ————, a couple of days since, that I was going home soon if I had to have a fight for it, and he said that after the troops got back from Knoxville that had gone there to reinforce Burnside, he would fix it so I could get home. Good for him! I am having the easiest time now I have ever had in the service. I see that the pickets are properly posted and instructed every morning and inspect Government property in this Division. I have a clerk who prepares all my official papers, and an orderly who does my errands; have a wall tent for myself and one for my office, which my clerk occupies. All this is very nice, but I don't feel that I am earning what the government pays me. I could do ten times as much official work as I have to do, and it seems like waste. There are too many staff officers in our army, lounging around, doing little or nothing. I have been accustomed to something different—hard work in the field day after day, continually, for weeks at a time, and I then felt happy and contented. After all a little spice of danger, every day, is an excellent thing; it drives away the blues and gives to the soldier's life that dash of romance which makes pictures on the memory that never fade, but will return

> "In the night time of sorrow and care
> To bring back the features that joy used to wear."

But I've learned enough about soldiering to know that it's not worth one's while to go out to hunt up danger just for the sake of laying up a stock of romance; one gets enough of it in the ordinary course of events. I have not answered that Mt. Vernon letter yet. I have been a careless fellow about writing, and have spent many an hour sleeping that I might have well used in writing to my friends, but whenever I take a notion to punish any one with a letter you are generally

the victim decided on. When I get to thinking about the way I am spending my time, I feel just as I used to during the long vacation, and I think, "My boy you've got to buckle down to your books and study hard in return for these idle days you are passing." It sometimes seems to me that when I get home I shall have forgotten what little I ever did know, and have to learn everything over again. I actually feel that I have lost a great deal of valuable time *"patrioting"* up and down and over and through the lines of this rebellious Confederacy, and I don't see how I'm going to make it up. Some one, though, consoles me by telling me: "You are doing your duty to your country." That's all very fine, but when I, and thousands of others like me, risk neck and everything else, to run down such villains as John Morgan, you stay-at-home patriots are too intent on making money to take care of them, but turn them loose to harass us again.

Ohio is a poor stick—she permits traitors to run as candidates for Governor, and opens the doors of her penitentiary to turn loose a band of cutthroats to prey upon her sons in the field. Shame! Shame! upon Ohio. John Morgan will never be turned over to her again, to hold as a prisoner; she can't be trusted. Aren't you sorry you belong in Ohio? If to-morrow is a clear day I'm going to ride up to the top of Lookout Mountain. It is said one can see seven states from its summit. Some of these days we'll go up there together. I sent some money, some time since, by an acquaintance who was going North, to get me a uniform coat, and sent the measure by him. It seems he bought the biggest coat he could get for my money, for he brought me one big enough for myself and *all my family*. I sold it at a loss of ten dollars and gave myself credit for ten dollars worth of experience. I also had a jolly time "cussin" over it, for you should know that relieves one's feelings very much, at times when nothing else will do it. xxxxxxxxx

Your husband.

Chattanooga, Dec. 14, 1863.

Dear wife:

It is bed time now, but I must write you a little letter anyhow. I expect you have the blues just a little, haven't you? I don't wonder much, for it certainly seems as though I had run clean off and never tried to get back. Never mind, we'll have a good time yet, to compensate for all this watching and waiting. I hope so, don't you? and is that hope strong enough to keep the color in your cheek, brightness in your eye and joy in your heart? or is it a feeble, hesitating, doubting hope, half eclipsed by the shadow of despair? Your heart is strong in the Union faith, I know, but I expect at times you feel like the soldier on a long hard campaign, and heave a sigh, and wish it was all over. zzzzzzzzzz. ———, ———, ——— and ———, must be having fine times at home, and won't their descendants be proud of the ancestors, who, during these stirring times remained at home skirmishing among pots and kettles, and awaking to the reveille of squalling juveniles?

x x x x x x x x x
I am hoping that leave will find me soon.

Your husband.

Chattanooga, Dec. 19, 1863.

Dear wife:

I received yours of 11th this morning, have just finished reading it, and as the mail goes out in an hour, I'll write you a hasty note. I am greatly in hope I can be with you about the holidays. Gen ———— said yesterday he would approve my application for leave, and that Gen. Thomas would. Won't that be splendid? The thought almost repays me for the long period of waiting. But "there's many a slip 'twixt the cup and the lip," and I shall not permit myself to become too enthusiastic, for fear of disappointment. I shall be compelled to stop at Louisville a couple of days to get some decent clothes.

I shall telegraph you from Louisville and you can do as you think best about coming down there, but it would be a long fatiguing journey for you—the weather will be cold—and we would start right back in a day or two, so that I am afraid so much journeying about in the cold might make you sick. I should like very much to meet you at Louisville, but it will make only a day or two difference, so take no risk.

I shall stop at the "Galt House," so you will know where to find me if you come. It would be too bad if we should pass on the road.

I shall not count very certain on meeting you this side of Mt. Gilead. Can't tell when I'll get off even if successful, but think I can be there by New Year day, possibly sooner.

Your husband.

Chattanooga, Dec. 22, 1863.

Dear wife:

It is quite late but I'll write you a line, which I hope may reach you by New Years, if I do not myself. I filed my application for leave yesterday and it was endorsed "approved" by Gen. ———— and I took it to-day to Corps headquarters from where it has, *probably* gone to Department headquarters this evening, and ought to be returned here by to-morrow evening, but I'm afraid it won't get back until next day, and it will then be the 24th, and only leave 7 days for me to get there, provided I get the leave. If I get it to-morrow night, and can find a boat next morning going down to Bridgeport some time on the 25th (Christmas), and, if I have good luck, can reach Nashville in time to catch the Louisville train on the morning of the 26th, reaching Louisville that night, then spend the 27th, 28th and 29th there, I can start for Mt. Gilead on the 30th, just in time for the New Year.

Now you can see upon how many contingencies my arrival on New Years depends; so many indeed that I'm afraid it will just be my luck to have some of them fail, and throw me behind time.

I write this hasty letter now, for fear I should not be able to reach there New Years, and hoping that if I fail you will get it just at the time I ought to be there myself. If I shouldn't get home for a month yet I'm not going to cry about it and you must not either.

Your husband.

Chattanooga, Dec. 28, 1863.

Dear wife:

I received two letters from you to-day, and you know I was glad to get them. Although I have always endeavored to look philosophically on army life, with all its annoyances, discomforts and disappointments, I must confess that my philosophy occasionally fails to reconcile me, and I find myself in that situation just now, although I know my situation is better than that of thousands in this army. I confidently expected to be as far North as Louisville, at least, by to-night, but here I am yet, in this miserable mud hole, my application for leave having been lost somewhere between here and Department headquarters, or pigeon holed by some careless clerk. There is nothing left for me now but to "try, try again", which I shall certainly do, and this time I'll carry it up myself all the way, but I can't get home by New Years, and that's what I'm mad about. Three days more and this year's gone, there's no use making a fuss about it though for that won't help the matter. I took the precaution to write you a letter several days ago, which you ought to receive just about New Years day, and which may be of some slight compensation for my failure to "report in person" on that day, yet I had every reason to believe, when I wrote that letter, that I would be at home myself as soon as the letter. I feel quite sure I will be at home as soon as *this* letter, but I *must* write it, even though I should carry it home myself, for I am out of humor and must "express myself" to some one. Confound the army! That's what I always thought and I'm sure of it now. Well, here goes for another application, which shall be "personally conducted" and not lost by the way, so good night.

Your husband.

Seymour, Ind., Feb. 6, 1864.

Dear wife:

Here I am, at the junction of the Ohio & Mississippi and Indianapolis & Jeffersonville Railroads, and have been since eight o'clk last night, and can't get away until noon to-day. I shall be one day behind time in spite of all I can do. If I had made connections I should have been in Nashville to-night but now I shall only reach Louisville. I couldn't get a bed in this wretched place last night so I lay on some chairs and slept soundly. Gen. Rosecrans was here last night and had to sleep the same way, so I suppose I ought to be satisfied. Now that my leave of absence has expired, I feel like a boy who has spent all his money for candy and eaten the candy. Still I feel better than when I returned to the army a year ago, for I think I can see the end. xxxxxxxxxx

Your husband.

Chattanooga, Feb. 9, 1864.

Dear wife:

Arrived here at one o'clock this afternoon, after a series of most annoying detentions. I was detained 8 hours at Cincinnati, 16 hours at Seymour, 12 hours at Louisville, 21 hours at Nashville and 24 hours on the road from Nashville to Chattanooga. Could have made the trip nearly as soon, and quite as comfortably, on my horse.

I gave Gen. ———— that big apple you forced me to bring along. He appreciated it for it was a fine one and even poor ones are a rarity here. Everything is quiet here, but Chattanooga is much more lively than it was before the cars ran through. It seemed odd to me, to-day, to whisk along in a railroad train around Lookout Mountain, and over the very same ground where I cautiously stationed pickets but a few weeks ago. Now that I am back here I think of a thousand things I might have told you that would have interested you, but, somehow I couldn't think of them while there. It seems to me I was not at home more than a day. I bought "David Copperfield" at Cincinnati, and have reached the chapter on "Good and bad Angels" so if you don't hurry up I'll finish before you yet. I found my horse in very good condition, but my servant, during my absence, closed out my slender stock of camp "fixin's," such as water bucket, wash basin, blacking brush, curry comb, brush &c &c at "ruinous sacrifice." I suppose. and decamped for the North with the proceeds. It is rather cold here to-night, but I have a good fire in my tent, and am feeling first rate, but sleepy, so will make this short and shut up shop.

Your husband.

Chattanooga, Feb. 14, 1864.

Dear wife:

Although this is Sunday, yet it has not been a day of rest for me, but just before supper I came in and cleaned up, put on my best suit and fixed up generally, just as if I were preparing to accompany you to church, then I ate supper and returned to my tent, content to sit before my cheerful fireplace and feel that I had paid some respect to the Sabbath day by "dressing up." As I sat there looking at the embers and blaze and curling smoke of my fireplace, I fell to thinking of David Copperfield, whose veritable history I finished last night. I sympathised with him in his struggles for fame, fortune and a wife, but I reproached him for his folly in taking for wife the "Little Blossom", Dora, while so pure, so loving and so gentle a being as Agnes, was silently waiting and watching on the margin of Life's stream, for the moment when his wayward heart should be turned to her. I was not happy when he married Dora. I didn't like her during the courtship; she pouted too much, and too often refused to look Life in the face, so I was sorry at the wedding of David and Dora; but I always liked Agnes, and when "Heep" was plotting to win her I wished him drowned, hung or "drafted in the army", but after David's return from foreign travel I enjoyed his visits to Canterbury and Agnes quite as much as he did himself,

although his obtuseness and blindness provoked me, and I felt him a great dunce for persisting in loving her as a *sister* instead of as a *lover*, for it was evident that her whole heart was his, and he ought to have seen it sooner, but when he *did* see it I was happy with him, and rejoiced as much as he did at his wedding. In my musings I also recalled "Tom Traddles" and his "Sophy"; his years of waiting, of earnest labor and of constant hopefulness; I recalled the gush of merry girl laughter that greeted Copperfield when, after long absence, he returned to visit his friend "Traddles", and found him the happy husband of the happy "Sophy", who had waited for this happiness so long, and I fancied that, some day, some friendly Copperfield would visit another happy "Traddles" and happy "Sophy" in their own happy home, "when this cruel war is over."

Sometimes I wonder whether I am not too much like Mr. Micawber, always sanguine that "something will turn up", but, I guess upon the whole, I am not at all like him, for I know very well that nothing will turn up for me except what I "turn up" myself. See what a tangent the reading of "David Copperfield" has started me off on. I have another novel, "Con Cregan," at my elbow which I shall commence as soon as I have finished this letter. You see I must read something, or my mind would become as rusty as a boy's jack knife that has been lost in a rubbish pile for a year or two, and in the absence of anything better I devour every novel I get hold of—that is during my leisure hours, principally evenings, for since my return I have been busy as a bee every day, inspecting government property and condemning such as is worn out or otherwise unserviceable, so as to prepare for a new outfit for the coming campaign, and just now I have so many "Inventories of Public Property" stacked up on my desk as to give my office quite a formidable appearance of business and red tape.

We have had rumors, for several days, that this Division is to move to Knoxville tomorrow morning, but we will not, yet I think we will move, in some direction, in a few days, probably before you receive this, but it will not be to Knoxville. I think it will be either Ringgold, Dalton or Lafayette. If we go to Dalton we will probably have a stiff fight before we get there, but we will start with men enough to whip them. You recollect the old woman in ———— who told my fortune. She told me I would be in no more battles; I hope she was right, but from the look of things here I think she was mistaken in the man, for my chances for a fight are excellent. One thing is certain, we have the rebellion "scotched" and its being "killed" is now regarded by this army as a question of short time. We may be too sanguine.

Twenty-four freight trains per day run to Chattanooga from Nashville, and army stores are rapidly accumulating here. I saw the 15th army corps moving across Lookout Mountain today, coming from Bridgeport; they are encamped just outside of our pickets tonight; that means business in some direction, but where or what is not yet developed. Deserters in yesterday report the rebels about to fall back from Dalton. I wish they would fall back from *every place* about 24 hours before we reach there; it would make the suppression of the rebellion

much less destructive to human life, and much less disturbing to human nerves.

I had almost forgotten; this is Valentine's Day. "And you shall be my Valentine," then there's a whole lot more things of that sort which I can't recall just now, but consider them all said in the customary way. * * * * * *

Your husband.

Chattanooga, Feb. 16, 1864.

Dear wife:

It is very cold to-night—think I shall almost freeze before morning. "Sunny South," eh? ugh! I thought I should do a large amount of work to-night, but my fingers get cold and I can't half write. My official papers must be well done whether my letters are or not, so a few minutes ago I tumbled them all to one side to wait for warmer weather, and thought I would go to bed, but it's so cold I'm almost afraid to commit myself to "the arms of Morpheus" lest I should awake in the embrace of Mr. John Frost, so I have concluded to cheat both Morpheus and Frost for a while, by shiveringly writing to you. Stick a pin here until I warm my fingers. Five minutes later. Fingers warm, and fire stirred up. Have been busy out doors all day, and it was so cold as to actually make my head ache. Happened to be present at a flag presentation to-day, in the camp of the 11th Ohio. The flag was an elegant silk one, presented by the ladies of Troy, Ohio, and purchased with funds of a "Ladies Aid Society". The citizen, delegated by the ladies to present it, made a spread eagle speech. I'd rather listen to Bragg's cannonade than to a citizen urging soldiers to stand by their flag. Gen. John Beatty has resigned and gone home. I wish your brother Henry was out of Libby. His regiment is in this Division, and he could be Topographical Engineer on the Division staff, as there is a vacancy now. Our Top. Engineer was thrown from his horse yesterday and had his leg broken in three places, which will close his military career for a good while, and he had just returned from a leave of absence day before yesterday; he has been married a little over a year and has been in the army ever since.

I'm sorry for him but am glad it was not I who was thrown. Another pin here until I fire up again. Five minutes later. All right again. xxxxxxxx

There is still some talk of this Division moving somewhere. I guess we will, but when or where I don't know. I hope we may go where there are no armed rebels, they are such unfriendly creatures to us gentlemen in blue. I have not had time to see Johnathan Wood yet. The Division to which his regiment belongs is at Rossville, about 5 miles from here. If next Sunday is a pleasant day I shall ride out there and find him. If you could save all these letters I am writing you from the army I think I would enjoy reading them myself twenty years hence, when the memory of these events, of daily occurrence, will have become blurred and faded like old daugerrotypes. Remember this letter was written with cold fingers, while one side of me froze

and the other roasted. If I sleep at all to-night I shall dream of writing you a warm letter, on a sheet of ice, with an icicle for a pen.

Your husband.

Chattanooga, Feb. 21, 1864

Dear wife:

Here I am on my fourth letter to you without having heard a single word from you, but I'm sure it is not your fault. Indeed you may not have received one of those letters. We march, to-morrow morning at 7 o'clock, on the road to Dalton. The order came at dark this evening. The 14th Army Corps alone moves out. I suspect though, that another Corps, the 15th, will move toward Dalton, to-morrow, by another road, from Cleveland. If that be the case we can take Dalton, but if we try it with the 14th Corps alone I think we will fail. It is probable, though, that this is intended only for a reconnaisance, to find out just what is there, for we take but 3 days rations and 60 rounds of ammunition. Still I expect we will have some fighting; indeed I am pretty sure of it, for it's just my luck to get into a fight every time I get outside of the picket line. If I had my way about it I'd stay inside the picket line. Well, such is war; it can't be carried on without fighting, so I'll accept it as a necessity, and stop crying about it. I didn't get up until about ten o'clock this morning, just because it was Sunday morning and I was lazy. I rode out to Chickamauga Station, found Mr. Wood, and spent a couple of hours with him.

The day was beautiful, the roads fine, my horse felt well and I enjoyed the ride very much. You must see this country with me sometime for it is great, and I know you would be delighted with it. But I must be up early in the morning, so I'll turn in to my cot now, and by this time to-morrow night I'll be rolled in my saddle blanket in front of a huge log fire, if I have good luck.

Your husband.

Ringgold, Ga., Feb. 26, 1864.

Dear wife:

We moved out from Chattanooga, Monday morning, and after hard fighting part of the time, reached within 4 miles of Dalton last evening, but were compelled to fall back last night to this place, a distance of four miles. I was in the saddle at half past two o'clk yesterday morning and was in it almost continuously, from that time, during the entire day and all last night until daylight this morning.

About an hour ago I lay down to sleep, but in five minutes was aroused by an order for a forward movement again, so while the troops are getting ready I am writing you this hasty pencil note. The only blood I shed in yesterday's fight came from scratching my face in riding through a briar patch to put our troops in position. I received yours of 17th on Monday, the same day we commenced this movement.

Day before yesterday, at Tunnel Hill, Ga., where we had a little

skirmish, after the fighting was over, I rode up to a house and, on entering, found the occupant to be a widow, with three little children. Our soldiers had been in and carried away everything she had to eat. She was crying and her children were hanging to her and crying as though their little hearts would break. It was more than I could stand, but what could I do to relieve them? I had no food, but I felt in honor bound to do something, so I gave her a ten dollar greenback and turned away and left her with almost as heavy a heart as the poor woman had. God help her. Last night after dark, while we were yet lying on the field of the fight, a little lamb came up to me bleating most piteously; I took it up in my arms, petted it until it fell asleep like an infant, and lay sleeping on my lap an hour. I couldn't think of leaving it there to starve, and I couldn't take it with me, so I carried it to a house, about a half mile distant, and gave it to a little girl who promised to take good care of it. These two incidents impressed me and I can't help making note of them. We start for Dalton again to-day. I expect there will be some tolerably sharp fighting, but it will be only for reconnoitering purposes. We'll get them, when we go after them in earnest.

Your husband.

Chattanooga, March 5, 1864.

Dear wife:

It appears to me a long time since I have written you, but we have been campaigning some and that, you know, always interferes with correspondence. It turned out just as I expected, I got back from my leave just in time to be in the first fight my Division was engaged in. We were engaged with the enemy near Dalton, Ga., but you have, no doubt, learned all the particulars of our operations from the newspapers, before this time. The object of our reconnoisance was successfully accomplished, without very heavy loss on our side, and we retired about 12 miles, to Ringgold, Ga., where my Division is now stationed. We are on the extreme front, about 18 miles southeast from Chattanooga, with the rebel pickets in sight of ours. I left Ringgold yesterday, with an escort of ten men, under orders of our Division commander, to inspect the roads leading from Ringgold to Chattanooga, and on reaching Chattanooga, to report to the corps Commander as to the condition of the roads and bridges. I reached here last night about 9 o'clock after a very fatiguing day's ride, and reported this morning. We will have the railroad in running order from here to Ringgold in 20 days, and then will be connected with the North once more. I think our situation at Ringgold will be very pleasant; it is quite a nice town, and had about 1,000 inhabitants before the war. All the business portion of the town was burned by our forces last fall, after the battle of Mission Ridge. Morris Baxter was killed in the battle at Ringgold. From my information something new, in the way of conducting the war, will be inaugurated within the next two months. I think your brother Henry escaped from Libby with the lot of officers who tunneled out, but fear he was recaptured, for I see that Lieut. H. C. *Duncan* was

retaken, of the 10th Ky., and I suppose that means him, although the surname is not quite right.

Your husband.

Ringgold, Ga., March 10, 1864.

Dear Wife:

Some days since I received your letter, written at Massillon on Sunday, Feb. 24th. You guessed correctly, I have been in another engagement; I don't like 'em, but can't afford to miss when my command takes part. The enclosed letter, written with a pencil and dated Feb. 26th, was written hurriedly on the date it bears, that being the day after our engagement, but I had no envelope, no stamp and no opportunity to send it then, so I put it in my pocket where it has remained hidden away ever since until I discovered it this evening, and although a little stale, will enclose it and save writing the same things over again. We were just about to march when I wrote it, and I supposed we would stir up another fight before night, but we didn't, and the next day we retired to Ringgold, where this Division has remained since. We are the extreme southern outpost of the army. Johnston's army is at Dalton, only 16 miles distant, supposed to be about 40,000 strong, while we are 18 miles from Chattanooga, and only about 5,000 strong. Some fine morning we may wake up to find Johnston's army all around us. Well, the worst they can do is to capture us, but I'll take care to see that our pickets are watchful and posted at every possible approach to our camp, that being my duty.

Day before yesterday morning I took the 38th Ohio regiment out to the front and put it on picket. The regiment has just returned from Ohio, having reenlisted as veterans. During the 24 hours they were on picket one of their recruits deserted to the enemy; we learn today, by conversation with some rebel officers under a flag of truce, that the deserter was one of Morgan's officers who escaped from your Ohio penitentiary. Good for Morgan, and his men; they are sharp. I wrote you a few days since from Chattanooga, where I had gone for the purpose of inspecting the roads between here and there. I started back here the next day after I wrote you, and on a new road. I had travelled this new road about 8 miles and was much pleased with it; thought it was the best road I had found for military purposes, and much the shortest, but after having gone that distance, I met a courier from a small cavalry force which had been guarding a pass in the mountains, and he informed me that the enemy had driven them away from the pass, and that if I went ahead I would probably meet with rebel scouting parties. I had nothing but my sword and a small pistol, my escort was only 8 mounted men armed with pistols and sabers, the enemy would probably outnumber us and be armed with carbines or Enfield rifles, so I concluded to practice Falstaff's strategy by countermarching and advancing briskly back to whence I came, and I then took another and safer road to this place. My quarters now are in a house, where our Medical Director and myself occupy a large pleasant room to-

gether. The furniture is not elegant but answers our purpose admirably. It consists of one cot in one corner of the room and another cot in another corner; my desk in one corner of the room and the Medical Director's in another, four split bottomed chairs, a little box filled with tan bark, for a spittoon, at my desk, a snug fireplace at one end of the room; there are three windows, two looking south toward a mountain called Taylor's ridge and one looking east upon White Oak mountain, where Morris Baxter, poor fellow, fell. Wilder's brigade of mounted infantry was the first Federal force that entered Ringgold; that was last September, and this was then a handsome town of about 1000 inhabitants, but now the scars of war mar its beauty, and, save a few scattering houses, nothing but shapeless piles of brick and lone chimneys is left to mark the site of the town of Ringgold. All this country was occupied by the Cherokee Indians until 25 or 30 years ago; there used to be a Cherokee village here, and the house which was built by a chief of their tribe, Dick Taylor, (after whom the mountain is named) was burned here a few weeks ago by a party of our cavalry. Were it not for the prowling rebel scouts, I should like to roam around over these mountains and through these valleys, for they are filled with traces of the red man. I did venture some distance out this morning to see an Indian mound, situated in an open plain, and about 15 feet in diameter at the base, gradually sloping upward about ten feet and terminating in a point. I rode slowly around it, musing upon the many changes that valley had seen since the day when, probably, some party of Indian braves had quietly reared that mound as a resting place for some lost chieftain, where his spirit might encamp forever, in the midst of the hunting grounds of his tribe. What beautiful superstitions the Indian entertained; so full of poetry and of faith in a Supreme Being. Longfellow, in his "Hiawatha", beautifully alludes to that faith, when he speaks of the Indian *stretching out his hand in the darkness and touching God's right hand.* Speaking of Longfellow reminds me of the days when I used to read books, but now I rarely look inside of one unless it be a novel. What a waste of precious time! Dear little Jennie dead! the sweet little flower transplanted to God's garden; I can well imagine how the little jewel

"Untouched by sorrow and unsoiled by sin"

is missed from that pleasant household. I can see her now, as she sat upon my knee and talked to me in her childish prattle, and it seems strange to me that those bright eyes should be forever closed in death. Present my condolence and kindest regards to the sorrowing parents, and I trust that the Christian's hope of meeting the lost darling, happy, in a fairer world, may soon remove the shadows from their hearts. There are about 200 documents, reports &c on my table, awaiting my attention, and I can't write any more until they are disposed of. Good night.

Your husband.

Ringgold, Sunday, March 13, 1864.

Dear wife:

I received a letter from you today, just as I was mounting my horse, and read it as I rode along. I'll write you one now.

> "But how it may turn out, let time and chance determine;
> Perhaps it may turn out a sang, perhaps turn out a sermon."

There is not much music about me just now though, so the chances are that it will not be much of a song, and as piety is a scarce article here there is not much probability of its being a sermon.

On looking again at the lines I have quoted above I find, that while writing them I was paying more attention to a conversation being carried on in the room, between two surgeons than I was to my Burns, for I have misquoted. Let me correct it:

> "But how the subject theme may gang,
> Let Time and Chance determine;
> Perhaps it may turn out a sang,
> Perhaps turn out a sermon."

There, that's more creditable to "Bobby." This is a bright, warm, sunshiny Sabbath. The birds are making the mountains and valleys vocal with their songs; wild flowers bedeck the fields and mountain sides; the peach trees are in full bloom, and everything serves to make time pass pleasantly for us. On my ride this afternoon, after winding through several mountain gorges and climbing mountain sides by bridle paths, I found myself on top of White Oak mountain, looking down almost directly into the few remaining chimneys of Ringgold, on the one side, while on the other side, toward the East, the view stretches far away to the Cohuttah mountains, a part of the range dividing North Carolina from Tennessee. Looking to the northwest, and apparently but a few miles away, I saw Lookout looming up like a giant, and near its base, the camp fires at Chattanooga curling up. Looking southeast I saw the rebel videttes sitting on their horses in the road leading to Dalton, the smoke ascending from rebel camp fires at Tunnell Hill, between here and Dalton, and could discern every spot at which rebels are encamped in our front for many miles, by the smoke that curled up amongst the pine trees. On the top of this mountain, where they will never be disturbed by the ploughshare of the farmer, I found graves, graves of Ohio boys; fourteen of them lay there side by side, fitly sleeping their last long sleep on the mountain which their valor helped to win. They belonged to the 76th Ohio. This used to be an Indian village, and I can well imagine the pleasure of the Indian as he roamed, unrestrained, amongst these picturesque mountains and valleys and fished in these streams. Major ———, the Adjutant General of this Division, was married in Pittsburg last November, and after his marriage, left his bride as suddenly as I did when we were married. He left the day after his marriage, but he looks so woe begone that I fear he is suffering from "nostalgia." I don't believe I ever looked as solemn about it as he does, and if I feel it I shall not let any one know it if I can help it. There will be consider-

able fighting *somewhere* before long, and I think it will be an advance on Atlanta, judging from the amount of supplies being accumulated at Chattanooga. The railroad is finished half way between here and Chattanooga, and I think will be finished to this place next week. This is the extreme southern out post of this army, but we are connected with Chattanooga and the North by telegraph. Send me some postage stamps.

Your husband.

Ringgold, March 16, 1864.

Dear wife:

After tea. Yes *tea*. For be it known that I am living just now like one in civilization; I am boarding with a retired merchant, and furnishing the leading rations. The family consists of the merchant, his wife, her sister, and his two children, a little boy about 5 years old and a little girl about 8 years old. The little boy didn't like me at first—said I was a Yankee and wouldn't speak to me—didn't like Yankees "because they burned Pa's store and killed our cow," but after many promises to let him ride my horse, I have so far succeeded in overcoming his prejudice against Yankees as to induce him to sit on my lap. The retired merchant is a Mr. Whitman. When Wilder's brigade first came through here last fall, before the battle of Chickamauga, it carried away on horseback his entire stock of goods, whereupon he put the key of his store in his pocket and retired from business. Then came the battle of Chickamauga, in which we were severely handled, all because of plundering Mr. Whitman's goods, of course, but Mission Ridge followed Chickamauga, and Hooker followed Bragg as far as this place, where a battle took place and the town was burned, including Mr. Whitman's store building, so Mr. Whitman is now completely retired from business, with *nothing* left of his store but the key to the burned building. I am sorry for him, for he is a very moderate man, and a Christian, I know, for he says grace over a very scanty meal. His wife is a good woman, barring her secesh sentiments; her sister is about 5 feet in length, the same in circumference, and about half that straight through. These dimensions are not from actual measurement, and may not be strictly accurate. There is a piano in the house and if the sister plays for us I shall deduct two or three feet from her circumference and add a cubit or two to her height. Really, and in sober earnest, I am living more comfortably now than I have since I've been in the service, and would be content to do the rest of my soldiering in Ringgold, but I don't expect to do it all here by any means. I have only 17 months more to serve, anyhow, and that is some consolation. ********

Your husband.

Ringgold, March 20, 1864.

Dear wife:

It is Sunday night. I have just finished a letter to the Adjutant of my regiment, and it is late, but I can't think of retiring without a brief talk with you. Day before yesterday, I received three letters

from you; one written at Mt. Gilead, Sept. 17, 1863, one at Mansfield, Oct. 8th and the third at Mt. Gilead, Oct. 26th. I wonder if my letters to you get hung up that way? They were a little old, that's true, but I was glad to get them. * * * *

March weather is pretty much the same everywhere, I guess. Some days are like summer here, with trees and flowers blooming and birds singing; then this is followed by wintry blasts fit for the shores of Hudson's Bay. We have small pox and measles here in abundance, and, about tomorrow, I shall indulge in the luxury of vaccination.

Then I expect I'll have a jolly time for a few days. I was vaccinated once in "happier days" as Wilkins Micawber, the "Fallen Tower" would say, but for fear the *virtue* of the *virus* has been lost I'll take another dose of patent small pox. Tomorrow, after getting my small pox started, I shall go out and shoot some squirrels, if it is a pleasant day. As soon as our fishing season opens I shall have fine sport fishing here in the Chickamauga, provided we don't move. If I were where I could vote next fall I should vote for Lincoln, if he is to be a candidate, and he ought to be. I am afraid our late defeat in Florida is attributable to a desire to get possession of the State Capital, organize some kind of a State government, and thus get control of two or three electoral votes next fall. I don't like that kind of work, even if the end sought is good. The first train from Chattanooga reached here about noon today, and on reaching here the whistle was blown loud and long, and, no doubt, before this time, the telegraph has announced to Jeff Davis, in Richmond, that the Yankees have completed the railroad to Ringgold, on learning which he will conclude that the Yankees are preparing to move on Dalton. It does look a little that way, but about that time Jeff may look for movements on many other points. * * * *

Your husband.

Ringgold, March 22, 1864.

Dear wife:

* * * * It has been snowing hard all day. Think of it! Snow in Georgia in the latter part of March! It commenced snowing last night about eleven o'clock and snowed steadily until nearly dark this evening, and the snow is now over six inches deep. I had to go out to the front this morning at seven o'clock, and post two regiments on picket, in the midst of as hard a snow storm as I ever saw in the North, and I discharged that duty as rapidly as possible, and was back in my comfortable quarters before the rest of the staff were up. The snow storm has ceased, the moon is shining beautifully, and the surrounding mountains are grand, robed in snowy mantles which glitter like silver in the moonlight. * * * * Unce Sam is indebted to me over five dollars for what I've done today, but really, I have not honestly earned one cent. I have done nothing for myself or anybody else, and today is a type of many, many days I've spent in the army. Every day thus spent incrusts the mind with a rust that will take two days to remove, and yet I go on permitting this rust to accumulate, trusting to the future to remove it. I know it is wrong but I guess I'm too lazy to do

otherwise. This is an odd strain of reflection for me to fall into, just because it snowed today and compelled me to lounge lazily by my fire, but I'd better thank my stars that I had a fire to lounge by, instead of being out in the snow with the men I placed on picket this morning. I wish the weather was settled so that the spring campaign might open in earnest; I am growing impatient; we have a certain amount of whipping to give the rebels this summer, and I am anxious to see the army getting at it. The Medical Director, who is sitting in the room with me, is so much inclined to talk this evening, and bothers me so much, that I have been compelled to write thus far by catching quiet moments between his questions and funny stories, so I guess I'll quit. He'd better be writing to *his* wife, and I've just told him so, but he says: "Oh, she don't expect me to write very often."

Your husband.

Ringgold, March 28, 1864.

Dear wife:

This is a very dark, muddy, March night, but I have brightened it somewhat by re-reading your last letter, and I propose to spend the rest of the evening, until bed time, talking to you. March 29th. Just as I had written the above there came a knock on my door; "Come in," and in came the General and Captain B———, aide de camp; the General proposed a game of whist, and of course, the Doctor and I were bound by the rules of hospitality, to accede to the wishes of our visitors, so this letter was laid aside and the Captain and myself seated ourselves as partners, for a rubber of whist with the General and the Doctor, and we beat them every game; we drank one bottle of sparkling Isabella wine during the evening, and our visitors withdrew about half past eleven; it was then too late for me to finish this letter so I concluded to defer it until, perhaps, tonight, but it is now about noon, and for fear something should occur again this evening to prevent me from writing, I have determined to write some now.

Five o'clock P. M.

At the above point the "thread of my discourse" was broken again, by an officer entering, who informed me that the General and staff would ride out to see the artillery practice at target firing. Being an ornamental member of the staff, it would never do for me to remain behind, so down went my pen, into the drawer went this letter, and in a few minutes I was booted, belted, buckled and spurred, mounted and dashing away with the General and staff, scattering mud over everybody that didn't keep at respectful distance, and receiving in return, no doubt, the hearty curses of pedestrians. Well, the artillerists fired their big guns, and didn't hit anything but the side of the mountain; our horses curvetted, capered and pranced at the sound of the big guns, scattered lots of mud, and we all returned in a couple of hours, to eat cold dinners, and criticise the artillery practice.

After dinner I went out and inspected a few hundred cavalry equipments, such as sabers, carbines, revolvers, saddles, bridles, &c., &c., concluded to condemn the whole lot as worthless, came back, took

a snooze, got up a little while ago because it's drawing near supper time, and, for fear something should turn up this evening, determined to proceed with this letter and get it as nearly finished before supper as possible. P'shaw! Here come some fellows, and I'll have to quit until after supper.

After supper. * * * *. I wrote to Andrew yesterday, and your letter containing stamps was handed me just as I had finished my letter to him, and I was sitting there, thinking where I could get some stamps, for I hadn't one to put on it; I had used my last one the day before. Yours came so opportunely that, as I opened it and saw them, I turned to the Doctor and said "Doctor who wouldn't have a wife? See, my wife has just sent me a lot of stamps, just what I needed most." "By George!" said the Doctor, "give me one Major, and I'll write to *my* wife to send *me* some, for I'm out," and thereupon he sat down and wrote to *his* wife, something he hadn't done before for many weeks. * * * *

Your husband.

Ringgold, April 5, 1864.

Dear wife:

It has been quite a while since I've had a letter from you. Day after day I watched for the coming mail bag, only to be disappointed. I have speculated about misdirected letters, captured mails and everything else that could interfere with my mail, and then fell to thinking perhaps you are waiting and watching for letters from me, only to be disappointed the same as I am, so I determined to drop everything and write you this very afternoon. A few days since I started out with a small cavalry escort and a Topographical Engineer, to examine and get a map of a certain road. As we rode along the Engineer asked me if I was married. I told him I was. He asked me my wife's maiden name, and I told him; he then said his wife is your cousin. On further inquiry I learned that he was Lieutenant McAbee, 11th Ohio and Top. Eng. on General Turchin's staff; that he is an artist by profession, his wife's maiden name was Bechtel, that she is at her father's near Massillon, and that they lived in New York for some time before he entered the army. I then remembered you telling me of a cousin who had married an artist and gone to New York to live, and concluded this must be the man. He is a nice fellow and a competent Engineer. As we were riding along talking, I discovered a Johnnie off to the left of the road, about a quarter of a mile distant, dodging along behind a fence, and running toward the mountain; spurring my horse over a low place in the fence by the roadside, and followed by a couple of the escort, we went tearing off over the fields at a rapid rate. The reb soon found it was no use to run, so he stopped; I reached him first, and he stretched out his hand as if to shake hands with me, the color was gone from his face, he shook as with an ague, and he couldn't utter a word. He had slipped away from his regiment near Tunnel Hill the night before, and had come home to see his wife, and had started back to his regiment when I caught him. He was

mounted behind one of my men and we went by where his wife lived, so that she might see he was unharmed and bid him good bye. Poor woman, I felt sorry for her, and her four little children, as she and they stood around me in tears, entreating me to leave the husband and father with his helpless family, and promising that they would all go with him, tomorrow, within our lines, and that he would then give himself up as a prisoner, but I had to refuse and turn away with my captive, leaving that little family alone among the frowning mountains, for grim Despair to assume the husband's place by that wife's side, and gaunt hunger to pinch the cheeks and chill the blood of those innocent children, and as I write these lines, are the prayers of that lonely wife for her captive husband, stealing out from that lowly dwelling, creeping up that rugged mountain side and winging their way to heaven, or are the cries of the helpless famishing children rising from that broken home and reaching to the Throne above, there to be recorded against me? These are the little tragedies of war more dreadful to me than the larger ones. You have probably seen, by the papers, that ———, Ill., has had its own little war. Quite a "tempest in a teapot." I have no doubt John Barleycorn is responsible for that rebellion. The telegraph made it an extensive affair. The story of them being 1,000 strong, entrenched at ————'s Mills, &c., &c., is all a humbug, I'm sure. Some of those Illinois copperheads need killing *just a little,* but I want the killing done before I get home. There is but little encouragement to write letters when I can't be certain you will ever get them, so a short one will do as well as a long one and I'll quit here.

Your husband.

Ringgold, April 10, 1864.

Dear Wife:

Just as I was about beginning this letter the mail carrier handed me your letter of April 4th. We had a grand review here yesterday; our Division was reviewed by Gen. Thomas. There were present at the review Gens. Thomas, Hooker, Palmer, Elliot, Geary, Brannan, Baird, Turchin, with their staffs; the day was splendid and we had a gala time; the Division made a fine appearance. It begins to look as though the Army of the Cumberland was to do the reviewing and *fancy* soldiering this summer while the Potomac Army will do the hard work, and if that's the arrangement I am perfectly satisfied.

I send you today a list of "Countersigns" and "Paroles" for the Army of the Cumberland, also a rebel order for retreat, which I picked up in Columbia, Tenn., last summer, and have carried in my pocket ever since. I thought they might be interesting, hereafter, as relics of the rebellion, and worth being preserved. If I should keep them here I would wear them out carrying them in my pocket.

I must go and call on Mrs. Gen. Turchin this afternoon. She sent me word that she wants me to call and post her in regard to that "rebellion" at ———— Illinois. She is a great politician, keeps well informed on the current events of the war, has been in the field with the Gen. now nearly three years, and utterly detests copperheads. She

is fine looking, intelligent and a thoroughly womanly woman. So General Sam ———— thinks his namesake, Gen. John ———— will now run for Congress. That shows where Gen. Sam's heart is fixed; he evidently aspires to Congress himself, and I suppose he would do for a member of Congress, even if he *does* spell Regiment, "Ridgement." Teachers ought to know how to spell but soldiers and members of Congress don't need to. Even Washington and Jackson were poor spellers according to present standards. I am called away now and will close this or it may remain unfinished two or three days.

Your husband.

Ringgold, April 15, 1864.

Dear Wife:

This is Friday evening. Thought I would have a letter from you today but am disappointed, so I'll get even with you by writing one to you. I have quit boarding with the retired merchant and have joined the mess of our Adjutant General and Medical Director, and we have white table cloths, napkins, &c, &c, and live well. I left my boarding place because they took a Sanitary Commission Agent and a telegraph operator to board without saying a word to me, and I preferred selecting my own company; they regretted my leaving very much, and entreated me to remain, but I declined. I have done a good deal of work today, but the soldier who carries his musket all day would only call it sport, if he had done it. I am really getting quite tired of this kind of soldiering. I used to think, last summer, when skirmishing, marching and fighting was a daily business, that a staff position, with shiny boots, sleek horses, clean clothes, and plenty of ease and idleness, would be very fine, but I have tried both now, and must say that the wild, free, dashing life of last summer was preferable to this pompous ease and stylish dignity. In a few days, May, the Queen of the year, will come with her sunshine and flowers, and I expect this country will be beautiful, but the sunshine will come to glisten on the burnished armor of thousands of soldier boys marching to their graves, and the May flowers will come to form the dying beds of many heros, but better thus than that the sunshine and the flowers should, in the long years to come, shine on and garnish a Nation's tomb. I clip the enclosed slip from the Chattanooga Gazette of today. The lines struck me as being beautiful, and as I read them I fancied I could see that Swiss mother, in her Alpine home, looking out upon the same stars that watched her son in his lonely picket vigil, praying for his safety, and I could see her, as with kindling eye and glowing cheek she spoke of her son in Freedom's Army. And the soldier son too, I could see, as he paced his midnight round, watching the stars his mother watched, humming some song of freedom that his mother taught him in his childhood, in the land of Tell.

I pin the slip, with the caption "A Swiss mother's gift to the New York Sanitary Fair", hereto.

Your husband.

Ringgold, April 17, 1864.

Dear Wife:

It is Sunday night, and I have just said: "Now Doctor stop your foolishness, and don't bother me until I've written my letter." This has been quite a pleasant day; the sun shone brightly, but the air was rather cool; apple trees are beginning to bloom, wild plum trees are wrapped in a white cloud of blossoms, and in a few days more summer will be upon us. I was up a little before sunrise this morning; my servant brought into my room a tub of tepid water and I got out of bed into the tub and had a good bath, dressed and stepped out on the porch just in time to see the sun rise above White Oak Mountain, and apparently linger there a moment, as if to brighten the graves of the fourteen Ohio boys, on the very mountain top, just in front of, and east of my door. The morning air was bracing. I wish it was as comfortable to get up with the sun every morning as it is to lie in bed; then I could be an early riser. On my return home which shall we do, board a while or go to housekeeping at once? I don't know and I must ask somebody. You ought to know. I am very well arranged now for housekeeping *by myself;* I have a pillow, two pillow cases, four blankets which I occasionally reinforce with a good heavy saddle blanket, a cot, two split bottomed chairs, a table, a wash basin and four crash towels. So far as everything goes except the cot and pillow cases I have enough for *the whole family,* so it is well enough to have a fair understanding as early as possible. I can't find any books on the subject to read; the "Army Regulations" or the "Infantry Tactics" don't discuss the question, and the two great political parties have omitted to say a word about it in their platforms, so how the mischief is a body to decide the question? Do enlighten me on the subject. If I had an "Aladdin" lamp to rub I might get some light on the subject, but such lamps are not in use in this army.

It is raining a little this evening. Just now a dispatch has come saying that Forrest has captured Fort Pillow on the Mississippi, and massacred some 300 black soldiers who were a part of the garrison. If that be true it will create a hundred fold more sympathy in the army for the negro than ever existed before, and will insure Forrest "a strong rope and short shrift" if he ever falls into the hands of negro soldiers. The Doctor says he has just thought of a funny story so I know I'll have to quit. Good night.

Your husband.

Ringgold, April 18, 1864.

Dear wife:

I didn't get up until eight this morning, simply because I didn't have to. At ten o'clock I inspected the General's escort, which occupied only half an hour, then I dropped into his room, and received an order to get a lot of picks, shovels and axes out to the picket reserve on top of Taylor's Ridge, select the ground for entrenchments and set the men at work fortifying. Taken somewhat aback at this order, I withdrew

to my own room, lay down on my cot and began to inquire of myself what I knew about engineering, fortifying, entrenching &c &c, and after a good deal of cogitation, concluded I didn't know anything worth while about such things. I thought of Gen. Pillow's famous fortifications in Mexico, wherein it was charged, he dug his ditch on the wrong side of the breastworks, and got himself laughed at by the country, for his blunder. I'll not make that same mistake, but may make some other. I got Cullum's "Art of War" and read a few pages on military engineering, laid it down in despair, went to sleep and slept until dinner; after dinner I started on my engineering expedition, selected the ground and commenced the work. Since returning this evening I think I didn't get the best ground, and I've a good mind to go out to-morrow and undo what I've done to-day. I think I shall. We had another April shower this afternoon; it rained quite hard for a few minutes, then the sun came out hot and in a few minutes the rain was stealing away again to the clouds, like a bashful lover, after having kissed all the little flowers and caused them to blush scarlet; but the little flowers, like maidens—human flowers in God's garden—were evidently proud of the kiss, for, although they blushed and dropped their heads at first, yet they soon raised their heads and looked brighter and gayer all the afternoon. In one of my letters not long since I told you that the small pox was prevailing here and that I intended to be vaccinated, but have never since thought of "reporting progress". I was vaccinated and expected to be sick, but having been vaccinated when a child, it wouldn't take this time, so the Doctor pronounces me "iron clad" with the *patent small pox*. I wish some Yankee "medicine man" would invent a method of vaccinating to prevent an attack of *bullets;* I would try it at once. We have no sensations here except an occasional deserter coming in, but that has become so common as to excite but little remark. If I had an industrious room mate I could do a good deal of reading and writing these days, but the Doctor is a good genial companion, not a bit industrious, will neither read nor write himself, and always has something to say or do to prevent me from writing, but "With all his faults I love him still." We heard something like heavy skirmishing northeast of here to-day, about ten o'clock; it continued about ten minutes, but up to this hour have not heard what it was.

Your husband.

Ringgold, April 19, 1864.

Dear wife:

It is night again; my routine duties for the day are done. Concluded my entrenchments were all right, so made no changes in them to-day. I've spent a very pleasant day, riding around wherever I pleased, inside and outside the picket lines, making calls &c. Called on Col. ————, of the ———— Ohio. He was commanding a brigade until a few days before the battle of Chickamauga, when he was placed under arrest, charged with speculating in government horses, was deprived of his command, and his brigade placed under command of Col. ———— of the ———— Ohio, who had preferred the charges, but

notwithstanding his being under arrest, he managed to get himself wounded at the battle, had his trial after the battle, and was acquitted, went home on leave and just got back a few days ago. Col. ——— who preferred the charges was killed at Mission Ridge, so they will not quarrel any more. One of our brigades had brigade drill this afternoon.

While I was wandering off down the mountain, a flag of truce came, and Miss Kate Sharp, with a pass from President Lincoln, came into our lines. I missed going out to meet the flag by being away from my quarters at the time.

Your husband.

Ringgold, April 20, 1864.

Dear wife:

It is night again. I think I am adhering pretty well to my resolution to write you every day. But I'm afraid you will get into the habit of expecting a daily letter from me, and after a while days will come when I can't write and then you'll be disappointed; still, "sufficient unto the day is the evil thereof." I'll write as often as I can, and when I can't you'll have to turn back and read the old ones. This has been a very fine day and I have ridden around most of the day, reconnoitering the surrounding country for the purpose of establishing a new picket line. Before starting out I provided myself with a map, made by Lieut. McAbee, of whom I have written you. A new regiment has been assigned to this Division, the ——— Illinois. It was mounted last July and assigned to a brigade of mounted infantry but now it seems to be dismounted and returned to the infantry. I suppose such details of army matters are not interesting to you, but in writing every day I have to mention such things in order to make a letter, for matters of news don't grow up very rapidly here within our picket lines. Don't think this army will move very soon although there is a constant stir of preparation; new clothing and camp and garrison equipage is being supplied to the men, new arms, ammunition &c, but if the authorities become satisfied that Johnston's army, in our front, is materially weakened, we will undoubtedly move out on him at Dalton soon. Judging from the time your letters are on the way, I suppose it takes my letters from 5 to 8 days to reach you so all my news is stale before you get it, except such trifles as are too small for the newspapers to pick up. xxxx x x x x x x x x x

Your husband.

Ringgold, April 22, 1864.

Dear wife:

I received two letters from you to-day, one written the 13th the other the 15th. x x x x x x x x x x

We are all on the *qui vive* now; we begin to believe that we will move before the Potomac army, and although nothing is known posi-

tively, still it appears probable that the rebel army in our front is being weakened and that we will move out against them to take advantage of their weakness. Well I am ready at any time and all the time, on ten minutes notice, to move out. I received a letter from the adjutant of my regiment yesterday; from him I learn that almost every one of the original officers of my regiment is either dead or has resigned, and that the Lieut. Col. commanding, tendered his resignation a few days since, but afterwards withdrew it. I don't want him to resign for then I would have to go and take command, and I don't care about doing that now. x x x x x x x x x x

Your husband.

Ringgold, April 24, 1864.

Dear wife:

I received another letter from you to-day written at Massillon on the 18th. You can't fully understand how the wanderer appreciates these little messengers from home telling of scenes of peace and quiet among friends and kin. This was a beautiful morning; it rained last night and this morning, when I went out, the mountains and valleys were robed in fresh green, the atmosphere pure, the sun shone in a cloudless sky and I never felt better in my life than I did when I stepped out on the porch before breakfast. *Don't* you wish you were here to enjoy some of these magnificent mornings? I do.

The question of an early move is being extensively agitated now, and all things indicate that we will soon be on the war path. We are all anxious to enter Atlanta, and don't care how soon we move out.

My time for letter writing is evidently getting short, for when we move my chance for writing will not be good. If you see Gen. Beatty give him my compliments and tell him I'm still on my way to Atlanta, although not much advanced beyond where he left me.

Your husband.

Ringgold, April 26, 1864.

Dear wife:

I didn't write you last night because I got in after dark, very tired, having been in the saddle all day in command of a detachment of cavalry on a scout in search of rebels. We got up quite a scare here yesterday morning by some scouts coming in and reporting that the enemy were in strong force between us and Chattanooga, and about the same time a dispatch from Gen. Thomas at Chattanooga came reporting the same thing. The General immediately ordered me to take 50 cavalry, and "go out and find the enemy and see what they are and what they are doing." I was soon off, and after a couple of hours careful marching and reconnoitering found myself at "Parker's Gap", where the enemy had been reported in heavy force, without having seen a rebel, or hearing of but very few. Despatching a courier from there to the General, I started off eastward toward the line of railroad from

Cleveland to Dalton, and after traveling 6 or 7 miles, over byroads and bridle paths without seeing a rebel, I began to hear of rebels in front of us, to the right of us, the left of us and behind us, and worst of all the roads were all unknown to me, never having been in that locality before. I've been considerably scared many a time since I've been in the army, and I was this time, but didn't say anything about it, kept on, diligently inquiring about roads and rebels at every house I came to, and uncertain all the time whether I could reach Ringgold by the obscure little bridle paths that the citizens kept telling me about. I began to think the road was very long—that my horse traveled very slowly—that the sun was declining very rapidly, and that perhaps I might run into the enemy's lines with my little bunch of 50 men and be gobbled up, and no one to blame but myself. I began to feel as I used to when a small boy, hurrying to get home before dark to avoid the "spooks", and a little uncertain which way home was, but to my great relief, just about dark I struck a gap in the mountain which led me into a road which I knew, and I was "all right", and pushed ahead at a gallop, but on approaching our own pickets, it being quite dark, they mistook us for rebels, and a half dozen shots brought us to a very sudden halt; the alarm of the pickets was soon quieted and we were safe inside our lines. Right glad was I to find myself home again for I had gone much further than the General expected me to go, and if I had been gobbled I should have been severely censured, at least, but as it turned out my expedition was a success and the General was satisfied. See how much depends on luck in war, as in everything else! I haven't admitted to anybody here that I was lost, and may be I was not lost, but I *thought* I was, and *still think* I was, and that answers my purpose just as well as if I actually *was,* for, even if I was commanding only 50 men, still I can no better afford to admit a mistake than if I was commanding 50,000 men, that being one of the settled rules of war—never acknowledge a mistake. I wore a linen coat to-day; is it warm enough for such drapery at home? The forest trees are putting out leaves and the woods begin to look green; flowers bespangle the green carpet of the valleys, and the white dogwood blossoms are hung in clusters of beauty on the bright green drapery of the mountain side. Gen. Kilpatrick came here to-day on the train. I don't know what his business is here, but I suppose he came down to look at the cavalry here, as it is to be a part of his command. I feel quite certain we shall move by the 5th of May, if the weather continues pleasant, and when we do move I don't see how the rebels are to resist us, for this army is nearly twice as strong as it was before. The general opinion appears to be that there will be very little fighting until we reach Atlanta. I doubt the correctness of that opinion, but hope it is correct, for I am not "spoiling for a fight", yet I would rather chance a fight than to see the summer wasted. Sorry our letters are so much delayed, but shall not be surprised, soon, to hear of an order prohibiting all mail communication, so if there should be a long gap between letters soon, don't be alarmed but charge it to "military necessity."

Your husband.

Ringgold, April 28, 1864.

Dear wife:

Yours of 23rd received to-day. That's good time from Massillon. Weather splendid. It is now near eleven o'clock at night and I am very comfortable with a linen coat on and all the windows of my room open. This is a beautiful starlit night, and a splendid brass band is serenading General ———— next door. I have been sitting here idly, for an hour, listening to the music. I was aroused at three o'clock this morning by a knock on my door and some one calling out: "Major our pickets are attacked", which brought me to a perpendicular very suddenly, for the pickets are especially under my charge, and any neglect or mistake on my part would be fatal to me, but I soon learned that the attack was on the cavalry pickets, and that a post of seven men had been gobbled, and that relieved me, for the cavalry pickets are not under my charge and I am not responsible for their remissness, still, for fear the attack might be followed up against the Infantry pickets, for which I am responsible, I got up by half past three and was off for our picket lines. The day came in beauty, and I was fully repaid for my four hours of lost sleep. I must be up at half past two to- morrow morning, for the famous Kilpatrick of "Richmond Raid" notoriety, makes a raid, starting before daylight to- morrow morning, and I am to accompany him as aide de camp, "guide, philospher and friend". I learned the roads he wishes to travel while with the brigade of mounted infantry last summer, and can, therefore be particularly useful on this expedition. I don't suppose we shall go very far or fight very much, but we must fight some, for the object is to make the enemy develop his lines, for the purpose of ascertaining his force, and with a view to subsequent operations. I might possibly be gobbled (that's a standard word in the army), and if I should be address me Major ———— Libby Prison, Richmond, Va., care Lieut. Gen. Grant, who is supposed, at the present writing, to be packing his trunk for a visit there himself. If I'm not too tired, and get back to-morrow evening in time, I'll give you a "written statement" of the day's proceedings. My last stamp goes with this letter.

Your husband.

Ringgold, May 3, 1864.

Dear wife:

I have been waiting several days to write you, thinking I might be able to give you some definite statement about what is to be done, but I can't wait any longer. The whole 14th Armp Corps came here to-day. Gens. Palmer, Davis and Johnson are here now, Gen. Thomas will make his headquarters here to-morrow, and Gen. Sherman next day, probably. We will surely move, very soon right into the heart of Dixie.

I have been out with Gen. Kilpatrick on two cavalry expeditions. He is a dashing fellow, more so than any cavalry officer I have met.

I have been very busy night and day for five days past, but think I will have it more quiet for a few days now, until the general move-

ment takes place. Gen. ———— told me this evening that he thought a part of this Division would be left here as a garrison, for a while, so we may not get into the fight after all, and I hope not.

Your husband.

Ringgold, May 6, 1864.

Dear wife:

Half an hour since the General said to me "Major be ready to march at daybreak to-morrow." I never saw so large an army before as we have gathered here now. Last night, from the mountain top, I looked down on the camp fires of 80,000 men in the valley below me.

I went with General Sherman this morning, to guide him to General Howard's headquarters. Hooker and Sickles rode by a few minutes ago. Thomas, Butterfield, Barry, Palmer, Willich, Cruft, Davis, Johnson, in fact *everybody* is here, and within three days we will be in Dalton, or badly whipped. The army is in fine fighting condition, and undoubtedly, before you read this its mettle will have been tried. I think Howard's Corps is expected to reach Dalton first, by flanking the rebel right; our Corps moves in the centre, directly against the front of the rebel position, and Hooker moves on our right—the rebel left.

I think Howard moves first because Sherman went to his headquarters this morning, and because most of the army correspondents are with him. But what's the use of me writing these conjectures? You will read in the papers how the move *was* made, and its results, long before you read these conjectures as to how *it is to be* made, and what the results probably will be. I presume the Potomac Army is in motion, or will be by to-morrow, and so will this one, so the great debate of arms must soon commence. May success be ours! General Sherman looks very much like his brother John at Mansfield, but more seamed and weather-beaten. I was introduced to him this morning. My goodness! I do dread starting out in the dust and hot sun, after such a long period of ease, but the rebels must be whipped, and since we can't do it sitting in the house, I suppose we must content ourselves with going out after them. Everybody about me is bustling and hurrying, but I am trying very hard to keep cool until I get this finished. I don't know when I can write you again, but hope it may be very soon, probably from Dalton. Address me as before and I'll get your letters *somewhere, sometime.*

Your husband.

THE ATLANTA CAMPAIGN.

In the field, May 9, 1864.

Dear wife:

It is about 7 o'clock in the morning. I have been up over two hours, had breakfast long ago, and having an opportunity of sending a letter back to be mailed, I *embrace* it. We had some little fighting

yesterday and day before, but have had no heavy fighting yet, and if Johnston hasn't over 50,000 men we wont have any heavy fighting, for as soon as our army is in position, which will be sometime to-day, Johnston will find himself overwhelmed as badly and as suddenly as his predecessor, Bragg, was at Mission Ridge. We have been in line of battle now, two days, and are all tired waiting, but I think, before the sun sets, "Linden" will see "another sight." We received despatches yesterday, on the field, announcing some success to our arms, on the Potomac, but we have heard such despatches so often during the past three years, that I begin to think they are like Rory O. More's dreams, and "go by contraries my dear." We have but one mountain range between our front lines and Dalton; that range is occupied by the rebels, and I don't know exactly how we are to get them off it, but am sure we *will* get them off, and that by to-morrow, Tuesday, we will occupy Dalton. An immense light was seen in the direction of Dalton last night and it may be that our misguided Southern brethren have concluded they can't make a good "last ditch" at Dalton, and have taken up "Bragg's Quickstep" for remoter parts of Dixie. This will be a hot day and if we have many wounded they will suffer very much. I received a letter from you yesterday while under fire. How odd. I always get a letter from you while on the battle field—at Perryville—at Milton—at Chickamauga—at Mission Ridge, each time the little messenger of peace came to me on the battle field.

I am writing this with a pencil and my saddle skirt for a table, so you may have some trouble in deciphering it, but no more than I've had in *ciphering* it. Good bye for to-day.

Your husband.

Near Buzzard Roost, Ga., May 10, 1864.

Dear wife:

Seven o'clock in the morning; we are saddled and awaiting orders to go forward to where the skirmish fire is arousing the echoes with its lively popping. An order relative to Grant's success in Virginia is being read to the troops, by Sherman's order, and that indicates we may open the ball to-day, but may be not. I am well, and think we can whip Johnston although he has the strongest natural position I ever saw.

Your husband.

Headquarters, May 11, 1864.

Dear wife:

We are just where we were when I wrote you yesterday morning, but an order has just come for us to move south and join McPherson and Hooker below Dalton. We take ten days rations, so I suppose we are to go to Atlanta without stopping if we can. It rained very hard last night. The skirmishing has been very heavy this morning, and I notice, as I am writing this, that the fire is increasing and artillery is opening, so we may possibly get up a fight here that will prevent

us from moving south to join McPherson. It is quite cool and promises a fine day for either marching or fighting. Will write you from Atlanta, and as much sooner as I can.

Your husband.

Near Resaca, Ga., May 15, 1864.

Dear wife:

Just as I had written the date above, I said: "Hello, the enemy are shelling us." This exclamation was called out by the fact of a shell from the enemy's battery exploding very near our headquarters. It is now about nine o'clock at night, the moon is shining with a misty light through the battle smoke that is slowly settling down like a curtain, over these hills and valleys; the mournful notes of a whippoorwill, near by, mingle in strange contrast with the exultant shouts of our soldiers—the answering yells of the rebels—the rattling fire of the skirmish line, and the occasional bursting of a shell. To-day we have done nothing but shift positions and keep up a heavy skirmish fire. Yesterday our Division and Judah's Division of Scofield's Corps, had some hard fighting. We drove the enemy about a mile and entirely within his fortifications, several of our regiments planting their colors on his fortifications, but were compelled to withdraw under a terrible fire. We, however, fell back but a short distance to the cover of the woods, where we still are, and the enemy have not ventured outside their works since. A report has just reached us that Hooker drove the enemy about a mile to-day. We will probably be engaged to-morrow, and we may be engaged yet to-night, for the enemy may take a notion to come out of his works under cover of the darkness, and attack us. I hope he wont, for I don't want to be disturbed after I get to sleep, and then I don't like fighting in the night anyhow. We have men enough here to whip Johnston, and if he don't escape pretty soon he never will. I presume "you all," as the Southern people say, feel very much elated over Grant's success. Well, you will hear something from this army, some of these days that will be a full match for anything Grant or any other man can do with the Potomac army, and I begin to have hope that the only large armies of the rebellion will be shattered, if not destroyed, by the 4th of July. We have the railroad in running order to Tilton, which is several miles south of Dalton, and are having no trouble about supplies. The weather is fine, the roads fairly good, our men flushed with success, and I hope we push right on, day and night, though we be ragged, dirty, tired and hungry, until we exterminate these battalions of treason. Good night.

Your husband.

Kingston, Ga., May 20, 1864.

Dear wife:

If you will look at a map you will see that "we all" are still pushing southward, but a look at the map will give you little idea of the country we are passing through—will fail to point out to you the

fields that are being reddened by the blood of our soldiers, and the hundreds of little mounds that are rising by the wayside day by day, as if to mark the footprints of the God of War as he stalks along through this beautiful country. This point is where the railroad from Rome forms a junction with the main line from Chattanooga to Atlanta. Rome is in our possession, and such has been the extraordinary rapidity with which the railroad has been repaired, as we have pushed along, that a train from Chattanooga ran into Kingston this morning about daylight, while at the same time a rebel train from Atlanta was whistling on the same road, and only two miles distant, but it is now about 9 o'clock in the morning, and the last whistle of the rebel train, north of the Etowah River, sounded some hours ago, the last rebel has undoubtedly crossed the river, the bridge across the river has been burned, I suppose, and the rebel army is wending its way, weary and dispirited, toward that mythical ditch of which we have heard so much.

Two hours later. Just at this point in this pencilled letter, about two hours ago I was interrupted, and the whole Division startled, by a cavalryman rushing up to headquarters, his horse covered with foam, and reporting that he had just seen the rebels, in line of battle, about one fourth of a mile distant, and advancing on us. In a jiffy this unfinished letter was thrust in my pocket, my horse saddled, and I was ordered by the General to go back with the cavalryman the way he had come, and ascertain the truth of his report, for cavalry reports are much like rebel money—don't pass at their face value. I went out through our pickets and cautiously moved along until I had gone about a mile to the front when I came to a strong line of breastworks, constructed by the rebels last night, but this morning they are deserted. I crossed these breastworks and went on until I came to another line of works, but they too are deserted this morning. I crossed this second line and went on a short distance, when I saw some mounted rebels ahead and they saw me; they fired a couple of shots which fell far short, and seeing I was out of their reach, I stood still with my cavalryman, but the rebs started toward me, and, not wishing to have a difficulty with them, I "fell back in good order" until they fired again, set up a yell and started after me on a run when I accelerated the pace of my "Rosinante" and *advanced to the rear* at a rapid pace and got safely inside our picket line; the cavalryman who accompanied me dodged off to one side and hid in the brush when the chase began. He came in a few moments ago, all right, but is not able to explain why he made his scare report. I reported to the General and all is quiet again, but if you find this letter all crumpled up, remember I had it in its unfinished state in my pocket during that chase, and as I can't get at my desk, paper is scarce, and I can't afford to begin it again. Beautiful country, beautiful weather, and everything going well with the Yankees in Georgia. You may still address me at Ringgold.

Your husband.

Kingston, Ga., May 22, 1864.

Dear wife:

This is Sunday, a bright, sultry, lazy day; scarce a breath of air stirring, and mules, negroes, soldiers, everybody is lolling in the shade, making as much as possible out of the remaining hours of rest that are left us before resuming our forward march, still further into the Confederacy, for Sherman has said we must start again to-morrow morning, with 20 days rations. Just at this point a letter from you, postmarked May 17th, is laid on my table, so I shall lay down my pen and read it. You see I got out my desk and am writing with pen and ink for the first in quite a while. x x x x x x x x x x x x x x x x x x.

I wonder where I shall be when your next letter reaches me? Possibly sitting in the shade of a fence corner, begrimed with the dust and sweat of a hard march, possibly on the battlefield, amid the roar of artillery and rattle of musketry, possibly toiling over the narrow range of mountains that separates us from the fertile plains of middle Georgia, following, perchance, some of the same paths threaded by the adventurous De Soto, in his perilous march from the coast of Florida to the Mississippi, beneath whose waters the bold Spaniard found a grave, but wherever I may be, your letters, little white winged messengers from home, will surely find me and bring me happiness. One of the regiments of this Division, the 9th Ohio, started from here yesterday afternoon, on its homeward journey, having served its full three years. Day before yesterday it was skirmishing with the enemy and, fortunately not one of its number was hurt. It is a German regiment; its Colonel, Kaemmerling, has been promoted to Brigadier General, but he declines to accept the promotion until he leads his old regiment home to Cincinnati. As the brave sturdy Germans filed out from our camps, their old, tattered, battle worn flags fluttering like rags, their step was proud and soldierly, for their work was well done, their comrades knew it, and their thoughts were of home, wives, children, friends; but they had thoughts, too, of their comrades in arms, to whom they they were bidding a final adieu, and their bronzed cheeks were wet with tears, and we all felt sad at parting with them. Brave fellows! they have fought long and well for their adopted country, and are worthy of Cincinnati's, yes of Ohio's proudest reception. If I can go home with duty as well done as theirs I shall be content.

So ———— has hired a substitute! What cravens, to hire poor men, cripples, convicts and the riff raff of society to do their fighting for them. Such men are not worth protection either in life, liberty or property. I see that Col. Vance was severely wounded in Banks' disastrous battle near Shreveport. Has anything been heard of his fate? I am anxious to know, for I esteemed him highly as you know. I hope his life is saved. This country from Dalton south begins to look more like our northern farming country than any section of the South I have seen. The farm houses look neat and comfortable; the barns are well built and capacious; the farms have a clean, thrifty, Yankeeish look, and the women no longer have that yellow, smoky, snuff dipping appearance that characterized so many of those of Tennessee and north-

ern Georgia. At this point I was compelled to stop to attend religious services at our headquarters. Rev. ———— of Pittsburg, a brother of our adjutant general, was the officiating clergyman. He is here visiting his brother; he has been eating at our mess for two days past, and we have napkins and grace before each meal. Quite civilized are we "away down south in Dixie." I suppose he will preach about the godly soldiers of Sherman's army when he goes home. There are many speculations going the rounds among the officers and men in the camps, concerning our future movements, but no one can guess what Sherman will do. I am very anxious to see Atlanta, Savannah, Milledgeville, Macon and Mobile, but am afraid I will hardly see all of these places this summer, but I shall see some of them.

My duties, in the field, as Inspector, give me facilities for finding out more about the country than I otherwise would. I am expected to find out all about the roads we travel on and the cross roads we pass—where they run to—in what direction they run—whether they are good or bad—what streams they cross—something about the feelings of the citizens who live on our line of march &c &c, besides placing the pickets on our front when we stop for the night, and connecting our pickets on the right and left with those of other Divisions, so as to make the picket lines continuous. This picketing is sometimes very difficult when we march after dark, and have to put out pickets in the woods, in a strange country, and Inspectors, under such circumstances, sometimes lose their way and wander into the enemy's lines, when they think they are going into their own. I know of one Inspector who has been captured that way since this advance began.

Somehow I feel safe in the woods at night, and have no fear of being lost. When the General has to ride around through the woods after night, where there are no roads, he always takes me with him, and trusts to my guidance, and I have never lost him yet, but came very near it a few nights since, when it was very dark and the stars were obscured, but by using a pocket compass of the Generals and lighting a match we ascertained where North was, and so got safe within our lines again, but next morning I discovered that we had been a long way outside our lines. I am out of postage stamps and wish you would send me twenty in your next letter. x x x x x x x

Your husband.

In the woods, near Dallas, Georgia, May 28, '64.

Dear wife:

I have just sat down with my back to a sapling, to write this with pencil, on this soiled piece of paper, with a shingle on my lap, for writing desk. The adjutant of my regiment got into the enemy's lines, by some kind of mistake, a few days since, and was captured. If you look at one of "Loyds Map of the Southern States" I guess you can find about where I am. I have to look at a map myself to ascertain my whereabouts. For several days our Division has not been in the front, and I have only heard the enemy's guns in the distance. The day after I wrote you my last letter from Kingston, the enemy

came in our rear and burnt 40 wagons of the 23rd Army Corps. This Division was immediately ordered to cover the rear of the wagon trains for the entire army, and we are jogging along now at the rate of about 8 miles a day. Last night our headquarters were at a citizen's house, and before retiring we had "family prayers", singing of hymns, &c. The weather is delightful for campaigning, and I am quite sure we will be in Atlanta by the middle of June, and we are all strongly in hope of celebrating the 4th of July at the "last ditch" of the rebellion. Some of the half hearted in our army (for we have such) are gloomy because, they say, Grant can't whip Lee, and point to the fact that gold has been rising in value ever since Grant first engaged Lee.. I don't know how you folks at home feel about it, but I feel sure Grant *will* defeat Lee and that we will defeat Johnston, and that our flag will float over Richmond and Atlanta by the 4th of July, but if not by that time it will *sometime*. We passed about 200 rebel prisoners going to the rear, this morning. They were captured in a sharp engagement last evening. We are now in the region of the Georgia gold mines, and I am told that the cripples and poor men who have not been conscripted, are out gold washing among the mountain streams, to get gold dust enough to buy corn with. If my almanac is right I believe to-morrow is Sunday, and if I have time I will write you instead of going to church. I have a chance of sending this back to Kingston by our adjutant general, who has resigned and starts home to-day.

Your husband.

In the woods near Dallas, Ga., June 1, '64.

Dear wife:

Lieut. McAbee starts to the rear to rejoin his regiment and go home with it to-morrow or next day, and as we are just ordered to the front I shall probably not see him again, so I "embrace the opportunity" to send a line out to be mailed by him. We have not had any heavy fighting yet, that is, this Division, but the losses in the whole army have been considerable. I supposed we should be in Atlanta by the middle of this month, but we must move faster than we have for a few days past, or we shall not get there by that time. Wouldn't it be glorious if my three years were as near up as McAbee's?

I am begging postage stamps and anxiously awaiting a supply from you. Weather very hot during the day but the nights are cool and pleasant, splendid weather for campaigning. I see a man coming with papers for sale, and I must stop writing to get a paper, so that I may know what is doing in the world outside our picket lines. I am in excellent health and burning black as an African in this hot sun.

Your husband.

Near Acworth, Ga., June 8, 1864.

Dear wife:

After a week of continual skirmishing and fighting, the enemy have run from us again, and I have an opportunity of writing you

without the annoyance of being compelled to duck down my head every few minutes, to let a straggling bullet whistle along.

A few days since Major Norton, a friend of mine, who was Inspector General of this Corps, was shot dead while walking around my line, and the following day I was riding around the same line and a bullet whistled so near me that I was scared out of a year's growth. Bullets that come so near don't hurt I know, but they scare tremendously, so I have made up my mind that there is no necessity for me to ride around my line any more while so very near the enemy. We are now within about ten miles of Marietta, on the railroad, and will be compelled to rest here a few days until the railroad can be completed and rations brought forward, before resuming our march on Atlanta. The Chattahoochee River still stretches between us and Atlanta, and, once across that River, Atlanta must be ours. It has rained some every day for the past six days. Crops are very poor this year in this part of Georgia, and I don't know that they are ever very good.

Wheat is beginning to change color a little, and corn is about 8 inches high. I made my bed, last night, on the front porch of the house in which I am writing this letter, and the first thing I did this morning, after getting up, was to climb a mulberry tree in the dooryard and get a fine mess of nice ripe mulberries. Apples and peaches will soon be ripe and then we can live better than we do now; another week will fully ripen the cherries, so while you are sitting around your fires, or shivering in the cold blasts, you can imagine me, under the shade of a peach or cherry tree, plucking and eating the choice fruit; but on the other hand, when you retire to your couch, you can imagine me tumbling down at the roots of a tree to sleep, with a stone for a pillow, and Georgia lizards crawling down my boot legs and playing hide and seek in my pockets. Our soldiers, by some means, feel authorized to live on the country, and their living on the country has degenerated into the most outrageous pillaging, but not in the presence of officers, families being left without a morsel of food; I don't know how the poor creatures are to live, but Sherman wont let them starve. I learn this morning that Fremont has been nominated for President, by the Cleveland convention. I hope he stands no show for election, but don't know whether he does or not. I want Abraham Lincoln for President, and think he will be, but we in the army are ignorant of what the politicians are doing or can do, and we Illinoisans in the army amount to no more than so many negroes, in the election, for we are disfranchised. I have received four letters from you in the past six days. The last was mailed May 30 and I received it yesterday, so you see your letters come through in good time.

Mail starts from our headquarters in a few minutes and I must close so as to get this off in it. I'll have to beg a stamp for this.

Your husband.

Near Acworth, Ga., June 9, 1864.

Dear wife:

A few minutes ago I was told our mail would go out at 9 this morning, and as it is now about 8 I shall spend that hour in talking

to you. It rained a little last night and this morning is refreshingly cool, but the sun is shining brightly and gives promise of warming us up immoderately before night. I am sitting in the door yard of a "Georgia planter," under the shade of his mulberry trees, the ripe fruit hanging above me. Think I shall climb the tree and eat some of it after finishing this. Brass bands are playing in every direction, and the mocking bird is making the leafy shade vocal with his attempts to imitate the brass music of "Dixie", "Star Spangled Banner" &c &c. Take it altogether, I have enjoyed this campaign very much, and I like what I've seen of Georgia better than any Southern state I've been in. When relieved of its incubus of slavery it ought to take good rank among the states of the Union. Its farm homes are very much like our Northern farmers homes, and the people are more like our home people. There appears to be a "middle class" here, something I have not found in any other Southern state. This is the third day we have remained at this camp. We had orders to march early this morning, but the official order to march has not been received, and I don't suppose we will move from here until to-morrow. Our campaign, thus far, has been very successful, but I think we ought to have captured a large part of Johnston's army at Resaca, if McPherson had succeeded in doing what Sherman ordered him to do.

We have flanked them and driven them from one strong position to another until they are now pushed back to the Chattahoochee, and we find ourselves, an enormous army, well fed, clad and armed, in the very heart of Dixie. We will not get Atlanta by the middle of June, as I predicted some time ago, but I think it safe to predict that our National colors will fly over Richmond and Atlanta by the 4th of July, and that will satisfy us. I presume the Baltimore Convention is in session now, and possibly, this very day, will make its nomination. I see, by the papers, that *my* state was represented in the Cleveland convention, and am ashamed that the state had a delegate in it. Being tired of the inactivity of camp, I asked permission of the General yesterday afternoon, to take the escort, and go out to the front to learn the roads, and find out where the enemy were in our front. Started about 3 o'clock, and after going about one and a half miles, came to a house where there had been ten rebels about 15 minutes before; the inmates told me the direction in which they went, and we started to follow them, but after going a short distance I became satisfied we couldn't overtake them, so we turned back and resumed our original line of march; after going about three quarters of a mile farther in our original direction, I saw a rebel about 200 yards ahead in the road, his gun slung by the strap over his shoulder and riding directly toward us. I knew he hadn't seen us yet, so I turned my men into the edge of the woods, pistols were out and cocked in silence, for I didn't know how many rebels might be following him, and we awaited his approach; in a few minutes he rode up within six feet of me, and he never saw me until my summons to halt, given in a low tone, with pistol leveled on him, aroused him from his fancied security, and he discovered himself confronted by twenty boys in blue; of course he made no resistance, but quietly unslung his gun and handed it over; on inquiry I learned that his company of twenty men were on picket

just then within about 250 yards of us, and that they had no idea we were about, so I determined to surprise and capture the whole party, and ordering my men to keep concealed and quiet, I dismounted and slipped along the road, dodging from tree to tree, for the purpose of seeing how the ground lay; soon I found myself within about 100 yards of three rebel pickets on horseback, but while reconnoitering them from behind a tree I exposed myself too much and one of them saw me, or thought he did, for he raised his gun and called out: "What are you doing there"? Of course I made no reply, and he repeated the question, whereupon I began to withdraw quietly and he fired at me, so, being discovered, I gave up the attempt at surprise, and returned to camp with but one prisoner, and on reporting to the General he gave the horse to me for my own use. Mail is just about ready to start and I must close.

Your husband.

In the field, near Big Shanty, Ga., June 14, '64.

Dear wife:

I am tired, very tired to-night, but thankful to find myself *all in* one piece and able to write you even a hasty note. Pardon me, if after making you wait so long, I only send you a brief note now, for it requires an immense effort for me to do anything but go to bed to-night. We commenced to advance our lines this morning, and during the whole day these headquarters have been under fire and are now. Our Division has lost a good many men to-day, but we have held every inch of ground over which we advanced since morning. It is now about two hours after dark; the artillery fire has ceased, and the musketry fire is now confined to a few dropping shots by the skirmishers. Everybody, rebel as well as Federal, is tired, I guess, and we will all sleep soundly until the dawn awakes us again to the bloody carnival. I dislike this early rising, and I promise you that when I get home I shall issue a "General Order" prohibiting early rising in my "department." I received to-day, your letter mailed June 6th, and, putting a large oak tree between myself and the rebel bullets, I read it with great pleasure. It did me a "power of good." I have not seen the platform of the Baltimore Convention yet, but it doesn't make much difference to me what it is, for I find "lines of battle" are much more potent than lines of a platform. I expect the platform is a little radical on the slavery question, but not half as radical as I am myself, so I can't object to it on that ground. You say you weigh 117 pounds, and call that very light. I don't believe I weigh more than 10 pounds over that, so I don't think you ought to complain much about your weight. I don't know whether my late letters reach you or not, for we are now completely in the enemy's country, surrounded on every side, and keep open communication with the North only by force of arms. But we will get a fair chance at this army in our front some of these days and if we don't make them think communication is opened up I will be much mistaken. Tell sister Ella I dreamed about her last night; I dreamed I had been captured and she was laughing at me

about it. I must go to bed for these rascally rebs will have us awake before daylight.

Your husband.

In the field, near Marietta, Ga., June 17, 1864.

Dear wife:

I received your letter of June 9th, containing the stamps, yesterday. I wrote you night before last, after a very hard days work, and the next morning we discovered that the enemy had evacuated their works during the night and by daylight we occupied them. On that day, too, Rev. Bishop General Polk was killed on our front, by a cannon shot. We are now at the foot of Kenesaw mountain, which is 3 miles north of Marietta. Every day for the past 3 or 4 days, we have seen linen coated gentlemen and gaily dressed ladies, viewing our lines from their lofty perch on the top of Kenesaw. I presume they never heard of Mission Ridge, and think we never can get over Kenesaw, so the "beauty and fashion" of Marietta take daily drives to Kenesaw's summit to look with disdain on the burrowing Yankees in the valley below. Deluded creatures! Before a week these burrowing Yankees will be proudly marching through the streets of Marietta, pursuing their rebel escorts, as they scramble in undignified haste, for the south bank of the Chattahoochee. We are to advance again this morning. Don't know whether it will bring on an engagement or not, but we'll try it anyhow. x x x x x x x x.

Your husband.

Foot of Kenesaw Mountain, Ga., June 20, '64.

Dear wife:

About an hour ago (it is now about 4 P. M.) I sat down to write you a hasty letter, in the midst of the most terrific cannonade I have heard during the war. I had actually written a little over a page when I heard a heavy musketry fire away off on the right, intermingling with the artillery; I wrote and listened, wrote and listened, and the musketry fire grew heavier and came rolling along from the right to the left, right toward our part of the line; in an instant the unfinished letter was torn up, sword buckled on and I was off for the front; wild cheers rose up from the depths of the gloomy forest, the musketry fire grew heavier, the artillerists plied their guns more rapidly, rebel batteries, heretofore concealed, opened on us from the mountain top; full 75 cannon, all within 3 miles of each other, were bellowing at once, and taking all things together it was the most elegant prospect for a general engagement I have seen since this campaign commenced, but the firing ceased just as suddenly as it began, leaving the rebels, no doubt, to wonder what it all meant. And now, while I am writing this letter in the valley at the foot of the mountain, the rebels on the top are speculating about what the Yankees meant by such a noisy demonstration, and I'm sure they don't know yet what it did mean, but they'll find out about to-morrow afternoon. "We all" soon found

out what it meant, and as the fire grew heavier and heavier on our right, whole Divisions of our troops, that have been lying back of the lines, in the woods, for two days, came marching through, hurriedly, toward our right, under cover of the woods, and now our right has been lengthened until it extends beyond the rebel left a mile, and has commenced moving forward to swing around the left of the rebels. As I write I can hear the cheers of the new men who went to our right. June 21st, 3 P. M. Just as I wrote the last word above, a heavy fire of musketry and artillery broke out, and our right instantly became engaged, as it swung forward. This time I thrust this unfinished letter in my valise, hoping I could finish it last night, but the fighting on the right was protracted until after dark, and on returning to quarters was too tired to write, so I postponed it to to-day. We learn to-day, that Hooker and Scofield, who did the fighting on our right yesterday, were not successful in turning the rebel left, but gained several miles on them, with heavy loss. It has been raining almost incessantly for the past ten days, and for the same length of time our progress toward Atlanta has been very slow, but we have advanced *some* every day and taken no backward steps. Although we have had no general engagement, yet this army, or some part of it, has fought every day since we left Ringgold, 46 days ago. Sherman at one time could have forced a general engagement, but it does not seem a part of his programme to do so yet, but the time for it will come some of these days. We may have neither Richmond nor Atlanta by the 4th of July, but the situation is excellent and no such thing as failure is thought of in this army. True, we are encompassed by rebels; they cut our railroads in Kentucky, Tennessee and in Georgia; they capture our wagons between here and Chattanooga; they burn RR bridges between here and Chattanooga, and I suppose they imagine their "critter companies" are making havoc with our railroad line which supplies us with rations. But all their efforts are futile, and this army to-day, is better provisioned than the Army of the Cumberland was in its last summer campaign.

Flour, Fresh Beef, Salt Beef, Salt Pork, Ham, Bacon, Beans, Sugar, Coffee, Hard Bread and everything necessary for the soldier we have in the greatest abundance; much better off in that respect than when we were in Chattanooga. A few days ago, while our Division lay on its arms in line of battle, our skirmishers heavily engaged with those of the enemy, and rebel bullets whistling lively about Division headquarters, the regimental quartermasters might have been seen distributing new pants, shoes and hats to the men, as they lay behind their breastworks. If the rebels could have seen this I think they would have despaired of "cutting our communications." A rebel Colonel, captured night before last, told a good story about "cutting our communications." He said that about two hours before he was captured, Gen. Cheatham and staff rode along their lines, announcing to each regiment that the Yankee railroad to Chattanooga had been destroyed by their cavalry, and that the Yankees would be compelled to retreat very soon to get something to eat. Just as Cheatham was making this announcement to this Colonel's regiment, one of our trains

from Chattanooga came thundering along into our lines, whistling and screaming like an engine gone mad; the whistle and rumble of the train could be heard by this regiment almost as distinctly as by our men, and, as the Colonel said "Cheatham dried up." The difference between this army now and a year ago is very perceptible. A year ago, when our men were marching toward a heavy musketry fire, you could see that they felt nervous, and there would be a slight shade of anxiety on most faces; their looks would be turned toward where the fire was heaviest, as if to penetrate the dense forest and see what fate had in store for them; but now our columns move toward the heaviest fire, the men laughing, singing, whistling, making jocular remarks about the Johnnies, nobody straggling, no cheeks blanched; not that our men fear *death* less than they used to, but they have learned by experience that of the hundreds of thousands of bullets that are fired, but very few hit anybody. I have not drawn any pay since January, and don't care much now whether I draw any all summer; I am out of money, we are all out of money, but we don't *need* money down here—don't need *anything* but men, muskets, ammunition, hard tack, bacon, and *letters from home*. Get "Loyd's Map of Georgia" and you can see what progress we are making through the "Confederacy."

I saw a telegram a couple of days since announcing the return of Vallandingham to Ohio, and his election as delegate to the Chicago Convention. Can this be true? I can't believe he has been permitted to return. If he should show himself along our lines here he would be shot as quick as Jeff Davis, and if the President has pardoned him, I shall not be surprised to hear that he has also given John Morgan a "permit" to steal horses, burn bridges and murder Union men, until after the election. I saw Capt. B ———— on the 15th inst., but as I was just conducting some of our troops to their position I had no time to talk with him. His regiment had no fighting that day, but I think they have had since. His Division is not far from ours and I shall ride over there to-morrow and see him, if I can find time.

Save the pencilled note which I enclose, written by Col. M ——— while he was "officer of the day" for the Division. When I get home, if you show it to me, it will remind me of a "story of the war" which will be interesting, but is too long to relate here. x x x x x x x x

Your husband.

Foot of Kenesaw Mountain, Ga., June 26, 1864.

Dear wife:

I received yours of 18th yesterday. That is making very satisfactory speed. This is Sabbath morning, bright, beautiful and giving promise of much heat before night. I am very lazy this morning, and begin to experience, in a slight degree, the lassitude produced by this Southern heat. I am lounging at my table, head resting on hand, no coat, no vest, no collar, no socks, only slippers on my feet, and I expect I'll write you a rambling, slipshod letter. x x x x x x x x

Look at some of the wives of our acquaintance who *had* husbands in the army, and were dissatisfied until they got them home. There

is Mrs. Major H————. She had a husband in the army but felt she was sacrificing too much; now she has him at home. Do you suppose either of them feel satisfied? Mrs. Col. I———— had her husband in the army but soon had him home again. Do you suppose either of them now feel content with the part he played? Mrs. Major ———— had a betrothed husband in the army, just as you had, but her husband gave up his sword as well as his heart, at Hymen's altar, and now she has him home with her. Many more we know, who couldn't withstand the temptation of home, wife, society, but, now that they are compelled to sit, idly watching the stream of great events go by, they are haunted day and night, by a sense of duty unperformed, and it will be their "skeleton in the closet" from which they will shrink in future years. So let us "grin and bear it", for we want no such "skeleton in our closet."

We are still at the foot of Kenesaw mountain, and have been here more than a week; the enemy appear determined to risk a battle here, and I suppose we will have to accommodate them. It is understood Sherman says he will flank no more, but will move directly on their works, so, either we, or the rebels, will have been whipped before you receive this, and I certainly hope it will not be we. I understand this Corps is to be held in reserve and not engage in the assault, and accordingly, one Division of the Corps was withdrawn from the line last night and moved off quietly toward the right, under cover of the woods and darkness. Our Division will probably withdraw and move off in the same way to-night, and the other Division will do the same to-morrow night. Being in reserve, we will only come in at the "pinch" of the engagement, if our assistance becomes necessary.

It's getting awful hot. You say it is hot in Ohio! Why Ohio is an ice house compared with Georgia in June. We have had about three weeks of almost incessant rain, but the heavens now are brass, and not so much as a tea cup full of water could be squeezed out of all the clouds we have seen for three days. The skirmishers are popping away on our front, and a few minutes ago the rebels opened on us with their artillery on the mountain top, and as their shells came screeching and howling over our headquarters, I tell you, I had a great mind to drop my pen, cram this letter in my valise and run to a big tree for safety; but they have stopped shelling now and my nerves are steady again. Kenesaw mountain is, I should think, about 700 feet high, and consists of two points or peaks, separated by a narrow gorge running across the top of the mountain. The mountain itself is entirely separated from all mountain ranges, and swells up like a great bulb from the plain. The right of the rebel army rests on that mountain, and it stretches from thence through the plain and along little ridges, in a southerly direction, almost, and probably quite, to the Chattahoochee River, a distance of nearly 12 miles, so you see the rebels are facing nearly west and we are facing nearly east. Grant being in possession of Petersburg gives him a decided advantage, and while I can scarcely hope he will take the rebel capital so soon as the 4th of July, yet the signs are daily growing better. These two cam-

paigns of Grant and Sherman are the most stupendous the world has ever seen going on at the same time, and I really consider myself fortunate to be engaged in one of them. They've commenced that annoying shelling again so I'll quit and prepare for dodging in the timber, for these shells are dangerous, they go to pieces so carelessly.

Your husband.

S. E. of Kenesaw, Ga., June 28, 1864.

Dear wife:

I wrote you three days ago, and told you then that we would assault the enemy's works, and probably have a severe engagement before you could receive the letter. Well, we assaulted them yesterday and were repulsed, and, as is usual in such cases, our loss was heavy. This Division was in reserve and therefore lost but few, hit by stray shots and shells. Major Yager of the 121 Ohio (he was from Knox Co., Ohio) had a leg shot off and died last night. Lieut. Col. Lawrence of the same regiment, also Capt. Loyd of that regiment were wounded. Sidney Wood was wounded in the forearm, one of the bones broken, but his father says he will not lose the arm. Col. Harmon of the 125th Illinois, an Illinois acquaintance of mine, was killed. I closed his eyes on the field and laid him out decently. Gen. Harker was killed; he was a gallant officer and his death is universally regretted in this army. Col. McCook, commanding a brigade in Davis' Division, was severely wounded. Our loss in officers was fearful. The fighting continued about an hour and our loss is about 2,000. Our men gained the enemy's works, planted their colors on them, and even jumped into their trenches and fought there hand to hand, but were finally compelled to retire; they retired, however, only a short distance, and the front of this corps is now within twenty yards of the enemy's works.

The day was excessively hot and the men were exhausted when they reached the enemy's works, and were there compelled to fight comparatively fresh men. I heard a conversation between Sherman, Thomas, Hooker and Palmer this morning, and while I shouldn't dare to write here what I heard, yet I may say that something else will now be done, and if it's what I think it is, it will be one of the bold moves of the war. If you shouldn't receive another letter from me for three or four weeks don't be surprised, for we may have little more communication with the North for some time. I thought we would move tonight but it is deferred to tomorrow night. Just this moment heavy musketry firing has broken out on our front. I expect the rebels are trying to break our lines. Let them work away, they can't break them, and tomorrow morning they will wish they hadn't undertaken it. The firing is getting heavier and I must close.

Your husband.

S. E. of Kenesaw, Ga., June 29, 1864.

Dear wife:

It is ten o'clock at night. The General and all the staff except myself have retired, and just as I was about to retire to my "downy

cot" of government blankets, an idea struck me that I couldn't sleep for an hour and that I might as well spend part of that hour in talking to you. I don't propose to write you a letter to-night, but I shall just write along until I get out of the notion, then I'll put this away in my valise, and resume, perhaps, to-morrow, unless to-morrow should chance to be one of our fighting days, and if it is, I'll not promise to write much. I sat down to write you a letter last night, but the rebels commenced so noisy an attack on our lines that it stirred us all out, and I was compelled to conclude the letter very hastily while my servant was saddling my horse. After my horse was saddled, though, and the General and staff were just about to mount the firing ceased and we didn't go out. I think it will seem very strange to me when I get away from the sound of musket firing, for I am sure I have heard it continually, during my waking hours, for the past 54 days. I have been reading Byron all evening. I picked up an old copy of it, and of Ramsey's History of Tennessee, so you see I have something to read occasionally. When on the march I have them rolled up in my blankets, that being the only way I have to carry them safely. I happened to be reading Byron this evening for this reason; some time since I had a dispute with one of our staff, concerning the authorship and correct rendering of the following:

> "O woman! in hours of ease,
> Uncertain, coy and hard to please;
> When pain and sickness wring the brow,
> A ministering angel thou."

and I was looking through Byron for it, under the impression that he was the author, but I have not found it in him, and I begin to doubt his being the author, and incline to the opinion that it is either in Wordsworth, Cowper or Scott's "Marmion" or "Lady of the Lake." I can't get hold of any of these here, so I have to call on you to tell me who is the author. We only differ as to the rendition of the first verse or line as it is usually called. I render it:

> "O woman! in hours of ease."

He renders it:

> "O woman! in *our* hours of ease."

Now which is correct pray tell, or are we both wrong? I rather think the third verse or line should read:

> "When pain and *anguish* wring the brow,"
> or: "When pain and *suffering* wring the brow."

I used to be quite certain about the accuracy of my quotations, but this miserable war business has made me lose confidence in myself in such matters, and I'm going to quit it soon as I decently can, and go home and shut myself up for a while and have you teach me. If there is no move on hand to-morrow I shall try to find Sidney Wood, and see that his wounds are properly attended to. My regulation blankets

now woo me to repose under their rough folds; the arms of Morpheus are outstretched to receive me, so "now I lay me down to sleep."

July 1st. "The wisest plans of mice and men gang aft aglee." Just after writing the above, night before last, I thought I had laid "me down to sleep", but I was mistaken. About one o'clock in the morning I was awakened by a furious cannonade, and shells bursting in dangerous proximity to our headquarters, but night alarms being so frequent this campaign, I didn't jump out of my blankets immediately, only sat up and listened, trying to determine what it was, and what part of the line was attacked. I didn't listen many minutes though, until the roll of musketry convinced me that it meant business, and was very near our front, so calling out: "Andrew! saddle my horse!" I dressed quickly; similar calls for horses were heard, simultaneously, from all the staff tents, and in a very few minutes we were all mounted and riding through the dense woods, as rapidly as possible, toward our Division front. The night was intensely dark, illuminated occasionally by a flash of lightning or a bursting shell that came screaming along, but as we neared the front we could see that the musketry was not on our front, but just to our left, and the lines on either side were distinctly marked by the flashes of the guns, so that they looked like two parallel red lines, drawn acros the black bosom of the night. The flurry ended with no harm done, and we got back to our blankets a little before daylight. The rebels had attempted to drive in our skirmishers, and take an advanced line, but they were completely foiled, our loss being about half a dozen, theirs unknown, but it must have been much greater. Yesterday was not one of our fighting days, but I didn't finish this letter, for it was one of our moving days. We received an order yesterday to relieve, that is, to take the place of, Geary's Division of Hooker's Corps, and as Geary was in the front line, the change couldn't be made in daylight, without the enemy seeing it and shelling us, so it was necessary to do it last night, and with the utmost quiet, so I had to ride around Geary's line with the General yesterday, noting landmarks, and studying the position, so that I might be able to conduct our troops to their places in the darkness, for whenever we make such night changes it is my duty to conduct the troops to their new position. I got through last night about midnight, and being tired and sleepy, didn't go back to headquarters, but hitched my horse to a sapling, took off the saddle for a pillow, and spreading my gum poncho on the ground, slept soundly on it, without other bed, until the sun shone in my face this morning. We have been doing nothing to-day but riding around our new lines, and scanning our front with field glasses, to learn as much as possible about our new position before night should come; but now night has come, and with it a partial respite from the excessive heat, and the question with us now is: Will the enemy attack us to-night? Everything is remarkably quiet so far; even the skirmishers have almost ceased firing, but we may have plenty of noise before morning. I hope not, for if it gets cool enough I want to get a good sleep to-night.

July 2nd. Just at this point I had to stop last night, to send out some orders to our Brigade Inspectors, relative to a change which the

General desired to have made in our picket line, and so your letter was thrust into the valise again. This letter appears to be as much "continued" as one of Sylvanus Cobb's stories, but I hope I shall be able to conclude it this afternoon. It is now about 4 o'clock; we had a fine shower about noon, which reduced the heat. I received your letter of June 24th, to-day. The heat you speak of there must be very great, when it makes letters so very small. The heat here has a different effect, as you see, and causes my letters to grow and spread like pumpkin vines. Well, we are near "Pumpkin Vine Creek", and that may account for it. I learn to-day, that Fessenden of Maine is Secretary of the Treasury *vice* Chase, resigned. Ah, Salmon P.! I had begun to have faith in you, but with all your ability you are a selfish demagogue, to abandon the government now, when the grand crisis is at hand. Chase has been so entirely identified with our national finances since the war began that I'm afraid his retirement now will have a bad effect, and will tend to complicate the Presidential question still more. I shall now expect an alliance between the Chase and Fremont factions. xxxxx

Day after to-morrow is the "glorious 4th", and a deserter who came into our lines last night told me that the rank and file of the rebel army in our front are firmly impressed with the belief that we intend to attack them along the whole line on the morning of the 4th and continue the fighting all day regardless of the loss, until either that army or ours is annihilated. Poor fellows! I expect they are trembling at the near approach of that fatal morning. They would, no doubt, be surprised to know that part of Sherman's army is nearer Atlanta, to-night, than the bulk of theirs is. *I may not write what I know,* for this letter may fall into rebel hands before to-morrow night. So General John ——— is a candidate for Congress. Glad of it. Tell him I'll do what I can for him down here. x x x x x x x x x x

Your husband.

At Chattahoochee River, July 12, 1864.

Dear wife:

Mine eyes have beheld the promised land! The "domes and minarets and spires" of Atlanta are glittering in the sunlight before us, and only 8 miles distant. On the morning of the 5th, while riding at the extreme front with the General, and eagerly pressing our skirmishers forward after the rapidly retreating rebels, suddenly we came upon a high bluff overlooking the Chattahoochee, and looking southward across the river, there lay the beautiful "Gate City" in full view, and as the soldiers caught the announcement that Atlanta was in sight, such a cheer went up as must have been heard even in the entrenchments of the doomed city itself. In a very few moments Generals Sherman and Thomas (who are always with the extreme front when a sudden movement is taking place) were with us on the hill top, and the two veterans, for a moment, gazed at the glittering prize in silence. I watched the two noble soldiers—Sherman stepping nervously about, his eyes sparkling and his face aglow—casting a single glance at Atlanta, another at

the River, and a dozen at the surrounding valley to see where he could best cross the River, how he best could flank them. Thomas stood there like a noble old Roman, calm, soldierly, dignified; no trace of excitement about that grand old soldier who had ruled the storm at Chickamauga. Turning quietly to my General, he said: "————, send up a couple of guns and we'll throw some shells over there," pointing to some heavy timber across the River.

In a moment I was off down the road, to the rear, to order up some artillery; the infantry column separated and opened the road, the artillery came thundering along through the long lines of men, and in fifteen minutes from the time our line of skirmishers reached that hill top, a Parrott shell went screaming from the high point, and burst beautifully on the south side of the Chattahoochee—the first since the war began. That was a glorious moment, and I felt proud that I belonged to this grand army, and that I was at the front instead of at the rear, doing "fancy duty." Many a long fatiguing day has passed since I first crossed the Ohio River as a soldier, and the Chattahoochee River then seemed a long way off; many a time since then have I almost felt like giving up in despair, confessing myself unequal to the stern requirements of my time, but fortunately better counsels prevailed, I have saved my self respect, and I know I am indebted to you for most of the fortitude that has enabled me to keep at the front for these two toilsome years. Your cheerful, hopeful spirit has encouraged and animated me, and I know you would not have me shrink from the ordeal or return home until I can do so honorably.

The greater part of this army is now across the river, and some of it must be very near Atlanta, but I do not know where it is, for this corps has been kept on the north side of the river, thus far, to hold the fords and cover our line of communication, until the rest of the army can take up a position on the other side of the river that will compel either a battle or the immediate evacuation of the city. This army is so situated now as to prevent a junction of the armies of Lee and Johnston, and they must now fight it out separately. If Grant can whip Lee, we can whip Johnston, and then Jeff Davis might as well "shut up shop." We are now out of the mountains, we have pushed the rebel army from its last mountain stronghold and it must now rely upon good luck alone. On reaching the river the left wing of the army captured about 300 women at one cotton factory, and the right wing captured about 400 at another. They have all been shipped North. I have received your letters of June 28th and July 1st. It is very hot here now, but I don't suppose the heat troubles us any more than it does you folks at home. When you wrote last, you, as well as everybody else in the North (judging from the newspapers) were alarmed about a reported defeat of our army on the 27th of June. No wonder the North is in a continual fever of excitement. Just because Sherman telegraphed the *truth,* viz., that he had assaulted the rebel works and been repulsed with a loss of about 3000, everybody began to groan over our defeat. Why, bless you, we didn't think anything of it here, and it has ceased to be even talked about. Everybody in this army that knew anything about it, knew that it was a kind of experiment, to try the rebel works

that we have been flanking so long, to see whether they were really as strong as they appeared to be. If we had succeeded in piercing the rebel line at any one of the three points at which our assaulting columns were directed, it would have resulted in the almost total destruction of Johnston's army; the prize was great, and the assault was accordingly, desperate and bloody, but we couldn't pierce their line with the first trial, so our lines dropped back a little, the men wiped the sweat from their faces, and sat down to rest before trying it again, but Sherman and Thomas thought it would cost too many lives to assault again, so then the men went to work and entrenched where they were, right close to the enemy's line, ready and willing at any moment to dash forward and assault again. The repulse of those three assaulting columns appears to have troubled and frightened the North very much, but it didn't make half as much impression on this army as two days steady rain would have made. x x x x x x x x x x x x x x x x x x x

Your husband.

Chattahoochee River, July 15, 1864.

Dear wife:

I have your letter of July 5th. x x x x x x x x x I have been in Dixie to-day, at least I've been across the Chattahoochee, and if Dixie isn't over there it isn't anywhere I guess. We are lying very quietly here, on the bank of the river; part of the army is across, about 4 miles above here, entrenched and quietly waiting for ——— to ———, I dare not write it, for fear some rebel might read this before to-morrow night; I can say, though, that we are waiting for *somebody* to do *something*, and then *we'll* do something.

x x x x x x x x x x

I am glad the rebels have been raiding towards Washington and Baltimore. I wouldn't care a fig if they would capture Baltimore, for it has been a nuisance ever since the war began. It would hurt my pride somewhat to have them *capture* Washington, but I wouldn't care if they would invest it and lay siege to it. Then we in the army would see just how much patriotism there is among the carpet knights at home; then we would see which the people at home love most, their money or their country. If there is not enough manhood in the North to save our country's capital from 40,000 ragged rebels, then let that capital go, and let the pusillanimous North bow its head and take the yoke of its more chivalric Southern conquerors. If this army has been toiling in the field for years, to shield a race of cowards at home, it is time the army knew it, and I therefore rejoice at every prospect of a rebel invasion. The South has been invaded and desolated on every hand, but it still maintains its battle front, and proud, defiant mien. I would like to see, now, what the North will do if it is invaded. xxxxx I have been looking out for that mocking bird for you but have not seen one since you wrote me about it. Johnston, in his retreat, appears to have swept along with him, not only his army, but all the white men, white women and mocking birds, leaving us nothing but scorpions,

wood ticks and worn out Africans. But I'll not forget your wish, and if I can get one will certainly do so. I see greenbacks are only worth 38 cents on the dollar. Glad I haven't got any, for that is almost on par with confederate money. x x x x x x x x x x x

Your husband.

Near Atlanta, Ga., July 23, 1864.

Dear wife:

I received yours of the 15th yesterday but hadn't time to read it until yesterday, or rather last night, as we were busy all day getting our troops in position, and reconnoitering to ascertain the exact location of the enemy's lines. We have finally swept over all natural obstacles between Chattanooga and Atlanta. The rivers are all crossed and the mountains all scaled, and nothing now remains between us and the doomed city but the ridges of red clay thrown up by the rebel army. We have crossed hundreds of such ridges between the Cumberland and the Chattahoochee, and the fair presumption is that we can cross those in our front now, but nothing is certain in war, and I shall not, therefore, say that Atlanta is ours until I actually ride through its streets with our victorious columns. As we approach the prize the rebels are becoming more desperate. Johnston has been removed from command, because he pronounced Atlanta untenable, and Hood, who is a reckless fighter, succeeds him. Hood first manifested his dash and recklessness as a commander of the rebel army, when, on the 20th inst. he massed his whole army and hurled it against what he supposed was our right, but which, unfortunately for him, proved to be about our centre. The attack was a desperate one, but it failed, and the rebel loss was terrible; probably not less than 8000; I believe the Atlanta papers of the 21st admit a loss of about 6000; our loss was between two and three thousand. The attack struck the left of our Division, but we disposed of it in about ten minutes, and didn't have more than twenty men hurt, but we had worked all the night before building strong breastworks, and so were better prepared for the attack than many other Divisions, where the men had slept the night before, and were consequently, caught without fortifications, or but incomplete ones. This Corps crossed the river on the 17th inst. and the general impression then was that we should be in Atlanta by the 20th, and with almost no fighting, but the night before we started I wrote to Andrew and told him I thought the severe fighting of the campaign would take place between the river and the city, and I am now fully convinced of it. The rebels came out and attacked McPherson and Scofield yesterday, and gained some advantage over them, capturing several pieces of artillery, and many prisoners. McPherson was killed.

That is a severe loss, but his place can be filled; should we lose old father Thomas though, it would hurt us equal to the loss of an entire Division. We have been singularly fortunate during the entire campaign; success has crowned almost every movement, and our losses have been light, but we can't expect to get along always without some pretty tough fighting. The rebels have been more vigorous since we

crossed the river than they were before, but it is only the vigor of desperation, and the more frequently they assault us, the sooner their army will be destroyed, for they *can't whip* this army; we are like the big boy, "too big to be whipped." They may gain temporary advantage here and there along our line, they may capture a few guns, but they will capture them at the expense of the blood and muscle of their army, and that they cannot replace; so I don't care how often they assault; we are here to *fight* them and *destroy* them, not to *chase* them, and if they have found their "last ditch" all right, Sherman will soon put them in it, and the oftener they attack the sooner he'll have them in it. From the position of this Division we can't see Atlanta, although it is only about two miles to the city, but the left of our army is much nearer to it, and prisoners say that our shells go into it. The surrounding country is comparatively level, fertile and well cultivated, and the residences are neat and tasteful. All the streams of any considerable size through this country are very muddy looking, the springs are not very numerous, and their water south of the river is not as good as the water north of it. We hold possession of the railroad from Atlanta to Augusta, and have cut the railroad from Atlanta to Montgomery, Ala., thus leaving Atlanta but a single railroad running south easterly to Macon, and thence, by a very circuitous route to Charleston, S. C. Now if we could get possession of the road to Macon it would compel the rebels to evacuate Atlanta, as they would be entirely cut off from all communication, by rail or telegraph, with the rest of the Confederacy. We will probably get that road very soon. The artillery firing is almost incessant, and at this time of night (11 o'clock) the rebel shells from Atlanta are bursting uncomfortably close to where I am writing, so you may guess why this letter is such a scrawl. Just now I hear a heavily loaded train running out of Atlanta on the Macon road; may be the rascals are running away again. This is Saturday night and they always retreat on Saturday nights, but morning will tell. Plague on the shells! They are bursting so close as to make me dodge every time one explodes.

I'm demoralized and can't write any more to-night, so I'll quit and go and hunt for a big tree which will be a better protection than my tent.

Your husband.

Before Atlanta, July 25, 1864.

Dear wife:

It is late bed time, but we suspect an attack, and have been sitting up hoping that if we are attacked it may be before we have gone to bed, for we dislike being hurried out of our blankets in the small hours of the night by the racket of an attacking column. Two deserters, who came into our lines since dark, report that Hardee, with his Corps, and 5000 additional troops, is to attack our right flank to-night. If he does that it will bring us into the fight speedily, but if the old 14th Corps has half a chance, to-morrow's sun will rise upon Hardee a defeated man. He may make the attack, but I hardly think he will, for the rebel loss

has been so great in such attacks, since we crossed the river, that they can't afford to lose many more men without utterly destroying their army. They may attack when and where they please, whether in front or flank, it makes but little difference, we'll manage some way to punish them severely every time they undertake it. The musketry is quite sharp along our lines just now, so come on Mr. Hardee if you think you can stand it, we will give you a soldierly entertainment at least. I believe men do become hardened to some extent in the army. Two years ago I would have had many serious thoughts over the prospect that presents itself to-night; a threatened night attack by a whole army corps, would have unfitted me for writing, driven sleep from my eyelids, and kept me nervously pacing about during the whole night, but I can't possibly feel so now. I find myself studying the situation—thinking about the weak points and the strong points of our line—speculating as to how and where the enemy will make his first attack—studying the probabilities as to whether he will make any attack at all, and finally concluding that they may possibly attack—better be ready for it anyhow, and they may possibly drive us back a little way, but they can't whip us, and their loss in the end will be far greater than ours. I presume that is the way most officers, who have been any considerable time in the service feel about it to-night. Questions of personal hazard are of secondary consideration, for individual safety is best secured by securing the safety of all; and yet I don't think men become callous to danger, indeed I think it is the reverse, and for myself, I know I took more and greater risks during my first year of service than I would take now, for I was verdant then, and took risks without knowing it, possibly for fear some one might say I was afraid to do this or that. I guess I had better not write any more to convince you of my moral degeneration, and as my eyelids begin to feel heavy I'll lay down my pen and venture to my blankets, and if Mr. Hardee is running around tonight he had better follow my example, that is, not get into *my* blankets but into his own; so hoping that a quiet night may usher in a quiet morning, I'll say good night.

July 27th. Well, here it is, the evening of the 27th, two days later, and still Hardee has not ventured to attack us. I turned in to my blankets on the night I commenced this letter, at about one o'clock in the morning, but was not permitted to have a quiet night, for about half past two an orderly came galloping up to headquarters, and his noise awakened me; I heard him enquire of the guard which was the General's tent, and the guard directed him to it; in a very few minutes the General, in drawers and slippers, came to my tent, lighted my candle with his, and handed me the note from General ————, our Corps Commander, which I enclose. After I had read the note, the General directed me to go to our picket line and collect from the pickets, and from my own observation, all the information I could, in regard to movements within the enemy's lines. So you see how speedily my hopes for a quiet night vanished. As soon as my horse could be saddled I was off for the picket line, where I remained until morning, listening to the rebels moving about in Atlanta, and listening to the extravagant and often contradictory stories of the pickets, as to what

they had heard during the night. The result of my observation was that I was able to report that the rebels had been busily engaged all night in moving troops and trains and artillery, but I could form no idea where they were moving them to. I heard one railroad train come into the city on the Macon railroad and go out again, and but one. General Howard assumed command of McPherson's army today.

There are movements going on today and tonight, in Sherman's peculiar style, the result of which you will undoubtedly read in the daily papers long before you read this. People may rest assured that the rebels will not give up Atlanta until they are compelled to. They withdrew from Knoxville and Chattanooga last year, hoping, subsequently, to crush Rosecran's army, and re-occupy both places.

They came very near doing it at Chickamauga, but they didn't quite, and the result was that they permanently lost two of the very important points of the Confederacy. They will profit by their experience of last year, and not give up this vital point, with the delusive hope of crushing Sherman afterward and re-occupying Atlanta. With the fall of Atlanta two Southern Capitals must fall, Milledgeville and Montgomery. Montgomery was where the Southern Confederacy first flung its banner to the breeze; it was the first capital of the Confederacy, and when Montgomery falls it may be said we have reached the root of the Confederacy. The first and last Capitals of the Confederacy are trembling in the balance; Petersburg the key to one, Atlanta the key to the other. "Time, the great tomb builder of Nations" is rapidly digging "the last ditch" for Dixie, and History, with busy pen is hurrying up its epitaph. We may be as long before Atlanta as Grant before Petersburg; the loyal hearts of the North may grow sick with waiting for the tidings that Atlanta has fallen; clouds of gloom and despondency may hang over the North; faint hearts at home may falter at the prospect, and begin to whisper the craven words of *compromise,* but notwithstanding all this *Atlanta must fall.* This army has its front to the doomed city, and it will take no step backward; we do not look to croakers and demagogues at home for strength, our reliance is in God and a just cause, and "by that sign we conquer." We have had terrible fighting since crossing the Chattahoochee; our path from the river to the very gates of the city is paved with soldiers' graves, but oh! how gloriously our brave boys have borne our flag on every field! The path has been a bloody one but a glorious one for this army, and I believe, today, that the veriest coward in our ranks has no fear of the rebel army that crouches within the entrenchments of Atlanta. We can shell the city at our pleasure, and a bright light in that direction tonight, indicates that some of our shells have fallen among inflammable substances. I am provoked to think that Mr. Greely permitted himself to be wheedled by Geo. N. Sanders and those other rebels at Niagara, and I should think Mr. Lincoln would have had more sense than to have permitted Major Hay, a military officer, to have figured in any way, in that ridiculous correspondence. Permitting his name to appear will redeem the affair from some of its farcical features, and may possibly, in the eyes of the world, elevate the whole affair to the dignity of a serious negotiation. Why should

we appear to be in haste to negotiate with treason now? Why send an officer of rank to talk about peace and compromise with a parcel of seedy traitors? The army carries its arguments for rebels in its cartridge boxes and caissons, and if the rebels want peace let them come to our picket lines in front and say so. That's what they must do finally. We had a shower today, and it is quite cool tonight; indeed the nights have been cool for a week past, and I hope they may continue so during the rest of the season. Sidney Wood is in hospital at Nashville and his wound is getting along nicely. Out of stamps again. * * *

Your husband.

The note mentioned as having been enclosed in the foregoing letter is as follows:

"July 26, '64.

"General ————.

"General Hooker reports to Department Headquarters that the enemy have been all night removing artillery and infantry trains to the right. They seem, according to this report, first to move to their right, and then to their left (our right). Show this to General ———— and order your pickets to observe closely and report.

Respectfully,

————————

Maj. Genl."

Before Atlanta, July 31, 1864.

Dear wife:

It is Sabbath evening, and just one week ago this evening you were writing me the letter which I received yesterday.

There is one good thing about this campaign, and that is that our mail has kept up with us in all marches toward the heart of Georgia, and today the little missives come as promptly to the soldier in the trenches before Atlanta, as they would if he were at his own northern home. The value of this prompt transmission of mails cannot be too highly appreciated, and the tender and humanizing influence of the dear little home letters, as they are read and re-read by the light of the camp fire is worth more than all the efforts of army Chaplains and Christian Commission men. On Thursday, the 28th, we had another heavy engagement with the enemy, and as usual they were terribly repulsed in four distinct efforts to break our lines, leaving most of their dead and many of their wounded in our hands. I was over the ground next morning, and the dead lay just where they had fallen, festering and decomposing in the hot July sun. I rode over a space about 400 yards long by about 75 yards in width, and in that area scanned the faces of 225 dead rebels, and then had not seen more than one-third of those who lay there, but that number satisfied my appetite for blood, and I returned feeling very thankful that I was not a rebel

and especially a dead rebel. Colonels, Lieut. Colonels, Majors, Captains, Lieutenants and privates lay mingled together on that field of blood, all reduced to the same rank. One Colonel, one Major and one Captain had been buried before I got there. Poor fellows! They fought manfully, like Americans, and I honor them for their valor, even though they fought for a bad cause. The Captain who had been buried, had fallen nearer to our line than any other rebel, and he had evidently been decently interred by some Masonic brother in blue, for a head board made out of the lid of a cracker box, had been erected at his grave and inscribed with the masonic "square and compass", and his name "Capt. Sharp, 10th Miss., Buried by the 35th N. J. Vols. I know that he will arise again," all written on it with a pencil, and possibly by the hand of the same soldier that killed him a few hours before. Our men buried 642 rebels on that ground that day, and taking the usual proportions of wounded to killed, their loss on the 28th cannot have been less than 3,500 killed and wounded, and we took 400 prisoners, while our loss cannot have been more than 900 killed and wounded, and no prisoners. The rebel loss in their several attacks on us since we crossed the river, must be fully twenty thousand, while ours has scarcely reached one third that number. I felt satisfied that the rebels would fight to the bitter end for Atlanta, after we should cross the river, but did not expect them to manifest such senseless desperation. Why it is perfect murder. We slaughter them by thousands, but Hood continues to hurl his broken, bleeding battalions against our immovable lines, with all the fury of a maniac. Reason seems dethroned, and Despair alone seems to rule the counsels within the walls of Atlanta. Nothing but defeat and utter destruction stares Hood in the face—he has sense enough to see it, and now, brave traitor, as he is, has determined to die fighting, with "harness on his back." Our men would take it as an easy task to repel an assault anywhere on our lines. In company with Gen. ————, I chanced to be where Gen. Sherman was during the fighting of the 28th. When the firing commenced, away off, two miles to our right, we didn't know what it meant; Sherman remarked: "Logan is feeling for them and I guess he has found them." The scattering musketry, and occasional roar of artillery, swelled louder and louder into the full chorus of battle; presently a staff officer from Gen. Howard dashed up to Gen. Sherman and announced that the enemy were making a heavy and determined assault on Logan's corps, which was on the extreme right of the Army of the Tennessee, now commanded by Gen. Howard; "Good" said Sherman, "that's fine" "just what I wanted" "just what I wanted, tell Howard to invite them to attack, it will save us trouble, save us trouble, they'll only beat their own brains out, beat their own brains out." And so, in this confident tone our chieftain talked on gaily, while his boys in blue were reaping the terrible harvest of death. He understood his own strategy, he saw it was working as he had designed, and he was satisfied. In your letter of a week ago, you congratulated me on our having taken Atlanta. If we have taken it yet I haven't heard of it, and we are in the front line where we will be likely to know it very soon after its capture. I see by the papers that the *correspondents* captured

it a week or ten days ago, but the *army* hasn't got that far yet. True, we can look into the streets of the city from the front lines of this Division, but there are several heavy fortifications, filled with huge guns and greybacks, between us and those streets, and they were firing shells, as large as a water bucket, at us yesterday from those very fortifications. One of them struck near our headquarters yesterday and failed to explode; some soldiers dug it up, and on weighing it, found it weighed 65 pounds. I'm just coward enough to dodge all missiles of that size, for I'm sure I couldn't stop its flight if I'd "try my best", and what's the use of a body trying to do what a body knows a body can't do? A methodist minister, Rev. George W. Pepper, whom I used to hear preach in Chesterville, O., when I was a small boy, called to see me yesterday and took dinner with me. While he was sitting on a chair in my tent and I was lazily lounging on my cot, one of those big shells came screaming along right over my tent, and burst near by; down on the floor of the tent went my reverend friend, as flat as a frog, and I was so irreverent as to laugh immoderately at the ridiculous figure he cut, sprawling on the floor. He raised up, brushed the dirt off his clothes, and looked as long faced as if he was preaching a funeral sermon, and very soon bade me good bye. Several shells came our way during dinner, and he made his pastoral call to these headquarters very brief. A great many such shells passed over our headquarters yesterday, and we had a great deal of sport laughing at each other for our dodging. Falling flat on the ground or jumping behind a big tree are the prevailing modes of dodging these shells. I completely flattened myself on the ground once yesterday, when I thought, from the sound of the shell, it was coming right for me; our Medical Director, who was sitting near me at the time, also tried to flatten himself, but his pantaloons being very tight, he couldn't get down quick enough, though in his vigorous efforts to get down, he succeeded in rending his unmentionables most fearfully, and furnished the rest of the staff a half hour's laughter. So you see the hours pass lightly with us much of the time, and we levy contributions of merriment from every day as it glides along.

x x x x x x x x

Your husband.

Four miles S. W. of Atlanta, Aug. 6, 1864.

Dear wife:

It is Saturday night, and raining. I am tired and sleepy, for we have been fighting today, yesterday and day before yesterday, and I shall only write a note tonight, to let you know I am safe. We were moved from our former position before Atlanta, around to the extreme right, at this place, on Wednesday, the 3rd inst., driving the enemy after a sharp skirmish, took up position and fortified it, keeping up a continual skirmish during the night; next day we advanced one of our brigades to make a reconnoissance of the enemy's position and works—had heavy musketry and artillery on the part of the rebels—lost a good many men—captured some prisoners, and at night, withdrew the

brigade to its original position. Next day, which was yesterday, we were ordered to advance our whole line, and if found practicable, storm the enemy's works. This meant work. At an early hour yesterday the men were stripped for the assault, and about 10 A. M. the bugles sounded the charge; with a wild yell our men dashed forward through the dense timber, and in an instant the air was filled with the little leaden "messengers of peace"; in a few more minutes the rebel artillery opened along our entire front, but by this time we had captured their entire skirmish line, officers and men, numbering over 200, and as it was evident, from the artillery fire, that the rebels had massed their artillery in our front, the General determined that to advance against their main works would probably result in a repulse, and in the loss of hundreds of men without accomplishing any good, so he ordered the line to halt, and the men fell flat on their faces, to avoid the storm of shells that was howling over them. A message was immediately sent to our Corps Commander informing him of what we had done, and that it was not deemed practicable to assault the main works, and his order was received to hold the ground we had gained, and fortify ourselves. Our men have dug so much during this campaign that it don't take them long to fortify now, and in about an hour, under a very heavy artillery fire, the men had erected fortifications that afforded excellent protection; other Divisions were then moved forward on a line with us, and there we are still. The enemy made a couple of feeble efforts to drive back our lines today, and annoyed us very much all day with their artillery, but they can't drive us back, and I guess they will behave themselves tomorrow. We will get them out of Atlanta some of these days, but they are holding to it with the greatest tenacity. A difficulty about a question of rank between Gens. ——— and ——— has thus far, resulted in one of them resigning command of his corps. If they had happened to be killed the army would go along just the same. * * *

Your husband.

Four miles S. W. of Atlanta, Aug. 11, 1864.

Dear wife:

There is no mistake about it, "procrastination is the thief of time." I meant as much as could be, to have written you yesterday, but the day was hot, and I was so lazy, that I just lounged in my tent all day, listening to the constant cannonade going on around the doomed city, or dreamily, lazily thinking of home, and wondering what you were doing. Thus the day passed on, until the diminished heat and lengthened shadows, told me that the sun was about setting; I then determined to wait until after supper, and then, with lighted candle and everything ready, spend the evening chatting with you, but after supper came a sick headache, and although I resolutely lit my candle, got out my pen, ink and paper, and seated myself to write, it was all no use, and I had to give it up and retire, for my head ached wretchedly, and I knew if I undertook to write I would get too much headache in the letter. The last letter I have had from you was written July 31st, and on the next Sunday evening I was sitting in my tent here reading it. If I sup-

posed my letters went to you anything like as rapidly as yours come to me, I should feel better satisfied, but I'm afraid our letters from the army are delayed much longer than is necessary. * * * *

I am afraid this political campaign is destined to be a very stormy one, and I shall not be at all surprised to see the flames of Civil war bursting out in many places in the North. Oh well! Let them burst out whensoever and wheresoever they may; if the able bodied men of the North won't "go to the war" they must expect *the war to go to them.* We have been getting reports from deserters, who are coming into our lines rapidly, that Mobile is in our possession, but it is not credited here in the army, although we expect it soon will be in our possession. We expect Atlanta will soon be in our possession too though I haven't much idea how soon, but I feel quite certain that if our Generals hadn't fallen to quarreling among themselves, Atlanta would have been ours now. I'm glad I'm not a General to be quarreling with my companions about questions of rank, like a bunch of children quarreling about their painted toys. We will get Atlanta some way, though, in spite of our family broils, and I am equally certain Grant will, in some way, circumvent Lee, notwithstanding the stampede of his Africans before Petersburg the other day. Negroes *may* make as good soldiers as white men, but I don't believe it and never will. I had my first mess of green corn yesterday at dinner, and had some more today, but it is scarce here, and indeed vegetables of all kinds are scarce, almost none to be obtained. The result of this scarcity of vegetables is that a great many cases of scurvy have appeared in this army, even among officers. Oh! if I could only be at home a couple of weeks now, wouldn't I luxuriate on green corn, potatoes, peas, beans, tomatoes, &c., &c.? Talk about bread being the "staff of life" it's all humbug. I'd give more for an ear of green corn down here than I would for two loaves of bread. To my surprise I received a letter today from little Frank.* x x x x He tells me that he and his ma had been to Mansfield, and that he bought two books with his own money, and that one of the books tells about a drummer boy who captured the first prisoner at the battle of Roanoke. Frank's military ardor is evidently aroused, as I remember mine was when, as a small boy, I used to read stories about the Mexican war, and earnestly wished I was a man, so that I could go to war like the men in the pictures, wearing a nice blue coat and red pants, flourishing a great yellow sword over my head, and dashing into the thickest of the fight on a furious, coal black horse. But I find that the glowing fancy of youth lent a large amount of "enchantment to the view," and now, that I have tried the sober reality, I find it very unenchanting. Frank may find it out some day too, but he is happy in the enjoyment of his delusion now, and it really seems a pity that his rose tinted fancies of drummer boys and war should ever be effaced from his mind. I am glad you heard from Henry, but I suppose he is not at Macon now, as that is not a very safe place to keep "Yankee prisoners" just now. You haven't given me the author of that quotation I wrote you about last month. You won't

*Now Hon. Frank K. Dunn, Justice of the Supreme Court of the State of Illinois.

forget it will you? It is now night and I must shut up shop for this time.

Your husband.

Four miles S. W. of Atlanta, Aug. 16, 1864.

Dear wife:

It is just about sunrise, and here I am, up and dressed, and seated to commence a letter to you. Your letter of 7th inst., I received yesterday. x x x x

I sometimes get mad at the miserable cowardly sneaks at home, and wish that about 10,000 rebel cavalry would make a raid through every Northern State, burning, robbing and destroying everything in their pathway. They did burn Chambersburg, Pa., and I rejoiced. It gave me pleasure to think of the drunken rebel raiders dancing and howling over the ruin they had wrought. I wish they could do the same to fifty other towns in the North; I want to see the ill gotten gains of Northern shoddyites and money mongers go up in smoke.

Evening, August 17th. Just as I wrote the word "smoke" above, breakfast was announced and I was compelled to stop "20 minutes for breakfast," as they say at railroad stations, but after breakfast, the General wanted to examine our front lines and wanted me to go with him, so I had to lay aside this letter, and I have been so busy since that I've had no time to finish it, and I just determined to steal a few minutes from my sleeping time tonight, to finish it.

Rebel cavalry in our rear has commenced cutting our communications, and mails are somewhat irregular. I have received your letter of the 7th, written at Mrs. Woods, and containing the welcome postage stamps. (On referring to the beginning of this letter I see I had already acknowledged the receipt of that letter, but no matter, I'm in a hurry, for I must get to bed so as to be up early, and besides it is somewhat doubtful whether this gets through to you anyhow). Extensive movements of this army commence tomorrow. I read the orders in detail this evening, and though I dare not say more about them, I still may say that *something will be done.* I am acting as Inspector General of the Corps now, and will so continue until the return of Lieut. Col. ———, who is the Inspector General, but who is absent and will probably be for two weeks yet. I hope to write you tomorrow night, but if the trains are not running will not write, for letters can't get through.

Your husband.

Four miles S. W. of Atlanta, Aug. 21, 1864.

Dear wife:

It is Sunday afternoon, almost evening, and I will write you anyhow, even though there be but little prospect of my letter getting through very soon, if at all. I received your letters of the 12th and 15th yesterday, which delighted me, especially the latter one, written after you had got back home; its improved tone will enable me to

endure my Arabs life down here much better, from the consciousness that you are in fine spirits at home. I also received a letter from sister Maggie and one from a friend at ———, Ill., so you see I was well supplied with mail matter yesterday, but there had been a great dearth of mail here for several days previous, owing to the operations of rebel cavalry in our rear, and our Division postmaster returned from the River about noon today, saying he could get no mail as the railroad was out again. Thus we are living down here, rebels all around us, but not enough of them to disturb our equilibrium in the least, except in so far as their raiding parties occasionally succeed in stopping our mails. Our situation before Atlanta is not changed from what it was when I last wrote you, and I don't think it will be during the remainder of this month. Orders for operations when I last wrote you were withdrawn at the last moment. Things were not ripe. Quite a considerable number of officers are tendering resignations and asking for leave of absence now. Much as I would like to get home a few days I will not ask for leave now at the crisis of the campaign, when every head and heart and hand is needed right here at the front. We who are already in the field must do our whole duty now, for it is daily becoming painfully evident that those who are left at home do not intend to do theirs. They can toss their hats in air and shout hurrahs when we win victories, but they have no intention of placing their own persons within the reach of rebel bullets. The columns of the daily papers I see filled with advertisements of Northern cowards, offering large sums for substitutes to take their places in the ranks. Oh! how such men are despised here! They expect to prove their patriotism by lavishly expending the money they have made by speculating on the misery of their country. It is really an annoyance to me to think that when I become a citizen again I will have to associate with such despicable creatures. To use your own language, "how long, oh how long must these things be." The war sentiment among the people of the North appears to be at its lowest ebb; everybody is either scrambling for wealth or for office, and giving only an occasional thought to the soldiers in the field, just about as the Southern planters used to think of their slaves, toiling in the cotton and the cane.

I suppose I wouldn't complain much about it if I were getting a fair share of the wealth in the general scramble, but as I don't think I am I suppose it is only natural that I should complain some. Oh well! there's no use in crying about it; those fellows at home are just raking up the money in convenient little heaps, I'll get home after a while, and they can't watch their heaps so closely but what I'll get some of them. Thank fortune, but little over two months until the Presidential election! A few days more and the agonies of the Chicago Convention will be over. I have but little curiosity to know what it will bring forth. We have been lying here in one place so long that I am beginning to get "fidgetty"; time begins to hang heavily; I have so much time for thinking that I begin to conjure up a great many bright pictures of home, and thoughts of home don't add much to contentment down here, so I hope we'll push on soon, and with this hope I'll start

this little courier to run the gauntlet of the rebel raiders, wishing it *bon voyage.*

Your husband.

Jonesboro, Ga., September 3, 1864.

Dear wife:

The long agony is over, and Atlanta is ours! This army is frantic with exultation, and the rebel army is scattered over the country. This Corps eclipsed their glories of Chickamauga and Mission Ridge, by its charge of day before yesterday. Our Division, of course, was in it, and we were the first inside the enemy's works, capturing about 500 prisoners, 4 pieces of artillery and 3 flags, one of the prisoners being a brigadier general. Our Division Commander had two horses shot under him, his aide de camp was shot in the arm, the rest of us are safe. I only have time to let you know I am not hurt. Will write at length first opportunity. We won't stay here long.

Your husband.

Atlanta, Sunday, September 11, 1864.

Dear wife:

It is a pleasant, breezy afternoon in September, and as I sit here in my tent, on a beautiful grassy hill in the suburbs of the fallen city, and watch our National colors floating gaily from its spires, I feel profoundly thankful that God has permitted me to pass safely through all the stern struggles of this long campaign, and that mine eyes are permitted to see the old flag floating over still another stronghold of the enemy. I knew we would triumph; in the darkest hours of this campaign my faith in our ultimate success was strong; I did not expect the city would fall into our hands without terrible fighting, but I knew we could do the fighting, and had no fears of the result. Our Corps had the honor of giving the grand finishing stroke to the campaign, on the first day of this month, at Jonesboro, on the Macon railroad, about 20 miles south of Atlanta, where we met the enemy, charged his works and carried them with the bayonet, capturing 8 pieces of artillery, instead of 4 as I wrote you before, several stands of colors, over 1,000 prisoners, instead of 500, among them Brig. Gen. Govan, and utterly routing and scattering the rest of the army confronting us. Oh, it was a glorious battle! But this Division suffered terribly. There was no chance for flinching there. Generals, Colonels, Majors, Captains and privates, all had to go forward together over that open field, facing and drawing nearer to death at every step we took, our horses crazy, frantic with the howling of shells, the rattling of canister and the whistling of bullets, ourselves delirious with the wild excitement of the moment, and thinking only of getting over those breast works—great volleys of canister shot sweeping through our lines making huge gaps, but the blue coated boys filled the gaps and still rushed forward right into the jaws of death—we left hundreds of bleeding comrades behind us at every step, but not one instant did that

line hesitate—it moved steadily forward to the enemy's works—over the works with a shout—over the cannon—over the rebels, and then commenced stern work with the bayonet, but the despairing cries of surrender soon stopped it, the firing ceased, and 1,000 rebels were hurried to the rear as prisoners of war. The General rode forward with the front line despite our protests and had two horses shot under him during the charge, my tent mate, Capt. A——— was shot in the right arm, why the other five of us escaped is one of the strange things found in a battle, when we were all similarly exposed to the fire. When the cheer of victory went up I recollect finding myself in a tangled lot of soldiers, on my horse, just against the enemy's log breast-works, my hat off, and tears streaming from my eyes, but as happy as a mortal is ever permitted to be. I could have lain down on that blood stained grass, amid the dying and the dead and wept with excess of joy. I have no language to express the rapture one feels in the moment of victory, but I do know that at such a moment one feels as if the joy were worth risking a hundred lives to attain it. Men at home will read of that battle and be glad of our success, but they can never feel as we felt, standing there quivering with excitement, amid the smoke and blood, and fresh horrors and grand trophies of that battle field. That night, as we lay on the ground without blankets or tents, we were aroused by sound of distant explosions away off to the North, in the direction of Atlanta, and many were the conjectures as to the cause, but the afternoon brought us the intelligence that the enemy had "evacuated Atlanta last night, blowing up 86 car loads of ammunition, and destroying large amounts of public stores." Then went up more lusty cheers than were ever heard in that part of Georgia before. Atlanta was ours; the object of our campaign was accomplished, and *of course,* we were happy. I expect the newspaper correspondents will tell you all about the various movements by which Hood was deceived, his army divided, and Atlanta won; it would take me too long to do it here, and besides I want to reserve it until I get home, and then I'll tell you all about it, and puzzle your head over military maps, plans, diagrams, &c., until I make quite a soldier of you. Now I suppose you want to know something about the great "Golden Apple," Atlanta, for the possession of which these two armies have been struggling so long. It is situated on high rolling land; two or three small streams run through the city in irregular courses, breaking the continuity of streets, and giving those parts of the city a very ragged appearance; the population is variously estimated at from 15,000 to 70,000; a good many citizens remain in the city, but the majority of them have gone to other Southern cities to escape from "the vandals." I have noticed some fine residences in the city, but the business buildings, so far as I have observed, are of mediocre quality, not comparable with business buildings in a Northern city of similar size. Atlanta looks more like a new, thriving Western city than any place I have seen in the South.

It has none of that built-up, finished, moss grown, venerable, aristocratic air, so noticeable in Southern cities; and in days of peace, I have no doubt Atlanta throbbed with the pulsations of that kind of enterprise that is converting our Western prairies into gardens, and

dotting them with cities that rise up with the magic and suddenness of the coral isles. I notice that many of the buildings in the region of the depot have been struck by our shells, but I have only been in the city once since we returned from Jonesboro, and have only seen a small part of it, so that I do not know the full extent of damage our artillery did. As soon as I can get time I shall explore it thoroughly, and can give you a full report when I get home. I presume everybody at home is so deeply immersed in politics as to scarcely give a thought to the armies in the field. One party seems to want peace. That suits us here. We want peace too, *honorable* peace, won in the full light of day, at the cannon's mouth and the bayonet's point, with our grand old flag flying over us as we negotiate it, instead of cowardly peace purchased at the price of national dishonor. I received your letter of August 30th today. x x x x

I don't know how it will be about leaves of absence from here now, but will soon know, and if there is an opportunity I will get a leave, but I think our stay here will be brief, Hood has *some* army left, and we must destroy it, and I want to be "in at the death." You have not yet told me about that poetical quotation I wrote you about. Please don't forget it.

Your husband.

Atlanta, Ga., September 18th, 1864.

Dear wife:

This is a beautiful evening, quiet and starlit; the mellow tones of a flute come floating through the evening air from the camps beyond, up to my tent on the hill top—a flute, played perhaps by some war worn soldier whose heart is softened by the peace and quiet of this Sabbath evening, and his thoughts turned back to the Sabbath evening tryst, in "auld lang syne" with a dear loved one.

Ah! how many hearts are turning northward from this city of camps tonight; how many hearts, hardened by years of toil and scenes of blood on scores of historic battle fields, are softened by the mellow twilight of this evening, and their owners, sitting alone, in musing mood, looking at the stars in the Northern skies, and wondering what the dear ones beneath those stars are doing. And how gratifying it is to those whose hearts are in this struggle to know that among all these thousands of war worn men, who are thus thinking of home, there can scarcely be found a single discontented spirit. We are all in the bright glow of victory, happy as lovers in their honeymoon, and ready to follow Sherman and Thomas to the ends of the Confederacy, for the "God of Israel" is wielding his sword in our behalf and we know no such word as fail. x x x x

Your first letter addressed to me at Atlanta I received today. You ask me what I think of McClellan's letter of acceptance. I like it very much for the reason that he don't whine about *peace* in it, he talks *war*, he thinks he means war himself—as a soldier he would not dare think anything else, but the trouble with him is that he is not Major General McClellan who fought stubbornly before Richmond,

but is "a man of straw" set up by Wood, Richmond, Seymour, Cox, *et id omne genus,* to enable them to steal into the Capitol and the Cabinet, and the foreign missions, patch up a dishonorable peace and pocket the spoils. He is like a verdant spooney whom old gamesters have inveigled into their snares, he is taking a hand with them, he means no harm by it, he *thinks* he is honest himself and that they are too; they have convinced him that his chances to win are good, so spooney keeps in the game only to find himself plucked by his new found friends, and then thrown aside. I couldn't vote for McClellan either on a *peace* platform or on a *war platform.* A President need*s back bone* these days and needs no platform. There is but one question at issue in this country now, that is: "Shall this Nation live or die." All loyal men must take one side and all disloyal must take the other. The disloyal ones should be outside our picket lines, with no more right to vote at the coming election than we Illinois soldiers have. Lincoln says, unequivocally, that the Nation shall live, McClellan does not dare to say so, neither does he dare to say it shall not live. He lacks backbone. His nerves are not strong enough for this storm. We must have the man who dares to say: the Nation must live. We can trust ourselves to no other pilot.

Still I am glad McClellan does not announce himself as a peace man. I am glad he ignores the Chicago platform, for his doing so will undoubtedly be favorable to the war sentiment in the North, will tend to lessen opposition to drafts, and will show to the people of the South that the people of the North are not willing to stop the war, because of the cost in men and money. But a truce to politics. * * * * I send you an autographed letter of Alexander H. Stephens, Vice President of the Confederacy. It was picked up in a house in the city by one of our staff and given to me. I have ——— thousand dollars salary due me and not one cent in my pocket. That's a fine condition for the "head of a family" to find himself in, isn't it? I can get credit for everything but postage. Send me twenty postage stamps.

Your husband.

Atlanta, Ga., Sept. 25, 1864.

Dear wife:

Your letter of 15th inst. was received yesterday, and I am delighted to find it ran the gauntlet of Wheeler's cavalry and reached me safely. x x x x

A few days ago General ——————— received a note from Gen. Thomas asking him to forward to him the names of officers of his command whom he desired to have recommended to the President for promotion. I knew nothing of it at the time, but about an hour ago our Asst. Adjt. Genl. showed me General ——————'s report which he has just forwarded. In that report the General says: "I recommend Major ———— of ———— Ills. Vols., Asst. Inspector Genl. of this Division, to be made Lieut. Col. by brevet, for gallant and distinguished services during the late campaign." I must confess to be vain enough to feel proud of the commendation contained in those

few lines. It is entirely unsolicited and comes very unexpectedly at this time. I do not know whether the President will ever give me the brevet, but it makes no difference to me now—the consciousness that I have earned it is reward enough for me—for I entered on my military career with fear and trembling, having never had the least experience in military affairs, and didn't know but what my legs were of the "Peace" persuasion, and would rapidly carry me away from the first shot of a hostile gun.

I presume ordinary gratitude would compel me to return thanks to those members of my physical system for *not* carrying me away.

Wheeler captured and burned a mail for this army yesterday, but I don't think there was anything in it for me, as I received a letter from you yesterday, which, I presume arrived in Atlanta the day before. I hope he may not interfere with any of my letters, but I suspect he has on several occasions. Sheridan appears to be doing handsomely in the Shenandoah valley. He is one of our Cumberland Army Generals, and we are very much gratified at his success. The men in the camps are cheering continually over the telegrams from Washington, and no one here doubts either the fact or the propriety of Lincoln's election. McClellan stock is not quoted at all—none to be found in this market. I don't know yet anything more about when I shall get home, but I shall feel the General's pulse a little on that question this week, provided he appears to be in real good humor, and if there is not some good strong reason against it I think I may get a short leave, but don't expect it too strongly, for I may not get it. It is quite late and I will close, for I must be out with the General at seven o'clock in the morning for a general inspection of our troops, preparatory to a grand review to come off soon.

Your husband.

Atlanta, Ga., Oct. 2, 1864.

Dear wife:

It is Sabbath evening again and I can't help writing you a short letter even though I am pretty certain you will not get it. It has been a week since I last wrote you, but I knew it was no use to write, for no mails have been carried over the road for a week.

The rebel cavalry is hovering about the road all the way from Nashville to the Chattahoochee, and although they are doing very little damage, yet it is not thought prudent to send mails over the road for fear they might be captured. It is not now probable that I will ask for a leave of absence, for a little while at least. I have said nothing about it to the General, but from what I know about the present condition of things, I think it not improbable that something important may occur in a very few days, and it would not surprise me even to receive marching orders tonight yet. You must not think from this that we are in any trouble here; far from it; we have plenty of rations for men and animals, and are ready to march east, west, north or south on 10 hours notice. A great many officers have gone home on leave, and a great many more had leaves in their pockets and were ready to

start home, when an order was issued revoking the leaves of all officers who had not yet started, and declaring that no more leaves would be granted on any account until further orders.

I am "old soldier" enough to know what that means without any further explanation. Mrs. General Thomas and Mrs. General ——— started from New York ten days ago to come here, but they have not yet arrived, and General ——— is getting "fidgetty" about his wife, not having heard from her since she started. If she should be captured I would sympathize with him, of course, but can't say I would be very sorry, for while officers and soldiers may get along here very well, it is not a *good* place for their wives. Still these little interruptions may soon be remedied, and things resume their accustomed channel again in a very few days. I have been working hard to get my official business in good shape so that I can be spared a little while, and if things go all right it may not be very long until I can get home, unless I should be captured on the road, but I don't fear capture very much, and they can't keep me if they should capture me, for I know I can escape. The Adjutant of my regiment who, you will recollect, was dismissed the service, was exchanged a few days ago, and came through here on his way to the regiment. I did not see him. It is not improbable that he will be reinstated in the service. I hope it may be done, and have done what I could to effect it while he was a prisoner. It is so extremely uncertain whether you ever get this letter that I will not extend it for some rebel raider to read.

Am out of stamps again. Love to all at home.

Your penniless husband.

Kingston, Ga., Oct. 12, 1864.

Dear wife:

I received seven letters from you at this place last night. We have been following the rebels eight successive days. We reached here last night, got our first mail for three weeks, and start on toward Rome this morning. Have no time to write more. Am well, the army is in fine condition, and before we get through with Mr. Hood he will be put out of business. Since mails have been so much interrupted I have been keeping a diary. Good bye for this time.

Your husband.

Dicks Gap, Ga., Oct. 16, 1864.

Dear wife:

I am well. We are reduced to parched corn and sweet potatoes, but we are close after the copperheads commanded by Hood, and if the stay at home patriots will follow the copperheads commanded by McClellan in the same manner I shall be content. We may possibly force a fight out of them tomorrow, and if we can succeed in doing so, then good bye Mr. Hood. Have no time to write more. This is written by the light of a burning house with my knee for a desk.

Your husband.

Dicks Gap, Ga., Oct. 17, 1864.

Dear wife:

I wrote you a very hasty scrawl last night to send to Chattanooga by a courier who was already mounted and waiting for my letter. Our wagons reached us today, and as our postmaster is going to Chattanooga for mail I will write you a few words more. We are now within about one day's march of the famous Chickamauga battlefield. We have marched day and night since leaving Atlanta, but the rebels did the same and we have not overtaken them yet, though yesterday morning at daylight a part of our army was on top of the mountain while a rebel corps marched by in the valley, not over a half mile distant, and in full view. We are halting today to let our army concentrate, and to collect our wagons and send them back to Chattanooga. Sherman has just issued an order the purport of which is that the rebels are now retreating toward Montgomery, Ala., and we are to send back to Chattanooga our wagons, baggage and everything that can in any way impede our march, and we are to start tomorrow morning to pursue them. We are to subsist on the country through which we march, and will pursue until we compel the rebels to fight or until their army breaks up and scatters over the country in small detachments. Atlanta is still in our possession, garrisoned by one corps, and the cars run regularly from there to Resaca, but the road from Resaca as far north as Tunnel Hill is badly destroyed, and it will take two weeks to put it in running order. Still, Sherman is determined to hold Atlanta at all hazards, and I think there will be no difficulty in doing so now, for the rebel army is exhausted and ours is in excellent condition, and the men are clamorous to be led southward again in pursuit of Hood. Sherman is really mad now because he was compelled to march so far north again, and is determined to annihilate Hood and his army, if possible to reach him. The postmaster is just ready to start and I must close. Your Husband.

Ships Gap, Ga., Oct. 18, 1864.

Dear wife:

* * * *

We start southward again this morning. All well. Just write to let you know where I am. Your Husband.

Gaylesville, Ala., Oct. 22, 1864.

Dear wife:

It is ten o'clock at night, and the band of the 79th Pennsylvania is out in front of our headquarters serenading us, but I have just been told: "Have your letter ready in twenty minutes, major, and I'll wait and take it with me." This was told me by the assistant adjutant general of the corps, Col. A. C. McClurg, who is going to Chattanooga at daylight in the morning, and as that is the only opportunity I know of for sending you a letter, I'll embrace it, though I can't write you

one thousandth part of what I want. I am very well and in fine spirits as I ever was in my life. I have heard the election news and I'm happy. Ohio, Pennsylvania and Indiana have proven themselves worthy homes of the soldiers they have sent to the field. Thank God for it! He is giving our old flag victories with the ballot as well as with the bullet. Oh, how the election news cheers this army! How proudly our soldiers step as they think of the defeat of Northern traitors! It is second alone to the fall of Richmond. I received news today that everything will go Union in Illinois by tremendous majorities. I received two letters from you today, the latest dated October 9th. I will surely not be home before this campaign ends, and I have no idea when that will occur. We may go to Mobile or Savannah first. A letter from brother Will today informs me he has enlisted in the 180th Ohio Regiment. He is pretty young, but I guess he will make a good soldier. General Thomas has gone to Nashville. I guess Sherman will turn Hood over to him to look after. We have no regular mail communication now, and I don't know whether any of my late letters reach you, but I write a little every time I have a chance to get a letter started, hoping that in some way it may get through. Peanuts grow in abundance here. They are cultivated like sweet potatoes and the vines look like sweet potato vines. I enclose a couple of leaves from a peanut vine, so you may see what they look like. Time's up and I must close. Your Husband.

Rome, Ga., Oct. 26, 1864.

Dear wife:

I came here from Gaylesville, Ala., yesterday with General ———, and he went on last night, by rail, to Nashville to meet his wife. I shall return today with the escort to Gaylesville, provided the guerillas don't pick us up on the way. I was somewhat in hope the General would let me go on to Nashville with him, and I could then have stolen a few days to run up into Ohio, but he wanted me to be with the division during his absence, so I shall not get home yet a while. He told me I should go the first opportunity; that's rather indefinite as to time, but it is sufficient to ground a hope on.

I thought I might find a paymaster here at Rome so that I could draw my pay and send it as far north as Nashville by the General, but there is no paymaster here. If my next letter to you should be dated at Mobile or Savannah or some other point on the Atlantic or gulf coast, you must not be surprised. Preparations are being rapidly made for one of Sherman's peculiar movements, which will transfer this army far from the scene of its present operations. That movement will not be completed until a month or six weeks from this time, and will not be begun for several days yet. The whole programme may be changed; the movement may not begin at all, but I think it will, and I really wish it was over with, for then I shall be able to get home, but probably not before, and I'm actually becoming a little "homesick" occasionally. The adjutant of my regiment, while a prisoner, saw

your brother Henry at Macon, and he says he was well and enjoying himself as much as a prisoner can.

I have 27 miles to ride yet today, and it is now 11 o'clock, so I must close and start on my journey. Your Husband.

Kingston, Ga., Nov. 5, 1864.

Dear wife:

For many days I have been waiting, watching and hoping for a quiet hour to devote to you, but have waited and hoped in vain, and am now compelled to write you with men standing around talking to me every few minutes about business, inquiring about papers, &c., but I dare not defer writing any longer, for today may be the last opportunity I shall have of writing you for perhaps two months, and I am sure, from reading your letter of the 23rd ult. you couldn't stand that at all. By some surprising freak of the mails your letter of the 27th ult. reached me yesterday, but I'm sure I need not tell you I was very glad to get it. If I could get your letters as regularly and frequently as I did during the summer, I could endure it much better without a leave of absence, but as it is now I come pretty near having the blues sometimes. I cheer myself with the reflection that this must soon come to a close.

x x x x x x x x

My horse died a few days ago, and I was compelled to buy another, which I did yesterday, for $150. I couldn't find a respectable horse for any less price, but I declare I didn't like to pay that much for a horse to wear out in the service. He is a dark dapple grey, 6 years old, and paces fast under the saddle; I think he is a fine horse and that I shall like him very much. He was brought into the army from Cincinnati by the Col. McCook who was killed in an ambulance by guerillas about a year ago. Matters in this army are in such an unsettled condition that I can't tell anything about when I shall be able to get home. From your speaking of snow I judge winter has begun in Ohio, although it is quite warm and pleasant here. * * * *

I can't speak with certainty as to what this army is to do, but it appears that the 14th, 15th, 17th and 20th Corps are to meet at Atlanta within a few days, and starting from there, under the immediate command of General Sherman, march either to Mobile on the Gulf coast or Savannah on the Atlantic coast. If we march on Mobile we will take Macon *enroute*, and if we go to Savannah we will take Milledgeville, the capital of Georgia. The march will be made as rapidly as possible, and as the distance to either point is only about 300 miles, it is calculated we can make the march in from three to four weeks, particularly as there is no rebel force in our way should we go to either place. When we start, Atlanta, and all the line of railroad from there to Chattanooga will be abandoned, and for the three or four weeks we may be occupied in the trip we will be entirely cut off from communication with the North, so that I suppose it will be at least two months from the time we start from Atlanta, before any letters we write can reach the North. All this programme may be changed, and we may not go at

all, but I have reason to think we will, and am expecting orders to move to Atlanta every day. I am quite certain we will start there within the next two days. My regiment has returned to Nashville to be remounted, so it will not be with us in our grand march through the Confederacy. Thomas will remain in Tennessee to operate against Hood, so we will not see him again for a long time; I regret that very much, but I presume the service demands it and we must submit. I learn that brother Will is assigned to the 25th Ohio. x x x x

Your husband.

Kingston, Ga., Nov. 9, 1864.

Dear wife:

I suppose this is my last chance for writing until we reach some coast either at Mobile or Savannah, so I will take advantage of it. The weather is fine, the army in excellent spirits, and I am really anxious for the campaign to begin. After the triumph which I am sure the Union cause met with at the ballot box yesterday, it will be glorious to ride clear through the Confederacy. There is to me something romantic in the conception of this campaign, and I am really charmed with it. Nothing in military history compares with it except the invasion of Mexico by Cortez, the Spaniard, who, landing on its hostile shore, burned his ships, destroyed all his means of retreat, and then turning to his army, told them they must rely on God and their own right arms; that they must conquer or die.

So with Sherman: he goes to Atlanta, destroys the city and all railroad and telegraphic communication with the North, and then tells his army it must march either eastward or southward to the coast, or must perish. Won't that be a glorious day, when we reach the coast after having carried our flag in triumph from the Ohio to the Ocean?

Yesterday was election day; many soldiers voted here, but we Illinoisans are disfranchised. From the returns I have seen this morning I think Jeff Davis would have received as many votes in these camps as McClellan did.

* * * *

I shall write you again just as soon as I have an opportunity of sending a letter North, but I don't expect to have such opportunity for from four to six weeks, and it will then probably take the letter two weeks to reach you, so that after you receive this you may not expect to receive another for six and possibly eight weeks.

That is a long time I know, but military necessity compels it. It will be harder on you than on me, I am sure, for I will be moving daily amid new scenes, seeing new faces, new cities, towns and villages, and will have something of interest to occupy every moment of time, but you will be surrounded by the same persons, amid the same scenes, without anything to break the monotony of your daily round except the renewed anxieties, caused by the lurid reports of newspapers, predicting disasters for our army, all of which will be without foundation, so I am afraid before the six or eight weeks have passed you will be far more uncomfortable than I will be.

Rest assured we will come out all right; there will be no fighting in this campaign if it can be avoided without running away. We are to march as rapidly as possible day after day, until we reach the coast, destroying all railroads, telegraph lines, mills, manufactories, &c., &c., capturing such towns and cities as we can, without besieging fortified places. So you see, while the campaign will be a long one, it will not be a hard one, and at its close I think there will be a chance for a good long leave of absence. If we should remain tomorrow I will write you again. Address me as usual. The letters will get to me some way, if the Johnnies don't gobble them.

Your husband.

Kingston, Ga., Nov. 11, 1864.

Dear wife:

When I wrote you on the 9th inst., we had orders to march next day, and I then supposed that by this time we would be in Atlanta at least, but the orders for marching have been suspended from day to day until now; everything is ready though now, and we start tomorrow morning sure, so after you receive *this,* you cannot expect to hear from me again for the next six or eight weeks.

A great many officers are resigning to avoid the coming campaign, and a great many others are trying to resign but cannot. They are being laughed at by the whole army here, and by their present conduct they are losing such soldierly reputation as they have made. I can't see why they are so much afraid of this campaign, for I regard it as one of the easiest campaigns I have engaged in.

Perhaps they have been away so long that their wives are urging them to come home, and the great boobies are consequently backing out and trooping off home as fast as they can get away. I am glad my wife is too patriotic and has too much good sense to do anything of that kind. They will all be sorry for going home before they have been there a single month, while we will have no regrets of that kind to disturb us. I want to ride my fine grey-Frank—entirely through the Confederacy and let him drink out of the Atlantic—if he wants to—I shall then be content. If there should be any possibility of sending a letter back to you after we reach Atlanta, I shall do so, though I don't expect there will be, for railroad and telegraph lines will be finally broken when we start from here.

Weather quite pleasant and quite unlike the wintry weather I suppose you are having in Ohio. I am writing this in my tent without any fire and am warm enough. I have the "Atlantic" and "Harpers Monthly" for November, so I shall have some civilized entertainment, even in the heart of "Dixie." For fear my letter might miss the last mail I must close and send it off. We may all be disappointed about the campaign, it may be shorter than any of us expect, and for your sake I hope it may be.

Your husband.

Before Savannah, Ga., Dec. 15, 1864.

Dear wife:

It is eleven o'clock at night. I have ridden 35 miles since 9 o'clock this morning and am almost tired out, but the mail boat comes up Ossabaw Sound tonight, and starts back for New York tomorrow morning at daylight, so I must write you a hasty note tonight, tired as I am, that you may know that I am all right, and, as I wrote you from Kingston, have actually ridden my fine grey clear through the Confederacy and let him drink *on the shore* of the Atlantic. Savannah is not yet ours, but we can see its steeples, and it must be ours soon. We have no rations, but are gathering rice and sorghum from the surrounding plantations, and we can live on that until we take the city, or at least until we get rations from the fleet.

At length I have seen "the South" with its negroes, its swamps, its cotton and rice plantations, and its extremes of wealth and poverty, and oh! I have so much to tell you about it that, I think, when I commence to write you a *letter* I shall never know when to stop. We will not move tomorrow and I expect to devote the entire day to you, so you must not call this a letter, but regard it simply as a telegram. I saw Fort McAllister today, with our flag flying over it, and our gunboats and transports swarming up the stream. Shall write tomorrow and give you particulars. My health is and has been excellent. Tell the people at home to have no fears for Sherman or his army; we are able to take care of ourselves and to take Savannah too. Address your next to me at Savannah.

Your husband.

Savannah, Dec. 27, 1864.

Dear wife:

I have written you twice since we have been here but have received nothing from you. May be you have not from me either.

Are you busy celebrating the Union triumphs of November and December, so that you can't find time to pen a few words to your roving husband, who, like the "Wandering Jew," ever hears the command "march" ringing in his ears? Were it not for the continual round of exciting scenes through which we have passed and are still in the midst of, I should be as homesick a creature as you ever saw; but amid all this whirl and buzz and rattle, this flying of flags, beating of drums, storming of forts, fighting of battles and capturing of cities, one scarcely has time to think of anything but the "pomp and circumstance of glorious war," but I keep eyes and ears open as I go along, and *sometime,* in our quiet northern home, I can sit down with you and tell you what I see and hear in these eventful days.

I wrote you from Kingston, you will recollect, that I thought this would be one of the most glorious campaigns of the war, and now that I have gone through it I still think so, and shall always be proud of the fact that I was in Sherman's army on its march through Georgia, and at the capture of Savannah. General Sherman reviewed our Corps in the streets of the city today, and it was a magnificent spectacle.

As I sat on my horse and watched the bronzed veterans as they marched by with proud firm tread, their tattered flags fluttering in the Atlantic breeze, and brass bands filling the city with inspiring music, I could scarcely refrain from shedding tears of joy.

It was indeed glorious to see our gallant boys march so proudly through the streets of this Southern city which they conquered. The 17th Corps will be reviewed in the city tomorrow and the 20th Corps next day. General Sherman appears proud of his army and is determined that the citizens of Savannah shall see it all in its best trim, and I think it will have a wholesome effect on them. I am writing you a detailed history of our march through Georgia, that is I am writing it out from loose sheets I kept in diary form as we marched from day to day, but I am interrupted so much that I get along but slowly, and I thought I would write you a short letter tonight, by way of parenthesis, so that you might not have to wait so long to hear from me. I think we will not find mail communication as good along the coast here as it was in Tennessee and Northern Georgia. I understand that troops along the coast have heretofore received mails only once in 6 or 8 days, but I can see no reason for that, and now that so large an army is here I'm sure it will be changed so as to give us mails more frequently. * * * *

General ——— told me day before yesterday, to apply for leave of absence and that he would see that I got it, but General Sherman issued an order yesterday prohibiting all leaves of absence at present, and Brigadiers, Colonels, Majors and everybody else are turned away now with a refusal, so I must try and content myself with waiting just as everybody else must. I would grumble about it if it would do any good but I know it won't. I am in excellent health, and if it were not for being a long way from home I would be content.

It certainly cannot be long though until some officers can be spared, who have been longest from home, and just as soon as any leaves are granted I am very certain to get one on applying. I shall go to Hilton Head, S. C., tomorrow morning, with Col. Swayne of the 43rd Ohio. We go by water, and I understand it takes a steamer about 5 hours to make the trip. I am going up to see brother Will whose regiment is there. Will get back day after tomorrow. A mail came to the city tonight and I feel pretty certain it brought me one of your good letters. Am writing in my tent without a fire and it is warm enough; indeed we have had almost nothing but summer weather thus far. We have a rumor here today that Jeff Davis is dead. If that is so, God has been good to him.

We here regard the war as almost over; one good drubbing for Mr. Lee, then it's done, and he'll get that before long. Either Grant or Sherman or both together will do it. Love to all at home. The New Year will dawn before you read this, and that year will take me home, while no other year will ever get me so far away from you for so long a time again.

Your husband.

Savannah, January 10, 1865.

Dear wife:

We all went to the theatre last night to hear the famous "Doesticks" in his lecture on "Pluck."

On the 7th the General received a printed invitation for himself and staff to attend the lecture on the evening of Monday, January 9th, accompanied by a complimentary ticket for himself and staff. Of course we all went and enjoyed the quiet humor of "Doesticks" very much. The house was full of officers, all dead heads, and although he has had more profitable audiences yet I am sure he never had a more appreciative or enthusiastic one.

I enclose the printed invitation because the words written at the bottom, viz: "The enclosed ticket is good for the season and is not transferable. M. T." being in his own chirography, I thought his very bad writing might interest you.

Your husband.

Fac simile of the invitation enclosed.

Savannah, January 6, 1865

General:

Mr. Mortimer Thomson, (Doesticks,) solicits the honor of the attendance of yourself and your Staff, at the Theatre, on the Evening of Monday, 9th Jrnuary, when he will deliver his versified Lecture on "Pluck."

The enclosed ticket is good for the Season, and is not transferrble.

M. T.

Savannah, January 18, 1865.

Dear wife:

I have received yours of January 6th, and that is the second letter I have had from you since reaching this city.

I have no idea whether you get my letters or not; I hope you do though, for I know too well what it is to be waiting and watching and hoping for letters, while days and weeks roll away without bringing any tidings from home.

I have been quite busy nearly all the time since we reached this city, and it has been impossible to work at copying my diary as rapidly as I wished, but I have it copied from October 1st, at Atlanta, to November 28th, at Louisville, Ga., *en route* for Savannah. The diary was written on loose sheets every night when we bivouacked, and is so full of abbreviations that you would not understand, if I sent you these loose sheets, that I am transcribing it in plain English. If I were at home to rehearse the events of this remarkable campaign, I could spend a day in describing the many interesting incidents of each day of our march, but it is impossible for me, within the limits of a diary to do any more than allude to such items of the day as occurred to me at night when I undertook to hastily write, and of course many things are omitted. If it gets home to you safely it will give some idea of how easy, comfortable and jolly our long march was. It is three o'clock in the afternoon now, and the mail closes at four, and at daylight tomorrow we march, so you see my time for writing is very limited, and I have a deal of official business to do between now and daylight tomorrow.

We received news today that "Fort Fisher," that Butler *didn't* take, was taken day before yesterday by a Division of troops under General Terry. That's most glorious! it completely seals up the port of Wilmington; stops blockade running there, and must lead to the fall of Wilmington itself. We have possession of the railroad for two thirds of the distance between here and Charleston, and before long your loyal heart will be cheered by the glad tidings that our old flag is flying over Fort Sumter again. We move northward tomorrow; Columbia is, I suppose, our first objective point, and Richmond next. I expect to see our flag flying over the rebel capital by the time Mr. Lincoln's second inauguration takes place.

Our Division commander has been promoted to Brevet Major General, and as you will see by the enclosed document, he has a second time recommended me for promotion to Brevet Lieut. Col. This, like the former one at Atlanta, was unexpected and unsought, but I am only a Volunteer, and probably nothing will come of it.

I also enclose a copy of a letter which I wrote to the Member of Congress elect from my district in Illinois, in regard to the manner in which General ———— treated fugitive negroes during our late campaign. I also gave General ———— a copy of the letter, and he sent it to New York, and he told me a few days ago that the substance of it has been published in the New York Tribune.

He also told me that the substance of the letter was sent to Stanton, Secretary of War, and that a few days ago, when Stanton came

down here, he brought it with him and called on General ———— to answer the statements of the letter in writing. My name is not connected with it here, and I don't want it to be, unless the matter comes before the military committee of the Senate, and then I don't care, for I know all the officers whose names I have mentioned will corroborate my statements of fact.

I sent you a map of the State of Georgia by express, yesterday, on which I have traced the route of our Corps from Ringgold to Savannah. The 15th and 17th Corps marched on roads parallel with our Corps and the 20th, but South of us. The heavy red line shows the course of this Corps from Ringgold to Savannah, while the very crooked, narrow red line shows our course from Atlanta, northward and returning, as far as Kingston, Ga., in our chase after Hood. I hope it may reach you safely. There are a great many things I want to write about but am compelled to write "on a trot" so as to get my letter in the mail. x x x x x

Your husband.

Savannah, January 19, 1865.

Dear wife:

"It's an ill wind that blows nobody good" isn't it? I wrote you yesterday that we would march this morning at daylight, but we couldn't get our rations and forage, consequently didn't march, and as another consequence you get this letter, which, otherwise would not have been written. When I wrote you yesterday in regard to my diary, I believe I forgot to tell you that I have the loose sheets of the rest our trip from Nov. 28th to January 1st, which I will write out in the same manner, as soon as I can, and send you by mail as soon as I find a safe place to send from.

This is a dark, gloomy, rainy day, and I am very glad we are not marching. Our headquarters are in the city. My office is in a fine brick building on "Oglethorpe Square", and Captain ————, aide de camp, and myself have private rooms in another fine residence on the same square. We have gas light, coal fires, sofas, fine beds, bath room with hot and cold water, and all such luxuries; so it won't do for us to remain here long or we shall be completely spoiled for soldiering. Our beds should be at the roots of the cypress trees of Carolina instead of the luxurious couches of Savannah. Soldiers may *be* gentlemen but they can't *live* like gentlemen and do soldier's duty.

I shall leave Savannah very favorably impressed with it as a city. I have been most courteously treated by all its citizens with whom I have come in contact, and I hope that its beautiful squares, its elegant mansions, and its delightful streets may never hear any but peaceful sounds. Our whole army has fallen in love with this city and we all leave it with regret.

Citizens say it has been more quiet and peaceful in the city since our advent than it has been for the last three years; but notwithstanding our attachment for Savannah, we must go for there are rebel flags

flying and rebel guns firing between us and our Nation's capital and we must cut our way through to where our banner waves over our war worn comrades on the James; there are fond hearts waiting for us to the northward too; our dearest loves are there, so we start to march toward them tomorrow with high hopes that the God of battles will lead us to victory, and to the dear loves of our Northern homes. Ever since I left you I've been marching from you, but tomorrow I start to march toward you, and the very idea elates me, in common with the 50,000 other wanderers of this army.

My health is excellent and I don't care how soon we get over into South Carolina, for I want to see the long deferred chastisement begin. If we don't purify South Carolina it will be because we *can't get a light.* I must stop for the mail boy is in the office waiting for this.

Your husband.

Sisters Ferry, Ga., January 28, 1865.

Dear wife:

I have just learned that a gunboat will start down the river to Savannah in a couple of hours, and I write you in the hope that I can send my letter as far as Savannah by that boat. This is a ferry across the Savannah River, 35 miles up the river from Savannah. We are on the Georgia side of the river yet, but will cross to the South Carolina side as soon as we can get the river pontooned. The water is very high though now, spreading out over the country for a distance of nearly three miles, on the South Carolina shore, and it will be impossible for us to lay pontoons that distance, so there is a probability of our remaining here until the water falls, so we can pontoon it. Our mails are very irregular, and I don't know whether you get more than one out of every ten letters I write. I don't know why it is so, but I know it is a matter about which everybody in this army is complaining, and I presume our friends at home are complaining just as much. It is almost enough to give a body the blues to be compelled to exist among these sand hills of the Savannah and be deprived of the letters we so anxiously look for. Still "it is better and wiser always to hope than once to despair," even though a fellow is cast away among the barren sand hills of Georgia. If you only get the map I sent you by express and the part of my diary I sent you by mail I shall feel satisfied, for I labored industriously to get them in proper shape and I think they will interest you. I shall begin copying the balance of my diary tomorrow and shall finish it as soon as I can. How does it appear to you? It certainly seems to me that six months more must finish the war. We are moving toward Richmond now as fast as we can. Lee must soon feel our pressure, and it is utterly impossible for him to withstand both our army and Grant's; hence, it seems to me Richmond must soon be in our possession, and with Richmond must fall the Confederacy. Well, I don't care how soon it may come, for I am daily becoming more anxious to get home, and am really tired of this vagabond life. I was called away from my letter at this point and now it is dark, the gunboat gone and my letter here unfinished. Sorry I

didn't get it off, but I can finish it now at my leisure. I think it would be best for neither of us to sign our names to our letters; then if the letter falls into the hands of strangers they can't amuse themselves at our expense. I have often thought of this when I have been amusing myself over captured letters, but have always forgotten to mention it when writing you.

* * * * * * * * * *

When I do get home you will find your husband grown exceedingly awkward in all the usages of polite society, and I do not say this in jest, but in sober earnest, for I feel it. Two years and a half of campaigning in the field wears off very much of the polish of civil life and is apt to make one regard those little niceties of civil life as mere frivolities, unworthy a man's attention.

I used to like to have a nice necktie, neatly tied; now I never wear one. I used to wear a neat fitting boot; now I am content with a boot two or three sizes too large. Once I didn't feel dressed unless my boots were blacked; now I am content if they are covered with mud. I used to wear clothes that fitted me; now I *don't* wear clothes that fit me. I used to be particular about my victuals and bed; now I am content with whatever I can get. Now, don't you think I shall need a great deal of polishing up to make myself presentable?

* * * * * * * * * *

Oh, how I am wasting my time! I ought to be at home in my office, instead of wandering around through the swamps and sand hills of Georgia. In after years, the time I am spending now will cause me many a regret, I know; not because of the purpose for which they are spent, but because of the manner in which they are spent. But perhaps a few years of close application to my books and business will enable me to make up for much of the time I am now losing. If I could only study in camp there are many hours I could spend at it, but I can't do it. I got an old volume of U. S. Supreme Court Reports the other day which I shall carry with me, and I am determined to read it through and study every case in it. May be by the time I get through with it I will have my thoughts turned more in the channel of my profession than they are now. Spending one's time "in the service of his country" is all very nice to talk about in speeches, but I don't think it will help a body much when they return to civil life and "take up the shovel and the hoe" to earn a living. I can see the difficulties ahead of me when I return to civil life, but they do not appall me; only make me anxious for the time to come when I can "tackle" them.

You remember that sister Tempe once told me at Massillon that I was extravagant. I think she would take that back if she could see me now, wearing stoga boots, coarse woolen shirts, coarse pants, and living on beans, hard tack and fat pork, and enjoying it. The present doesn't bother me. It's the future that looks formidable. But I know it is like a road over a mountain—when viewed from the valley it looks very steep and difficult, but when approached and traveled on its steepness and difficulty disappear as each step of the ascent is made. I presume I shall be somewhere in South Carolina when you get this,

but I haven't much idea where, only that it will be as far toward the north line of the state as we can get.

Address me, "Sherman's Army, South Carolina."

Your Husband.

Sisters Ferry, Ga., February 4, 1865.

Dear wife:

I received your letter of January 15th yesterday, and I can't tell you how glad I was to get it. We have received orders to march into South Carolina tomorrow morning at 9 o'clock, and I hasten to write you a brief letter (for it is now after 10 o'clock at night) to let you know we are about to move. I can't tell where I may be when this reaches you, but hope to be at Branchville, S. C. The weather has become very fine and during the day one could get along comfortably without a coat. * * *

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I have my diary copied up to December 5th. I wish it was done so that I could send it before we march. I suppose you can address me to "Sherman's Army, South Carolina, via New York." The Post Office Department, as well as the rebels, will surely know all the time where Sherman's Army is to be found, and it will get the mail to us some way. On this march we will be homeward bound.

Your Husband.

Near Robertsville, S. C., Feb. 6, 1865.

Dear wife:

I learn that positively the last mail will go down the river to Savannah tomorrow morning, and I can't let the opportunity pass without sending you a brief letter. I am satisfied this will be a much harder campaign than that against Savannah, for this state of South Carolina is as full of swamps and bayous as a sieve is of holes, and they will make our marches tedious and difficult. We crossed the river at Sisters Ferry and came to this place yesterday. We have lain still today, filling our wagons with rations and getting everything ready before cutting loose from our "base." We start tomorrow morning at 7 o'clock and I am very glad of it, for I want to keep moving; the faster we march the sooner we'll get home. The soil is very poor and sandy here. Magnolia and cypress trees grow very large. Our men chop down splendid magnolias to make bridges of and to corduroy roads. As the magnolia timber is not found in the North, I got off my horse yesterday as we were marching along, and picked a chip off the end of a log about two feet in diameter, which I enclose. I sent you from Savannah an official copy of General ————'s recommendation for my promotion to brevet lieutenant colonel. Save it, for if I never get the brevet I want to have this official copy of the recommendation. If I were a "regular" officer I would feel very sure of the brevet, but being only an "irregular," the "regular" gentlemen about the adjutant general's office at Washington will stick the recom-

mendation into a pigeon hole and leave it there "three years, or during the war"; and I shall not lose any sleep on account of it if they do, for I am not begging for brevets, being content with having fairly earned the recommendation.

The last letter I wrote you I supposed would be the last one you would receive from me for some time, and I now suppose this will be the last for, say, three weeks. I have been studying our proposed route on the map this afternoon, as pointed out by the General, and I see we will not have much chance for communication with the North for at least three weeks, and a little bad luck at some point might make it much longer; but I hope we may have no bad luck. It begins to look to me as though this rebellion might close by the North and South uniting in a war against France or against Maximillian in Mexico, which of course will lead to a rupture with France. I regard this as not improbable, and am sorry it is so, for we have had war enough already. But, "sufficient unto the day is the evil thereof." Will write again, first opportunity. Your Husband.

Fayetteville, N. C., March 12, 1865.

Dear wife:

At length I am induced to believe that a line from me may reach you, and though I have but twenty minutes to get my letter ready for the gunboat to Wilmington, I shall employ those minutes to the best advantage. I must be brief and have only a faint hope that this will ever reach you. I have had excellent health. Our entire army is, and has been all the time, in the best possible condition. We have lived just as well as on our march through Georgia, but have waded, swum and bridged more rivers, creeks and swamps every day than can be found in Georgia in a month. The army burned everything it came near in the State of South Carolina, not under orders, but in spite of orders. The men "had it in" for the State and they took it out in their own way. Our track through the State is a desert waste. Since entering North Carolina the wanton destruction has stopped. We entered this State on March 4th and entered this city yesterday about 9 a. m. Our division entered first, with almost no fighting, and we are garrisoning the place, General ——— in command of the city. Generals Sherman, Howard, Slocum, Blair and everybody else are here. This is a very old fashioned place, covering about a mile square. There are a good many poor people here—operatives in cotton factories and the arsenal here. There are also a great number of mulattoes here. Nearly all the slaves are half white, and most of them can read and write. My diary of the Georgia campaign is finished up to the capture of Savannah, but I am afraid to send it by the same boat I send this, for I think it very uncertain about this reaching you, but I shall carry it along and send it to you the first *safe* opportunity I have. We expect to have permanent communication with the coast in ten or twelve days and I can then write with some assurance that you will get it. Two gunboats from Wilmington came up the Cape Fear River and reached us here this morning. You may think this a very careless sort of a

letter, after having been silent so long, but you will remember I have but few minutes in which to write, and I am but one of a thousand in this army who will have opportunity to send a letter at all this time. In haste. Your Husband.

Near Neuse River, N. C., March 21, 1865.

How do you do? You used to know me but it is so long since you have seen me that I expect you have almost forgotten me, and I, therefore beg to send you this letter of introduction, hoping it may serve to awaken some thoughts of the wanderer, and at the same time assure you that he has not forgotten you. I have not heard from you for two months, but I have written you every time I have had an opportunity of sending a letter away. Whether my letters have reached you I don't know, but I am trying to satisfy myself with the hope that they have. I can't bear to think that you have not heard from me for two months, for I learn that very gloomy reports have reached the North about Sherman's army in North Carolina and South Carolina, and I know you have been imagining all sorts of disasters.

I wrote you a very brief hasty letter from Fayetteville, but when I sent it I didn't much expect it would get through, though I hoped it would, for it is a great satisfaction to me to think that you hear from me though I do not hear from you. I have some hope that this may reach you, for General Sherman, yesterday, communicated with Generals Terry and Schofield, who are marching from Wilmington and Newbern, on the coast, to meet us, and I suppose Schofield is in Goldsboro today, so we may hope for railroad communication with the coast in a few days. Day before yesterday two Divisions of the 20th Corps, and two Divisions of this, 14th Corps, met the enemy at this point, Bentonville, in heavy force, and were considerably damaged. We were marching on a road about 8 miles south of here, escorting the trains of the Corps, and after midnight night before last received an order to leave one of our brigades with the train, and with the rest of the Division march with all possible speed, and without resting, to the relief of the Divisions mentioned above. We reached here yesterday morning after daylight, but when we arrived everything was quiet. Yesterday about 11 o'clock we were moved to the front and sent forward to reconnoitre the enemy; we found him in force and strongly entrenched, but made no serious attempt to drive him from his works, as that might have brought on a more general engagement, than Sherman was ready for, so at dark we withdrew behind the main line, and are now entirely in reserve. While we were driving in their skirmishers yesterday I received a gentle reminder that "a body ought to be careful" for a rebel bullet struck the limb of a pine tree some five feet above my head, and glancing downward struck the plate of my sword belt and plunged into the leaves at my feet. It didn't hurt any and I was very glad of it. I should like very much to write out a history of our campaign through South Carolina for you but I am afraid I shall not find an opportunity of doing it, for we never have any assurance that we will remain half a day at any one place, and it is out of the question

to write at night after marching all day, but I shall have an immense deal to *tell* you when I get home. My diary of the Georgia campaign is complete to the fall of Savannah, but I shall not venture to send it until we get regular communication established, for I'm afraid it might be lost.

Our army is not burning any property in North Carolina. The country is poor, and through the region we have passed the people were principally engaged in the manufacture of tar and turpentine.

I know all about the tar and turpentine business now, for I have questioned every old man and old woman and negro I have met by the wayside in regard to the details, and it appears to me that it will require about two years of steady talking for me to tell you what I have learned about these people, their pursuits and habits.

Before we had marched half way through South Carolina I was perfectly sickened by the frightful devastation our army was spreading on every hand. Oh! It was absolutely terrible! Every house except the church and the negro cabin was burned to the ground; women, children and old men turned out into the mud and rain and their houses and furniture first plundered then burned. I knew it would be so before we entered the state, but I had no idea how frightful the reality would be. This state is filled with deserters from the rebel army; they flock to us every day; they look upon us as their friends. Hundreds of them have gathered up their families and, with a little bundle of bedding stowed away in an ox cart or mule cart, they toil along after our trains, our soldiers sharing their scantly rations with them, and helping them in every way they can to get to Goldsboro, where some provision will be made for feeding them until they can get off to the North. The great crisis of the war is rapidly approaching. I presume we will march from here to Raleigh, which is only about 60 miles distant, and if the enemy lets us obtain possession of that place as easily as we have the others, Lee will very soon thereafter be compelled to retire from Richmond. Indeed I regard the evacuation of Richmond as a certainty now, for we have army enough here now to force our way to Raleigh, unless Lee combines with Johnston to prevent it, but to do that he must evacuate Richmond. But I don't consider Richmond as of much importance to them now; it is rather a burden, and if it were not for "the looks of the thing" I don't believe Lee would stay there another day. We know that everything is being removed from Richmond, and for several weeks preparations for its evacuation have been going on, and we must look out for a slap in the face as we received at Chickamauga by the sudden reinforcement of the army in our front. I wonder if the people of the North give this army any credit for the fall of Charleston and Wilmington? We are entitled to the credit of taking both of these places, although we didn't fire a gun at either of them. The first object of this campaign was to take Charleston, the next to take Wilmington, and the next to take Richmond. The latter we have not taken yet but we will take it, unless Grant gets in first which he is likely to do. Well, what about going home? I have asked myself that question time and again since we first reached Atlanta; I have often thought I could see the time when I

would be able to get away, and have been just as often disappointed, so that I am now afraid to come to any conclusion for fear of being again disappointed. As things have turned out it was well that I didn't go home from Savannah, for I couldn't have returned in time to join the Division for this Carolina campaign, and I wouldn't have missed for anything. Whenever it is at all proper for me to go away on leave, I can go; about that I have no fears, but I don't know when or where we shall lie still long enough for anybody to go away, even for a very short time, with any assurance of finding his command again before the close of the war, and I don't want to be caught dawdling around up North when the last gun is fired. If we should have railroad or water communication all the time I could go, even if the army were moving, for I could easily get to it on my return wherever it might be, but so long as we are without permanent communication it is unsafe for me to go. My three years will expire on the 7th of August, which is but little over four months distant; I cannot possibly be held longer than the 7th of September, but since the beginning of this month I have taken to counting the residue of my term of service by *days,* it seems so much shorter to say "I shall be home in so many *days*" than to say "I shall be home in—so many *months*"; and I propose now that we try to forget the length of time we have been separated; just rub it out as the schoolboy rubs his "sum" off his slate, and hereafter only look forward and count the *"days"* until I get home.

I am in hopes I can get home within 60 days, but the same hope has been so frequently frustrated that I shall not indulge it too strongly, so I shall now put myself on the safe side and say: "I shall be home in 100 days." Let's count from that now. Tomorrow night when I lie down, whether it be on my cot, or at the root of a tree, or in a fence corner in mud and rain, my sleep will be sweet, for before closing my eyes I shall think: "Only 99 more, then home," and the next night I shall think: "Only 98 more," and so it will go day by day until all those hundred days are gone, and the happy day of our reunion will have come. Then how many things we shall have to talk about, and what happy days will ours then be. But I must not write what is in my heart. * * * *

It is understood in the army here that Congress passed some act the effect of which is to increase the pay of officers in the army, but no one here seems to know anything more than that about it, in fact for the last two months we have been so shut out from the rest of the world that we don't know what has been doing except within our own lines. If you or Andrew could get that act without any trouble and mail it to me I should be very glad. We have a report, I don't know how it came, that General Baird's promotion to Brevet Major General was confirmed by the Senate and that General Davis' was not confirmed. I wish I knew the facts about it, but I shall learn about it officially before I can hear from you. I don't know anything about my own brevet, but I presume that amongst the swarm of Generals seeking brevets the more humble rank of Major has been entirely overlooked. Oh, well! it's all vanity and vexation of spirit. I'm only a "hundred day man" now, and I shan't worry about brevets, but get

home as soon as I decently can and go to work to earn brevets in civil life, for although I have been soldiering a good while I don't see that I have any more taste for it now than I had when I began. Let father and mother know you have heard from me as soon as you receive this for I know they will be very anxious to hear from me. I see Johnathan Wood occasionally. Whenever I happen to be riding near where his ambulance train is I always stop and see him if I have time. The last time I saw him was the day he crossed the Catawba River, in South Carolina; when he drove by I was wading around in mud up to my knees, my clothes all daubed with mud and soaked with rain; I had been up all the night before working in mud and rain to get the trains across the river on the pontoon bridge, and hadn't a mouthful to eat that day; you may imagine I was slightly tired and somewhat hungry when the next night came. We start a man from our headquarters tomorrow morning to take our letters on horseback to Kingston, N. C., and he will have to ride 40 miles, so you see it costs something to send letters from here, the chances are about even too that he will be picked up by rebel cavalry before he gets there, I hope he may not though, for I certainly am very anxious for this letter to get to you. Oh, pshaw! there are a thousand other things I wanted to say to you, but I find I have written a long letter already and have scarcely said anything.

MAJOR CONNOLLY'S DIARY.

From Oct. 1st, 1864 at Atlanta, Ga.,
To Dec. 21st, 1864 at Savannah, Ga.

Saturday, Oct. 1, 1864.

Division still encamped in the Southeastern suburb of Atlanta, where we have been since the battle of Jonesboro, Sept. 1st, which engagement caused the evacuation of Atlanta on that night, and it was occupied next morning by the 20th Corps under Genl. Slocum, who had been left to hold the bridge over the Chattahoochee when the rest of the Army swung around to Jonesboro.

Division encamped as follows: Gleason on the right, Este on the left, Hunter in reserve. Morgan's Division on our right, Carlin's on his right, and 17th Corps on right of this Corps, 20th Corps on left. Genl. Baird reviewed Gleason's Brigade today. Our headquarters on a nice lawn, tents neatly floored, and we are comfortably fixed. Error in picket detail today and Este makes a fuss about it.

Sunday, Oct. 2d, 1864.

All quiet—no movement of troops, but since last night, rumors of a speedy movement have been keeping us restless; at 10 o'clock P. M. received orders from Corps Headquarters to prepare to move next day. This confirms the rumors of last night, but we *may* not move yet; still there's "no telling" what Sherman won't do; we dislike very much to give up our anticipated rest at Atlanta, but it's just as "Old Billy" says; if he wants us to go we can go in half an hour. Our R. R. was cut by Hood several days ago, and we shall probably get no letters now until we either whip Hood or scare him away from the road.

Monday, October 3d.

Struck tents at 1 o'clock P. M. and commenced the march. The 1st Brigade in advance conducted by myself; the 2d Brigade following conducted by Genl. Baird. Some misunderstanding having occurred about the road, Genl. Baird sent Capt. Moulton forward to me to have me turn off at a certain road, but the head of column had gone beyond the point for turning, so I kept on—Moulton with me—and saw nothing of the General until next morning. We marched until late at night, through mud and rain, when Lowrie came forward to the head of the column to find out whether we knew where we were going; on discerning that we knew where we were going, he returned to the General and I went ahead with the column. About ten o'clock Capt. Morrison came to find Genl. Baird, but communicated the order to me to Encamp as soon as we could find ground suitable. It was raining and I soon found ground, and the 1st Brigade commenced going

into bivouac, but not more than three or four hundred men could be found, the rest had stopped on the road side, discouraged by the mud and darkness, and the two following Brigades halted in the same way, and lay down in the fence corners—the General with them, so Moulton and I, with our orderlies, lay down in an old house that had been stripped of its weather-boards, and without supper, with saddle for pillow and saddle blanket for covering, slept soundly until morning. Este's Brigade had lost its way during the day, but by marching nearly all night, reached the rest of the Division before morning.

Tuesday, October 4th.

Moved at daylight, and crossed Chattahoochee on pontoon bridge short distance above R. R. bridge at 6 A. M., marched around by bye-roads, which Genl. Davis claimed were short cuts, but which like all his short cuts, proved to be very much out of the way, and very bad roads. Bivouacked at 1 P. M. in the position occupied by Davis' Division on the 5th of July during the march against Atlanta. Pitched our tents, got some dinner, and lay down for a good long sleep, but at 3:15 P. M. reached orders to march immediately, and at 3:30 P. M. were on the road. Marched about 4 miles this afternoon. I went ahead to find our place of bivouac, which was pointed out to me by Lt. Col. McClurg, Genl. Davis, Chief of Staff. I put the Division in camp after dark, and got to bed about midnight very tired.

Wednesday, Oct. 5th.

Moved at 8 A. M. without wagons, all trains except ordinance and ambulances sent forward to Marietta by another road to our right. This looked as though we might strike the Enemy before night, but we didn't. Struck Army of the Tennessee, and followed after 15th A. C. which halted and bivouacked at 4 P. M. when we passed it, and moved on through a crowd of Army wagons until we reached the military college at Marietta, when I was ordered to go and select Camp ground west of Marietta. I did so, and returned and brought the head of the column to the ground selected, but at that moment an order came directing us to press forward, all night if necessary, until we should reach "Jack's House," which is about a mile in rear of the position we held in June last at the foot of Kenesaw mountain. This was discouraging news, for the night was very dark, the roads very muddy, and it was raining quite hard, but the bugles sounded "forward" and on went the column of tired and hungry men floundering through the mud. Genl. Baird directed me to return to Marietta, find Capt. Seely, our Q. M. and have him send our Head Quarter wagons forward as soon as he could find them, for we were without a blanket or a bite to eat except what was in our wagons. Capt. Acheson went back with me—found Seely, he gave us supper, put up a tent by the roadside for us, fed our horses, so telling our orderly to wake us at midnight we lay down to take a nap; when I wakened it was daylight, the orderly declared that he had called me at midnight, that I answered him & he thought we were getting up until he went and looked

into the tent and found us still asleep, he then thought we had concluded to wait till daylight & let us sleep. French's Division of Stewart's rebel Corps attacked Allatoona to-day—Genl. Sherman watched the conflict from the summit of Kenesaw mountain. He signalled the Commander at Allatoona to hold the place at any sacrifice.

Thursday, Oct. 6th.

The fight at Allatoona is over, and rumor says the rebels were repulsed with heavy loss—that's first rate. I started at daylight to overtake the Division, with half a loaf of bread in my hand. Eating it as I rode along, and Acheson ditto—this would be considered very undignified by some of the elegant gentlemen who do their soldiering in Northern drawing rooms. As we rode along we discussed the question as to what temper we should find the General in, & readily concluded he would be very unamiable after his night in the mud & rain, so we determined to say nothing about our having supper and a tent to sleep in, but would complain as bitterly as any one about the hard night we had passed. We overtook the Division about 3 miles out where it had stuck fast in the mud last night and could get no farther. They were just moving out as we came up; the General and rest of the Staff were wet to the skin and covered with mud; when Acheson and myself commenced our groans over the hard night we had passed they wouldn't believe a word of it, but insisted that we had slept in a tent or house, for we were not wet, and our clothes not muddy, so we had to "plead guilty" to having slept in a tent and eaten supper, and it was taken as a good joke. The roads so bad we didn't reach "Jack's House," which is near Pine Mountain, until 11 o'clock to-day. Went into line on left of 4th Corps. Hood is scared and is trying to get out of our way. Went over to my regiment to-day. Found Capt. Adams in command, Lt. Col. Biggs being temporarily absent at Columbia, Tenn. I think it is in very bad condition. Everything done very loosely. Roads in very bad condition.

Friday, Oct. 7th.

At 5 A. M. received orders for the Division to make a reconnoissance in the direction of Lost Mountain, which was about five miles from our camp. Column moved out at 8 o'clock A. M. without Artillery or wagons. Struck Dallas & Marietta road after a march of about 1½ miles. No enemy encountered until head of column had nearly passed the base of Lost Mountain, which loomed up on right like a huge sugar loaf, its sides covered with scrubby pine, oak and chestnut timber. Here a few shots were fired by a squad of rebel cavalry, constituting the rear guard of a brigade of rebel cavalry said to be commanded by a Colonel Lowrie. A line of skirmishers was immediately deployed and the rebels driven away. Division advanced to a fork in the road and was deployed in line of battle on either side of the road. Arms were stacked, pickets thrown out, and the General and Staff rode to the summit of "Lost Mountain." The view from the summit was very beautiful. Far to the N. W. was visible the point of Lookout

Mountain, overhanging Chattanooga; nearer to us was the range of Allatoona hills, and Allatoona Gap, where the battle of day before yesterday was gallantly fought and gloriously won by Corse; east of us and nearer to us Kenesaw with its dromedary humps loomed up from the plain, and still nearer arose Pine Mountain from the summit of which, last June, the soul of Rev. Bishop General Polk went to its long home. The plains between these mountain points were ridged like a plowed field with Federal and rebel breastworks, and it might shock the humanitarian to have stood there with me on the summit of Lost Mountain, and reflected that every square rod of soil within his view had lapped the blood of a human being and had furnished him a grave. Our Cavalry were out on a reconnoissance to-day too, and while we were on "Lost Mountain," looking to the west we saw a line of horsemen emerge from the woods—their sabres flashed in the sunlight —artillery and musketry commenced to roar, the line of horsemen swept forward rapidly and were soon hidden from our view but in half an hour the noise ceased, and we knew that our cavalry had driven whatever force of the enemy had been opposing them. Coming down off the mountain the General ordered the column forward, and we advanced about three miles further, when the fact was developed that two rebel Corps (Stewart's and Lee's) had gone before us yesterday on this same road, to Dallas. This settled the question that Hood was running from us. An old man brought us out a little basket of apples to-day, but as they said the rebels had taken everything they had to eat except about a bushel of apples they had hidden away, I disliked to take any, but the old man insisted, so we gobbled up his apples, and rode on merrily leaving the old man and woman alone with their poverty and grief. We marched back to camp, which we reached safely at 6 P. M.

Saturday, Oct. 8th.

I was in my first battle two years ago to-day at Perryville, Ky. Division received marching orders at 2½ P. M. and we were on the road at 3 P. M. After seeing the Division all on the march I started forward to see Genl. Davis and find where he wanted us to encamp. Found him about 4 miles from Ackworth, just at dark, and looked over the ground on which he wanted our Division. Head of column came up about an hour after dark, and I placed the several brigades in camp as they arrived. Genl. Baird came up at the rear of the column. Head quarters at a house occupied by Genl. Howard as his head quarters last June.

A person, calling himself Dr. Bundy, came into our lines to-night, and was brought to our headquarters, says he is Surgeon of the 9th Ills. Mounted Infy., and has just escaped from the rebels. I knew him as soon as I saw him, but I believe he is a spy. I never saw him but once before, that was at Mattoon, Illinois, in the spring of 1862, he was then being taken to Washington under arrest, charged with uttering disloyal sentiments, and with encouraging enlistment for the rebel Army, in Southern Illinois. After questioning him a while, I told him

of all this, and he seemed somewhat surprised but he admitted it all, and said that on his trial the charges were not proven and that he was released, and had been in our army about 3 years. We hold him under guard to-night.

Sunday, Oct. 9th.

Moved headquarters a few hundred yards this morning, and pitched our tents. Weather quite cold & windy. Foraging parties sent out to-day. Division remained stationary. Rode out with the General to-day, and went to "Old Durham's" at whose house we had our headquarters several days during the advance on Atlanta.

Monday, Oct. 10th.

Received marching orders at 3½ P. M., Division moved at 5 P. M. It is evident that Hood is still moving northward, for the General directs me to take the head of the column and conduct it to Allatoona. I rode ahead rapidly with a couple of Orderlies (for the purpose of finding the road) the column following leisurely, and about dark reached the main road from Ackworth to Allatoona, which road I found occupied by the troops and trains of the 4th Corps, and Genl. Davis coming up soon after directed me to mass our troops on either side of the road, when they came up, and let them bivouac until the 4th Corps should pass, which I did. Genl. Baird came up with the rear of the column. The road being clear we started again about 10 o'clock, and marched through Allatoona (which consists of about a dozen shabby frame buildings) and through the gap (the scene of Corse's fight) by moonlight. Just after getting through the gap, I saw a light in a house by the road side, and being very thirsty, stopped to get a drink of water; they told me they had no water, but could give me a drink of "persimmon beer," something I had often heard of, but had never seen or tasted. I gladly accepted it, but it was poor stuff—tasted like vinegar diluted with water, and colorless like water. We crossed the Etowah River, about 2 o'clock in the morning and bivouacked on the flat bottom land on its north bank. I laid down about 3½ o'clock very tired, sleepy and supperless.

Tuesday, Oct. 11th.

This is election day in Ohio. Division moved at 7 A. M. The day quite warm and pleasant. Halted by the road side from 12 to 3 P. M. to allow Ohio Soldiers to vote. Very few Copperhead votes cast at this road side election. Moved forward at 3 o'clock, passed Cass Station, and through Kingston, going into Camp about 1½ miles W. of Kingston, in the direction of Rome. Had a beautiful place for headquarters. Recd. 15 sacks of mail for our Division to-night—the first we have received for a long time. I received 6 letters, and though very tired and sleepy, I laid down on the grass before our rail fire, and read them all without thinking once about sleep. Letters are the

only links a soldier has to bind him to civilization, and no one but a soldier knows how highly he prizes them. We were here at Kingston last May marching southward, with the enemy in our front, now we are here again marching northward, and still the enemy is in our front. This has been a funny campaign from Atlanta north, the rebels have been using our breastworks of last Summer, and we have been using theirs.

Wednesday, Oct. 12th.

Received orders at 3 o'clock this morning to move at daylight, but didn't get started until 8 o'clk. Took the road toward Rome, but left it, about 3 miles out from Kingston, and took a bye road which brought us into the Rome and Calhoun road about 8 miles east of Rome. At this point the road runs through as beautiful a valley as I ever saw. The road being blocked by trains, we halted at a house about two hours to-day, to let the wagons get ahead out of our way. Had a fine time gathering chestnuts during this halt. An old negro came to the General and told him that the soldiers had driven his steer into a drove of cattle that were coming, and the men wouldn't let him have him; the General questioned the old African a little about the ownership of the steer and being satisfied that it was the property of his sable friend, made the soldiers turn out the steer, when the drove came up, and the negro was profuse in his thanks to the "Ginral." We are now in the region of good water again. All the streams north of the Etowah, are peculiarly clear, and the water is excellent. The streams between the Etowah and the Chattahoochee are not so clear, and the water not so good. When we struck the Rome and Calhoun road the General directed me to go forward in the direction of Rome, find Genl. Davis, and get his orders for our camp. I rode ahead to within 3 miles of Rome, and after a good deal of difficulty found Genl. Davis, and his Inspector General, indicated the position of our camp. I got the Division in camp about 9 o'clk in the evening. My faithful horse "Henry" that carried me through Middle Tennessee, through Chickamauga and Mission Ridge has been bleeding at the nose all day and I expect the poor brute will die.

Thursday, Oct. 13th.

Marching orders not received until 3½ o'clock this afternoon. Capt. Acheson and myself rode in to Rome to-day. It has evidently been quite a business place. Our Division is entirely out of rations, and we get rations to-day from the stock on hand for the garrison at Rome.

Rations being distributed, the Division marched at 9½ P. M. for Calhoun. While waiting for the distribution of rations the General and Staff stopped at Mr. Hanes near where our tents had been pitched. Capt. Acheson astonished the ladies by playing finely on the piano. Col. Gleason's Band came up in front of the house, and played several pieces very finely. I had been talking with the old gentleman while

the band was playing and he was expressing his regrets to me that he was not in a condition to treat us as hospitably as he could have done before the war; suddenly the band commenced playing the "Star Spangled Banner," the old man became silent, tears came into his eyes and rolled down his cheeks, his head bent forward, and his thoughts were evidently busy with the distant past, recalling to him the days when those same patriotic strains stirred the pulses of his young heart; turning to me when the music ceased. "Ah!" said he, "that reminds me of the day when I sailed into the harbor of Stockholm, on the first American Steamer that ever entered that port, with our glorious old Star Spangled banner flying from every mast head; oh, Sir, I felt proud of that flag then, and by G-d I'm proud of it yet, it makes me feel young again to see it." The old man spoke from the bottom of his heart, his tears attesting his earnestness. I bade the old man good by, and mounted for the night march at 9½ o'clock. We marched about seven miles in the direction of Calhoun and bivouacked at 2 A. M. About midnight the General directed me to go forward, find where we were to stop, and have our tents put up—our wagons being in advance. Had headquarters put up about a mile in advance of the Division, and when the General found out where they were he said they were too far from the troops and swore he wouldn't stay there—but he did.

Friday, Oct. 14th.

Acheson's nigger "Cato" left the saddle on the Captain's horse all night, so Acheson commenced the day by blowing up "Cato." I didn't like to get up this morning; had nothing but a piece of hard cracker and a cup of coffee for breakfast. Crossed the Oothkalaga to-day, and passed through Calhoun. At Calhoun started in advance to find our camp. Met Genl. Davis near Resaca on south bank of Oostanaula; he directed me to encamp the troops on south side of river, which I did about 7 o'clk P. M. and got to bed about ten.

Saturday, Oct. 15th.

Division moved at 6 A. M. across the river. The enemy hold Snake Creek Gap, west of Resaca. We marched north from Resaca, along the R. R. to Tilton, turned west there and marched to the base of Mill Creek Mountain; halted about 2½ hours, awaiting orders; commenced the ascent of Mill Creek Mountain at dark; we had to walk up in single file; the ascent was difficult and I was very tired when I reached the summit. Troops bivouacked on the top; we were supperless, and had no blankets, so we built a fire, lay down and were soon asleep. All this mountain march was useless; the enemy evacuated Snake Creek Gap in the afternoon and we might have gone through that. I guess Stanley, who ordered us over the mountain, took one drink too many to-day. As we marched up the R. R. to-day, we had an opportunity of seeing how Hood's men destroy R. R.; every tie was burned by them and every rail bent; I suppose they have studied our work in that line, so frequently, they are now nearly as good as ourselves at it.

Sunday, Oct. 16.

Division moved at 6 A. M. down the west side of the mountain, into Snake Creek Gap, through which we passed and halted an hour for dinner in the valley beyond. I had nothing to eat for myself, but as my horse had been without feed for 24 hours, I rode out into a corn field, and after a half hour search found a few "nubbins" for him. It now became evident that Sherman had scared Hood away from the R. R. for the Army was turned southward once more, and it was also evident that Sherman meant to make him fight if possible, for he ordered that the trains should move on the wagon road and that roads should be cut through the woods alongside, on which the troops could march, which would greatly hasten the march of the column. This Division being the advance of the Corps, the General ordered me forward with a party of pioneers to select and cut a road through the woods, bridge streams, corduroy swamps &c so as to make a passage for the troops to Villanow, which I did; at Villanow I met General Stanley who directed me to keep right on to Ship's Gap, so I went on road making with my pioneers until I reached Dick's Gap, two miles from Ship's Gap, where I met General Sherman, who called out to me: "Hallo, Major! where do you belong?" "14th Corps, Sir"; "Where's Gen'l. Davis?" "I don't know, Sir"; "Where's the head of your column?" "About a mile back coming on rapidly." "That's first-rate; tell Gen'l. Davis I want him to encamp his Corps right here", and away rode "Tecumseh," to look after some other part of his 60000. When Gen'l. Davis came I delivered Gen'l. Sherman's order, and placed our Division in Camp on the ground which I had examined while waiting for the column to come up. I lost "Flora" to-day. While selecting a picket line this evening, came across a brother Mason in his little cabin; said he was a Union man and begged me to protect him. So I sent a soldier to him for a guard. Wagons not up to-night, therefore no tents or supper. Got a large iron pot, put about peck of sweet potatoes in it, had the orderlies boil them, then General and all sat down around the pot and ate sweet potatoes for supper.

Monday, Oct. 17th.

Division stationary to-day. Wagons came up 9 o'clk. Tents put up. Wrote a letter to Bromwell and others to-day, accepting nomination for Prosecuting Attorney; also wrote to Mary, and Sister Ella. Orders received to march to-morrow.

Tuesday, Oct. 18th.

Division moved at 11 A. M., passed through "Dick's" and "Ship's" Gaps, and struck "Old Alabama Road"—fine road—marched three hours and halted for dinner. Resumed march along west side of Taylor's ridge, and encamped at its base about 10 o'clock. Men straggled very much after dark, and the night was very dark. Head Quarters in Smallwood's Cabin. Old woman gave me pocket full of chestnuts on which I made my supper. Broke my saddle girth

to-night while putting Division in camp. Valleys here are beautiful and productive, but are now infested by Gatewood's guerrillas.

Wednesday, Oct. 19th.

Division moved at 8 A. M. toward Summerville. Passed thro' camp of 4th Corps. Met "Jake Conklin"; crossed Chatooga river—very clear stream about 5 rods wide at ford. I encamp Este on south side of stream under orders from Genl. Davis; Lowrie improperly halts other two Brigades on north side of stream; Genl. T. J. Wood Comd'g 4th Corps makes complaint about it; I finally get the Brigades across and encamped. Loyd buys "collards" of woman at white house. Eat some dinner out of the General's basket, and move on after halting two hours, and encamp near Summerville at 4 P. M. Two young ladies, riding mules, bare back, and with rope bridles, come to our Head Quarters and invite some officers to go and stay at their house so as to "perteck" them, but no officers went.

Thursday, Oct. 20th.

Loyd inquired for his collards this morning. Wash, our cook, slept on them last night. Loyd mad, and we laugh him into good humor. Division moved at 9½ o'clk A. M. through Summerville on road to Gaylesville. Summerville is a small town, probably had 400 inhabitants before the war; but it now has a weatherbeaten, damaged appearance. Met Charlie Miller of Mt. Vernon, O., in Summerville; he was a school mate of mine at Chesterville, O.; he is now Captain in 76th O. V. I. Crossed Raccoon Creek and halted an hour for dinner after marching 7 miles. Resumed march in an hour, and encamped at 9 P. M. 2 miles from Gaylesville, Ala. Line of march to-day has been near to and parallel with Chatooga river.

Friday, Oct. 21st.

At 8 A. M. marching orders received and tents struck. Marching orders countermanded at 9 A. M. and tents pitched again. Visited Gaylesville to-day. It is a poor little town, all on one street, and on the right bank of the Chatooga. Rode out with Capt. Seely A. Q. M. and forded the Chatooga, but couldn't get out on opposite bank. Rode up to Cavalry Train and saw Adjt. Hamlin of my regiment who was exchanged a few weeks since. He looks hard.

Saturday, Oct. 22nd.

Division Stationary. Gleason's Brigade sent into Gaylesville to construct bridge across Chatooga, and run grist mill. Serenade in the evening by Band of 79th Pa. Vols.

Sunday, Oct. 23rd.

Division Stationary. Capt. Moulton and myself started on a foraging expedition with the 18th Ky. Vols. Went in a northwesterly

direction through Alpine, on a spur of the Lookout range, and stopped at night at Major Williams' House in Broomtown Valley, about 22 miles from our camp. These valleys are rich, and forage is abundant. We are after wheat, hogs, sheep and cattle. We have 40 wagons and expect to load them all with wheat. Major Williams gives us his best bed and parlor to-night, but nothwithstanding that we must have about 300 bushels of his wheat in the morning. He is a fine specimen of the haughty but hospitable Southern planter.

Monday, Oct. 24th.

Loaded up 250 bushels of Major Williams' wheat this morning. Started wagons and men off in various directions and in a few hours the wagons came back loaded, and the men with plenty of hogs, cattle and sheep. Mrs. Williams wanted to buy my pocket knife, and I gave it to her. Started for camp about 11 o'clock. Moulton and I rode ahead rapidly, trusting to luck to escape guerrillas, and reached camp safely a little after dark, leaving the foraging party to come on as fast as they could. Result of Expedition—about 1000 bushels wheat, 150 sheep, 50 hogs, 75 cattle and 30 bushel sweet potatoes, besides a large amount of poultry. The valleys of Northwestern Georgia, between Lookout Mountain and Taylor's ridge, are beautiful, well watered, well cultivated and productive.

Tuesday, Oct. 25th.

General Baird started for Nashville this morning on ten days leave, and I accompanied him with the escort. The distance from our camp to Rome is about 25 miles, the road running about parallel with the Coosa River. We passed over the same road to-day that Col. Straight traversed with his ill-fated expedition against Rome in the Spring of 1863. I saw the place where his men stacked arms when he surrendered. I think there was no good reason why he should not have reached and destroyed Rome, at least, before surrendering. Spent the night in Rome at Genl. Corse's Head Quarters, sleeping on a sofa. Genl. Baird got off to Kingston to-night, by rail.

Wednesday, Oct. 26th.

Started from Rome, with the Escort at 10 A. M. and reached camp beyond Gaylesville, without incident worthy of note, a little after dark, but very tired for I have been in the saddle almost constantly for the past four days and have ridden at least 120 miles. Found Col. Este at Head Quarters on my return he having assumed command of the Division during Genl. Baird's absence. He has no business to assume command; Hunter is the ranking Colonel, and is entitled to the command, but he don't know it, and if Este can play Division Commander over Hunter for a few days, all right.

Thursday, Oct. 27th.

Division Stationary. Rain last night and to-day. Maj. Lowrie received notice of acceptance of his resignation. Serenade in the eve-

ning by Band of 38th Ohio Vols. Evening chilly and clear. Rumors of an important and very extensive movement are circulating about different Head Quarters. Some hint that Sherman has his eye on Mobile, others on Savannah, but if there's anything in it at all, I incline to the opinion that Savannah is the point, for that brings us to what must become our next "objective" viz. Lee's Army, whereas Mobile would take us farther from it than we now are. One thing is certain, there is no use of this Army of 70,000 "gallivanting" up and down through Georgia after Hood and his 40,000 any longer, for its like an elephant chasing a mouse; he wont let us catch him, and unless we can catch him so as to whip him soundly, his 40,000 are worth more to the rebels, than our 70,000 are to us, for it takes less to clothe, feed and pay them. So I believe we *are* going to do *something,* but I hardly dare guess what, yet.

Friday, Oct. 28th.

Division Stationary. Orders received at 3 P. M. to move at daylight tomorrow morning, on the road to Rome. Our Division is to be in the rear and we are to burn the grist mill in Gaylesville and the bridge across the Chatooga after we have crossed.

Saturday, Oct. 29th.

Division moved promptly at daylight across the Chatooga; sent as a detachment back into town and burnt the mill with a large amount of wheat and flour in it, then burnt the bridge and started toward Rome. Encamped at dark 5 miles from Rome, having marched 20 miles. Placed pickets entirely around the Division to-night. Received mail to-night, and my share was 3 letters from Mary.

Sunday, Oct. 30th.

Division moved at 5:45 A. M. marched 5 miles, and encamped just across the river from Rome, on the bank of the Oostanaula near its confluence with the Coosa. Went over to Corps Head Quarters and met Maj. Newcomer, Pay Master, who promised to pay me if I would go up to his office in town. So I went up and got my pay in full up to to-morrow night in 7.30 Bonds, less the income tax, which these Pay Masters deduct, and thus save Uncle Sam some trouble in making collection. It is ridiculous to compel officers to pay 5 per cent tax on the salary they receive for services in the field. Those who stay at home and reap golden harvests out of the war should be compelled to pay the taxes.

Capt. Buttrick A. D. C. got back from Nashville this evening. Gave Maj. Lowrie $1,000 to express to Mary from Nashville, this evening. Stinchcomb in my tent this evening, drunk and filthy as usual. I know now why he resigned.

Monday, Oct. 31st.

Division Stationary. I guess we are preparing for a grand raid through Georgia, to strike the coast at Savannah if practicable, and

if not, then to strike it wherever we can. It's an extensive contract, but I like it, and hope we may undertake it for I'm sure we can get to the Coast somehow; I'd like very much to go home first, but I see no prospect for that now. Weather pleasant. Troops being paid off.

Tuesday, Nov. 1st.

Division Stationary. Orders received to march for Kingston to-morrow morning at daylight. I understand Rome is to be abandoned by our forces. All the cavalry except Kilpatrick's Division is to go to Nashville. More rumors about a great movement through Georgia. Night dark and rainy.

Wednesday, Nov. 2d.

Division marched at daylight crossing the Oostanaula on pontoon bridge, and passing through Rome. Like the Rome of Romulus and Remus it is situated on a number of hills, whether "seven" or not I can't say, for I didn't count them; the Coosa is its Tiber; why didn't they call it Tiber? I presume the Indian name is considered more euphonious. Since the Federal occupation of this place, it is said the Roman matrons and maidens have forgotten their absent lords, and turned Cyprians. Quite cold and disagreeable to-day; roads sloppy. Went ahead about noon to select camp. Head of column came in sight of Kingston for the third time this summer, about 3 P. M. and I placed it in Camp near our Camp of October 11th, our Head Quarters being almost exactly in the same place they then were. It is said we are to go to Atlanta from here, tearing up the R. R. as we go. I hope its true, there's something to stir the blood in such a bold operation as that.

Thursday, Novr. 3rd.

Division Stationary. Weather wet and disagreeable. Troops being paid off. It is now certain that we are to march to Atlanta destroying the R. R. as we go, burn that city, and then strike boldly through the heart of Georgia to Savannah, if we can get there, and if not, then to any other seaport. This is indeed a hazardous undertaking, but we must "trust to luck"; I wouldn't miss going on this expedition for 6 months pay. I hope I may see Milledgeville. I have wanted to see it ever since I was an urchin stumbling thro' my Geography in Newark. Doct. Sloat, Surgeon 14th Ohio Vols., tried to sell me his horse this evening; told him I'd think about it until to-morrow evening.

Friday, Novr. 4th.

Division Stationary. Windy, cold, unpleasant. Genl. Sherman orders estimates for clothing to be made out immediately. Bought Doct. Sloats gray horse "Frank" for $150. Cheap enough I think.

Saturday, Novr. 5th.

Division Stationary. Bright, sunshiny day. Great many officers asking for leaves, and tendering resignations. They are appalled at the idea of a winter campaign through Georgia; their timid souls are shrinking before the possible difficulties and dangers of the march; the idea of cutting loose from the North, and marching to the coast is too much for their nerves, and they are making every exertion to avoid it. Their conduct is disgusting, and they ought to be dishonorably mustered out of the service. If we succeed it will be glorious; if we fail it will be no more than Napoleon and his grand army did in the Russian campaign. I, for one, shall go, let our fortune be what it may.

Sunday, Novr. 6th.

Division Stationary. Weather cold and unpleasant. Genl. Baird returned from Nashville and resumed command of Division. Acheson and Buttrick quit the General's mess and came into ours this evening.

Monday, Novr. 7th.

Division Stationary. Weather dark and cloudy. Captain Biddle, Ordnance officer, ordered to Atlanta to procure arms and equipments for the unarmed recruits we may have with us when we reach Atlanta. Pretty rough initiation for these recruits, this Georgia march will be!

Tuesday, Novr. 8th.

Division Stationary. This is election day. I think Lincoln will be re-elected to-day, though we who are in the army know very little about the undercurrents of politics in the North, and we may all be surprised by finding McClellan elected.

There are comparatively few McClellan men in the army. In one brigade of our Division consisting of the 17th, 31st, 89th and 92d Ohio, 82d Ind. and 23d Missouri, the vote polled to-day stood Lincoln 1229, McClellan 101. Everything as quiet and orderly as usual in camp, the election creating no outward excitement.

Wednesday, Novr. 9th.

Division Stationary. Rained quite heavily this evening. 74th Indiana Vols. sent out to-night to try and catch some guerrillas who captured and murdered some of their comrades to-day.

Thursday, Novr. 10th.

Division Stationary. Weather rather cold. 74th Ind. Vols. returned from their guerilla hunt, bringing in the Captain of the band, and some suspicious citizens. I telegraphed to Charleston to-day asking Tirrill to inform me, by telegraph, of the result of my race for Prosecutor. By the suggestion of Genl. Davis, I directed him to send

his despatch to me at Atlanta, as he tells me we will be there before the despatch can reach the North and a return despatch get back; this being the case I suppose I shall hear nothing about my election until we reach the Southern coast. The telegraph tells us to-day that Lincoln has carried everything except Kentucky. Well, Kentucky, i. e., the "leading families" has always been as disloyal as South Carolina.

Friday, Nov. 11th.

Division Stationary. At noon to-day received orders to march to-morrow morning at 6½ o'clock; so, I suppose, begins our part of the great campaign through Georgia. We can't exactly see our way through now, but I guess it will all come out right. What a flutter this marching order is creating amongst our weak knee'd brethren in shoulder straps; up to the last moment they are tendering resignations and clamoring for leaves on account of sick families, sick wives, &c., but all their applications meet with a flat, stern refusal. Thank fortune I have no sick family, my wife is well, and I know she wouldn't have me shrink from this expedition, at this time, on any consideration. Trains are constantly running from Atlanta to Chattanooga loaded with cannon, so I suppose the fortifications of that city will be dismantled and the city destroyed. The 20th corps is there now; and the 15th and 17th Corps somewhere near there; the 4th Corps has gone to Chattanooga to join Gen. Thomas, so Sherman's Army, for the Georgia Campaign, will consist of the 14th, 15th, 17th and 20th Corps and 2 Brigades of Cavalry under Kilpatrick.

Saturday, Novr. 12th.

Division moved through Kingston toward Cartersville at 8 A. M. Weather pleasant. As we were marching through Cass Station, we could see the one solitary church spire of Cassville, the rest of the village having been burned yesterday by our soldiers, on account of its being a guerrilla haunt. Cassville is or *was* about ¾ of a mile N. E. of the road from Kingston to Cartersville, and is said to have been a very pretty *little* village. We reached Cartersville at 3 P. M. and on riding into the town with the General, found Genl. Sherman sitting on the hotel porch sending his last telegraphic message to the North. When the message was finished I saw the wire broken, and thus we were left "away down South in Dixie", without any means of communicating with friends at home. I knew the last train passed us this morning on its way from Atlanta to Chattanooga, and when I saw the wire severed—the "last link broken"—I must say I was forced for a few minutes to think about our isolated situation, and ask myself, in a variety of ways, the question, "What has Fate in store for us"? But in a few minutes we turned our backs on Cartersville, and the Division moved forward across the Etowah River, on the same bridge we crossed going northward on the 10th ult., and encamped at the ruins of the "Iron Works" near Allatoona. General Morgan's Division encamps to-night on the north side of the Etowah, and General Carlin's

between the river and our camp. We commence destroying the R. R. to-morrow morning. Morgan to commence at the Etowah River. During the day, orders were received to march to-morrow, at daylight, and commence the destruction of the R. R. at Allatoona Creek, destroying it from there to a point one mile beyond Acworth.

Sunday, Novr. 13th.

Division marched at daylight. Very cold this morning. Passed through Allatoona at 8 A. M. After getting through the town we found that Corse's Division of the 15th Corps, on its way from Rome to Atlanta, was blocking up the road ahead of us, and we would be compelled to halt, probably two hours; this was very annoying, as we were anxious to get forward and begin our work on the R. R. soon as possible, so that we might get it completed and get into camp before dark. The General was out of humor. I, however, remembered a bye-road which I had been on on our march north, and suggested to him that we could take that road, and reach the point for beginning our work without being interrupted by Corse's Division. At first he wouldn't listen to it—told me I didn't know the road &c but I quietly insisted that I *did* know the road, and after some time, prevailed on him to go with me and look at it. After going on this bye-road about a mile and making inquiries of some of the sallow, poverty-stricken, snuff-dipping women of the neighborhood the General became satisfied I was right and sent back an orderly to direct the head of the column to move forward. We reached our point on the R. R. without further trouble, destroyed our allotted portion of the Road—our soldiers burned the village of Acworth *without orders,* and we went into camp at "Big Shanty" about dark. Acworth has been a thriving R. R. village, but to-night it is a heap of ruins. I was the only one of the General's staff in the town when the fires first began, and I tried to prevent the burning, but while I watched one house to keep it from being fired, another some where else would take fire; so I concluded to give it up. I succeeded in saving a few houses, occupied by "war widows" and their families, but all the rest of the town went up in smoke. It is evident that our soldiers are determined to burn, plunder and destroy everything in their way on this march. Well, that shows that they are not *afraid* of the South at any rate, and that each individual soldier is determined to strike with all his might against the rebellion, whether we ever get through or not. If we are to continue our devastation as we began to-day I don't want to be captured on this trip, for I expect every man of us the rebels capture will get a "stout rope and a short shrift."

Monday, Novr. 14th.

Division marched promptly at daybreak. The General had us in the saddle while all the stars were still shining. This was a beautiful morning, bright and cold. Marched through line after line of entrenchments, built both by ourselves and the rebels last summer, and as we neared the spur of "Kenesaw" over which the Marietta road runs, I

couldn't help regarding that mountain with some of the same shy respect which I entertained for it last June, when we lay burrowing in rifle-pits at its foot, and its summit was crowned with rebel artillery, which so often at mid-day and at midnight thundered away at us, and encircled the mountain with wreaths of fire and smoke. But "Kenesaw" was quiet to-day, and as our troops emerged from the woods to the open plain at its foot, and beheld our own flag, flying where they had so long and anxiously watched the rebel flag, cheer after cheer rang out.

Just before crossing the spur of the mountain Capt. Acheson's horse got into a quick sand hole and instantly sunk almost entirely under with the Capt. on his back. He and his horse were extricated with great difficulty. The General was mad, and I laughed until my sides ached. I guess the General was mad at me for laughing too, but I couldn't help it; covered with mud, and struggling in the mud hole with his horse he looked so ridiculous I should have laughed if he had never got out. When we reached Marietta we found that all the business part of the town was burned by Kilpatrick's Cavalry last night. Marietta was a very pretty town and its private residences are still beautiful. Halted to let the troops get dinner about 4 miles out from Marietta. Rode ahead with the General and General Davis across the Chattahoochee. The General then directed me to go on a couple of miles further toward Atlanta and select a camp ground. I did so, and when the trains came up to me placed them in park; had Division and Brigade Head Quarters put up on the ground I had selected, but it was now after dark and no troops came. I rode back to the river to find out what was the matter and there found the General very much out of humor for he didn't know where the troops were. Finally the head of the column came up, the men very much fatigued; the leading Brigade had taken the wrong road and marched to Turner's Ferry, the other Brigades of course following, and then had to march back to where we now found them; so we just let them march across the river and encamp anywhere they could. I got to bed about midnight. Moulton and Acheson were with the column, and of course they feel to some extent responsible for the blunder, although they were not in the least to blame. We are having sport with them about their hunting for new roads, and taking the Division along as an escort.

Tuesday, Nov. 15th.

Division moved at daylight toward Atlanta. The General directed me to go ahead to the city—to ascertain the streets on which we were to march through the city, so as to leave it on the McDonough road, and to select a camp ground east of and convenient to the city. I reached the city, accompanied by Capt. Acheson about 9 A. M. and found every street so crowded with troops and wagons that it was almost impossible to get along on horseback. I then tried to find our Corps Commander, Genl. Davis, to report to him that the head of the column would soon be up, and get orders from him what to do, as it was evidently impossible for our troops to get through the city for many hours; failing to

find Genl. Davis, I went directly to Gen. Sherman's and was directed by his Aide-de-camp, Capt. Dayton, to apply to Maj. Gen. Slocum for orders; after half-an-(hour) search for Gen. Slocum, I found him in the street on foot, trying to crowd his way back to his Head Quarters. I reported to him, and he told me that we should halt and mass the troops on arriving at the edge of the city, and that the troops and trains would be out of our way so that we could get through the city sometime during the afternoon. He also told me that our Corps would march out of the city on Decatur Street. With this information I rode back to where our column was to enter the city and there met the General, to whom I communicated it. Directing me to select the ground and mass the Brigades as they came up, he rode into the city, telling me I would find him at the Head Quarters of Col. Beckwith, Chf. Commissary, Mil. Div. Miss. at which place I soon joined him. About 1 o'clk P. M. our Division moved through the city, and encamped about ½ mile east. I managed to get the General to consent to having Head Qrs. in a *house* to-night—something *very* unusual. The 20th Corps marched out some distance toward Stone Mountain to-day; the 15th and 17th Corps (Right Wing) marched out toward McDonough, and Kilpatrick's Cavalry toward Jonesboro on the extreme right of everything. About dark to-night our orders came to march at daylight toward Decatur. General Sherman goes with this Corps (14th). Our Commissaries have been busily engaged all day in loading rations, and our Quarter Masters in issuing clothing and shoes to the troops. Up to about 3 P. M. this issuing was carried on with something like a show of regularity, but about that time fires began to break out in various portions of the city, and it soon became evident that these fires were but the beginning of a general conflagration which would sweep over the entire city and blot it out of existence; so Quartermasters and Commissaries ceased trying to issue clothing or load rations, they told the soldiers to go in and take what they wanted before it burned up. The soldiers found many barrels of whisky and of course they drank of it until they were drunk; then new fires began to spring up, all sorts of discordant noises rent the air, drunken soldiers on foot and on horseback raced up and down the streets while the buildings on either side were solid sheets of flame, they gathered in crowds before the finest structures and sang "Rally around the Flag" while the flames enwrapped these costly edifices, and shouted and danced and sang again while pillar and roof and dome sank into one common ruin. The night, for miles around was bright as mid-day; the city of Atlanta was one mass of flame, and the morrow must find it a mass of ruins. Well, the soldiers fought for it, and the soldiers won it, now let the soldiers enjoy it; and so I suppose Gen. Sherman thinks, for he is somewhere near by, now, looking on at all this, and saying not one word to prevent it. All the pictures and verbal descriptions of hell I have ever seen never gave me half so vivid an idea of it, as did this flame wrapped city to-night. Gate City of the South, farewell!

Wednesday, Novr. 16th.

The eventful day has come; we turn our backs upon Atlanta, and our faces seaward. How many prayers for our success went up from our Northern homes this morning. We must succeed. Not a man in this army doubts it. We'll march straight through and shake the rebellious old State from center to circumference. Division marched at 9 A. M., all our bands playing, flags flying and men cheering. We marched to-day over the ground where the bloody battle of July 22d and where the brave McPherson fell. That field is studded with the graves of our gallant comrades, and none lie there more thickly than the men of Illinois. We passed through Decatur about noon; it has an old, weatherbeaten, unpainted appearance. The Court House, a brick structure, plastered outside, stands in a square in the center of the town. The other buildings are nearly all frame, and very antique in style. Encamped on "Snapfinger Creek." Passed through very nice country to-day; open, level, and well cultivated. We left Stone Mountain several miles to our left. It is said to be a mountain of solid stone, devoid of a particle of herbage, and used to be considered one of the great natural curiosities of this continent. Head Quarters, to-night, being near a house, I went in after supper, to see what the natives looked like. There was the old man, the old woman, four marriageable but unmarried daughters and one married daughter whose husband, as she told me, had been "taken off in the conscript more'n a year ago, and she didn't know where the dickens he was." Supposing that they all used snuff (a safe presumption among the country people in the South) I asked the *ladies* how they managed to get snuff now, but they all denied using it; I however, took out my paper of fine cut tobacco and it was but a few moments until each one of them had a quid of it in her mouth "just to see what it tasted like"; they pronounced it "fust rate", "most as good as snuff." I discovered that they supposed we were out from Atlanta on a foraging expedition and thought we would return in a few days; they had no idea that we intended to keep right on. These people owned 100 acres of land there, but no negroes, and the girls had never been in a school house.

Thursday, Nov. 17th.

Division marched at daylight. Passed through Lithonia, on the R. R., at 9 A. M., where I noticed Gen. Sherman standing on the R. R. track giving directions as to how he wanted the track torn up and destroyed. Several buildings were burning as we passed through. We arrived at Conyers at noon, and as our Division had four miles of R. R. to destroy before moving any further, Capt. Acheson, who plays the piano finely, and myself started out to walk around through the town and find a piano, so that we could have some music while our soldiers were destroying the track. Meeting a little girl on the street who told us where there was a piano, we went to the house and on knocking at the door a grey headed, meek, ministerial looking old rebel opened the door and asked what we wanted. I had agreed to do the talking so I told

him "we wanted" to destroy the R. R. first, and asked him what he thought of it. The old gent looked wise and said nothing; I then asked him if he had a piano in the house; the old man looked worried and replied that his daughter had one. All right, said I, that's just what we want, we want some music; the old man said he didn't think his daughter could play, and looked incredulous when we pushed by him into the room, and the Captain sat down at the piano; but the Captain's fingers soon made the keys dance to the air of the Star Spangled Banner, and the old man sat there astonished at the thought that a rough, vulgar, brutal Yankee should be able to play so skillfully. Then the Captain played "Dixie" in excellent style; this made the old man talkative, brought in the daughter and some other young ladies, and we soon had them playing for us, while the Captain and I sat back and quietly enjoyed the discomfiture of the old man, and laughed at the efforts of the rebel damsels to appear composed. Finally, to cap the climax, we induced these Southern ladies to sing us the "Confederate Toast", which they told us was their favorite song, and one verse of it I remember, viz:

"Here's to old Butler and his crew,
Drink it down!
Here's to old Butler and his crew,
Drink it down!
Here's to old Butler and his crew,
May the devil get his due,
Drink it down! Drink it down! Drink it down!"

We left them, though, notwithstanding their elegant and patriotic songs—they, no doubt, hoping we might be shot before night. Our troops having finished their work on the R. R. we moved forward 4 miles, and encamped on Mr. Zachry's plantation having marched 15 miles today, and utterly destroyed 4 miles of R. R. Old Zachry has a son who is a Colonel in the rebel army in Virginia, and the negroes, i. e. his own negroes tell us tonight that the old sinner has a federal flag hid away in his house which his son captured and sent home from Virginia a year ago. We have searched the house all over for it, but can't find it yet, and the old man and old woman deny having it, but one of their house servants told me most positively tonight that it *is* in the house, and that they know where it is. If we don't get it before we leave tomorrow morning the old fellow's house will surely be burnt, for the soldiers have all heard of it. They *did* burn the old fellow's cotton gin, filled with cotton, tonight. Passed through fine country today. Conyers is a village of about 500 inhabitants, and Lithonia about 300, both stations on the R. R.; a good many negroes came into camp with us tonight; they are of all shades and sizes; and are apparently happy if they can be permitted to go along with us.

Friday, Nov. 18th.

After striking tents this morning I took old Zachry out one side, and with an air of great concern, and in the greatest confidence told

him that unless he produced that flag, the soldiers were determined to burn his house as soon as General Baird got out of sight. The old sinner was alarmed and asked me to leave him a guard until the soldiers all passed, at the same time protesting that he knew nothing about the flag. I, of course, told him that we never left guards, and parted from him, expressing deep sympathy, for I assured him that the soldiers would in all probability burn his house. In less than ten minutes the old rascal brought the flag out and delivered it up. I don't know whether his house was burned or not. I know he owns about 40 niggers less tonight than he did last night. We crossed "Yellow River" about noon, and commenced destroying R. R. just after crossing. We destroyed about 4 miles. Yellow River, where we crossed, is quite a deep clear stream, about 6 rods wide and with high bluff banks. I stopped at a dwelling on the east side of the river, which the occupants (Merriwether's) dignified with the name of "Airy Mount." Had quite a discussion here with a strong minded elderly woman, on Abolition and Amalgamation; the old lady forced it on me, and as there were three or four very light colored mulatto children running around the house, they furnished me an admirable weapon to use against the old lady's remark that the Northern people were Amalgamationists. She didn't explain to my entire satisfaction how her slaves came to be so much whiter than African Slaves are usually supposed to be. Marched on through Covington and encamped a short distance east of it. Covington is a place of some pretension, and on the whole is rather a pretty place. The houses are very neat, built in modern Southern style, and painted white. The good people of Covington only heard of our advance yesterday so they are all at home, not having had time to run away. The "leading citizens" were affable when we entered the place, and everybody invited officers to stay all night at their house. I was in the Court Room and Masonic Lodge, the door of which was open.

Saturday, Nov. 19th.

Division moved at daybreak and crossed the Ulcofauhatchee River. This stream is not very deep, rapid, without any well defined banks, the water spreading out and making a swamp on either side of the stream for a considerable distance. The name of this stream is pronounced by the inhabitants "Alcovy." Land in its vicinity looks very poor; the ears of corn only grow about 6 inches long, and the stalks are very light. An old man told us today that some of his land averaged 6 bushels of corn to the acre and some of it "don't average anything." There are no wealthy planters in the immediate vicinity of the "Ulcofauhatchee" along our line of march. The farms are all in hundred acre lots, but their owners call them "Plantations"; the citizens look at our troops as they pass, with the utmost astonishment; they have no idea where we are going, and the negroes stare at us with open eyes and mouths, but generally, before the whole column has passed they pack up their bundles and march along, going, they know not whither, but apparently satisfied they are going somewhere toward

freedom; but these wretched creatures, or a majority of them, don't know what freedom is. Ask them where they are going as they trudge along with their bundles on their heads, and the almost invariable reply is: "Don't know Massa; gwine along wid you all." Our men are foraging on the country with the greatest liberality. Foraging parties start out in the morning; they go where they please, seize wagons, mules, horses, and harness; make the negroes of the plantation hitch up, load the wagons with sweet potatoes, flour, meal, hogs, sheep, chickens, turkeys, barrels of molasses, and in fact everything good to eat, and sometimes considerable that's good to drink. Our men are living as well as they could at home and are in excellent health. Rain falling all the forenoon, roads heavy and marching difficult. Passed through Sand Town today about 2 o'clock. It is a little weather beaten village of about 250 or 300 inhabitants. The citizens were not much expecting us, but they heard of our approach day before yesterday and have spent the time since in carrying off and hiding in the swamp their valuables, but the negroes told the soldiers of these hiding places and most of these hidden valuables found their way into our camp tonight. Went into camp at dark. We have neither seen nor heard of any armed rebels yet, and we march along with as much unconcern as if we were marching through Ohio. We are beginning to talk about Milledgeville, and speculate on the probabilities of a battle there. There can't be much of a battle there though, for we have troops enough to eat up all the army Georgia's capital can muster.

Sunday, Nov. 20th.

Division moved at daylight, and at 9 A. M. passed through "Shady Dale." I have known for the past 3 days that our line of march led through "Shady Dale", and judging from the name I had fancied to myself that Shady Dale was probably a nice, clean, quiet, aristocratic country town, situated in some romantic, shaded valley, and as we started this morning I retouched my mental picture of "Shady Dale", so that I might have it entirely finished to my taste before seeing the place itself, and then have the satisfaction of determining whether "there's anything in a name" by comparing my ideal "Shady Dale" with the real "Shady Dale." I am now satisfied that "there is something in a name", but it was proven to me this morning in a manner that totally surprised me. As we rode along we came to a beautiful plantation, and by the roadside was a cluster of about 50 whitewashed negro houses, and in the midst of them an old fashioned frame house with porch all around it and dormor windows. The negro houses were filled with nice cleanly looking negroes of all ages and sizes, and as the head of our column came up with band playing, such a nest of negroes I never saw before; they poured out of those cabins to the road side in such numbers as to lead me to suppose they had been packed away inside like mackerel in a barrel. The music of the band started the young niggers at dancing, and they capered around like little imps; the old ones stood with uncovered heads, hands raised, mouths open and eyes turned up; the young negresses stood bowing and curtseying,

trying to bow to every soldier that passed; while each negro in his or her own style kept uttering ejaculations of wonder such as "Lawd, jest look at em"; "whar'd dey cum from"; "looks like de whole wuld was comin" &c, &c. Each one expressing his wonder in some original and quaint style. I sat on my horse and listened to and watched them, while I laughed at their comicalities until tears rolled down my cheeks. There is as much difference between the negroes we see in the North and the plantation negroes of the South, as there is between a cultivated gentleman and a clown in the circus ring.

Presently I asked a venerable old African patriarch where "Shady Dale" was, and he told me: "Dis is it massa"; why, said I, is it called "Shady Dale"? "Cos" said he grinning, "deres so many of us black uns here." Whereupon I laughed too, and rode on, satisfied that there *is* something in a name, when a plantation can figure on the maps as "Shady Dale", on account of the number of "Shades" living there. This plantation is owned by a man named "Whitfield", and it is the finest one I ever saw, but by the time our column has all passed Mr. Whitfield won't have a sweet potato, a pig, chicken, turkey, horse, mule, cow, and scarcely a nigger left. The negroes on all these plantations tell us their masters have given them no meat to eat during the past two years, and as a consequence the negroes have been in the habit of prowling about the country at night, foraging, as they call it; that is stealing chickens, hogs, &c, and killing them in the swamps. They raise turnips extensively through Georgia so far as we have been, and every turnip patch we pass is thoroughly stripped by the soldiers and negroes, who, by the way, make excellent foragers. Our stock of negroes is increasing rapidly; many of them travel on horseback now; they furnish their own, i. e., their masters, horses, saddles and bridles, so they are no expense to Uncle Sam; a great many of our privates are getting negro servants for themselves; the negro walks along beside the soldier, with his knapsack and cooking utensils strapped upon his back, thus relieving the soldier of his load, and helping him along. What soldier *wouldn't* be an abolitionist under such circumstances. We have marched through beautiful country today. Halted one hour for dinner. We made 18 miles today, and encamped 6 miles from Eatonton, and 27 from Milledgeville.

Monday, Novr. 21st.

Division moved at daylight. Crossed "Murder Creek" at noon, and went into camp 4 miles beyond, having marched only 9 miles today, and being, tonight within 18 miles of Milledgeville. Rain falling heavily all day. Roads in a horrible condition. Things have not looked promising today. What would become of us if this weather should continue two weeks? We couldn't march; would be compelled to halt here in the midst of a hostile country, and thus let the enemy have time to recover from his surprise and concentrate against us. Well, let the worst come, will get to the capital of Georgia anyhow, and my long desire to see it will at length be gratified. We are all wet through and covered with mud, and our horses jaded, but our supper of coffee,

fried chickens, sweet potatoes, &c, and a good sleep will bring us out all right in the morning, and if our horses give out, the stable of some wealthy Georgian must furnish us a remount. Citizens everywhere look paralyzed and as if stricken dumb as we pass them. Columns of smoke by day, and "pillars of fire" by night, for miles and miles on our right and left indicate to us daily and nightly the route and location of the other columns of our army. Every "Gin House" we pass is burned; every stack of fodder we can't carry along is burned; every barn filled with grain is destroyed; in fact everything that can be of any use to the rebels is either carried off by our foragers or set on fire and burned.

Tuesday, Nov. 22d.

Division moved at daylight, crossing Cedar Creek at 9 a. m., passing through the camp of Morgan's Division, and taking the advance for Milledgeville. Rather cold today. I spent most of the day in advance of the column searching for roads to the capital and picking up such items of information as I could get from negroes and white citizens in regard to the enemy, but I have not been able to ascertain that there are any rebel soldiers in the city. The negroes and others say that all the soldiers that were in Milledgeville have gone to Macon, under command of General Howell Cobb. We are encamped tonight on a plantation belonging to "General Cobb," and the 23d Missouri has received permission to burn all the rails and buildings on the plantation tonight. General Sherman has his tents pitched in the dooryard of the overseer's house on this plantation tonight. About 3 p. m. while the column was halted I rode ahead in the direction of Milledgeville, in company with General Baird, Colonel Poe, chief topographical engineer on General Sherman's staff, and Captain Buttrick of our staff. After we had ridden about a mile ahead of the column, admiring the beautiful country and speculating on the probability of taking Milledgeville without fighting, we suddenly discovered a mounted man in the middle of the road coming toward us. He was then about one-half mile from us and just on the crest of a little hill in the road. He discovered us at the same time we did him and we halted at the same time. Glasses were out in a minute and we discovered that his uniform was gray. Ah, ha! This, then, is the outer picket watching our approach to the capital. This settles the question; we'll have to fight for Milledgeville. The solitary horseman in rebel uniform turned his horse toward the city and disappeared behind the crest of the hill. There were some negro houses by the roadside about half way between where we were and where the gray clad horseman appeared. The negroes were out in the road looking at us. We were very anxious to get as far down the road as the negro houses, but didn't think it safe. In a few moments two gray clad horsemen appeared on the hill. They looked at us—were counting us evidently; they turned their horses around uneasily. Presently another horseman appeared, then another and another, until at least twenty were in sight on the crest of the hill. They were evidently too strong for us, even if we had been well armed,

which we were not. But they were at least half a mile from us and our column was only about a mile from us—the road behind us was good, we were well mounted and we felt that if they *did* make a dash at us we could run the mile back to our troops before they could overtake us. But what if one of our horses should stumble and fall in the chase? Oh, well! Let the rider jump over a fence and run as fast as he can somewhere, anywhere, to gain a few minutes time. But look! The gray clad horsemen are starting forward and now they are waving a white handkerchief. It must be a deputation of citizens coming out to surrender the capital to us. So the General thought; so we all thought. The General directed Colonel Poe to go forward and meet the party and see what they wanted and who they were. Forward dashed Poe, and there we sat watching the scene with intense anxiety. Can it be possible that we are to meet with such good fortune as to receive the formal surrender of Georgia's capital? Poe meets the horsemen, they halt a few moments, then Poe turns, and they all come on to where the General, Captain Buttrick and myself are waiting in the road. We ask each other what this means. Can there be treachery here? Do they mean to deceive us with a white flag and capture us all? They approach within 200 yards and we plainly see their rebel uniforms. Shall we run or stand? Moments are precious. They come steadily on. The General looks pale. I *feel* pale and nervous, but the General stands, and therefore I *must*. They reach us, rein up their horses and the gray clad officer riding at the head of the party salutes the General and announces himself and party as Kilpatrick's scouts just from Milledgeville; they say there is not a rebel soldier there. Hurrah! Milledgeville is ours, and our sensations are now quite different from what they were ten minutes ago. The scouts go on to report to General Sherman and we ride on to the negro houses ahead, which the negroes tell us belong to "Ginral Cobb." In the dooryard of the overseer's house stand three large new iron kettles for boiling sorghum. Poe picked up an axe and with a few blows shivered one of them into atoms. Buttrick took the axe and shivered the second one. I then took the axe and paid my respects to "Ginral Cobb" by shattering the third one. The General sent back and ordered the troops forward and placed them in camp on the arch rebel's plantation. General Sherman coming up in about an hour, placed his headquarters in the yard where we broke the sorghum kettles. About dark this evening, it is said, the old negro who is the commissary of the plantation told some of General Sherman's staff officers that he wanted to see the great General, just to see how he looked. He was taken to the door of Sherman's tent, and the old man took off his hat, looked at the General a few moments, then bowing respectfully turned and walked off, saying to himself as he walked off shaking his head: "He's got the Linkum head, the Linkum head, he's got the Linkum head." We are only ten miles from Milledgeville tonight.

Wednesday, Nov. 23d.

Division moved at daylight. A bright, beautiful day; roads excellent and surrounding country magnificent. We reached the capital at

about 9 a. m., but our troops didn't get up until noon on account of the 20th Corps, which came in from Eatonton, entering the city on the same road with us and in advance of us, as they struck the road first. Our troops encamped just outside the city limits on the west side. Our headquarters in the city in a dwelling house of some runaway citizen. General Davis' headquarters in the city near the Governor's mansion. General Sherman's in the mansion and General Slocum's at the Milledgeville Hotel, opposite the capitol square. Here I am, finally, at Milledgeville. My boyish desire is gratified, and I find that my boyish fancy in regard to the appearance of the city was quite correct. The dwellings are scattered and surrounded by large and tastefully decorated grounds. As one rides along its sandy streets, even at this season of the year, the faint perfume from every variety of tree and shrub, bud, blossom and flower fills the air with delicious fragrance. The exterior of the residences bespeak refinement within, and everything about the city serves to impress one with the idea that he is in an old, aristocratic city, where the worth of a man is computed in dollars and cents. The streets are regularly laid out and the capitol stands on a slight elevation rather east of the center of the city and overlooking the Oconee River. It is built of reddish looking sandstone and is a large square building, with rather a superabundance of fancy cornice outside. It has entrances on the north, south, east and west, each having a broad flight of stone steps. The offices and State library are on the first floor, the legislative halls on the second floor, and also the committee rooms. Each chamber has life size oil paintings of the prominent old men of Georgia hung around its walls in plain gilt frames. I should have thought "Oglethorpe" would have appeared in this State picture gallery, but he does not. General Jackson does, though, tricked out in a line officer's coat with a general's epaulettes on his shoulders, a line officer's sash around his waist, and a sort of cross between a Turkish scimeter and an artillery sabre by his side. Our soldiers and even some officers have been plundering the State library today and carrying off law and miscellaneous works in armfuls. It is a downright shame. Public libraries should be sacredly respected by all belligerents, and I am sure General Sherman will, some day, regret that he permitted this library to be destroyed and plundered. I could get a thousand dollars worth of valuable law books there if I would just go and take them, but I wouldn't touch them. I should feel ashamed of myself every time I saw one of them in my book case at home. I don't object to stealing horses, mules, niggers and all such *little things*, but I will not engage in plundering and destroying public libraries. Let them alone, to enlarge and increase for the benefit of the loyal generations that are to people this country long after we shall have fought our last battle and gone into our eternal camp. The State penitentiary was burned last night. There are but few business buildings here, and the population never could have been more than ten thousand. I shall devote myself to looking around town tomorrow, as I understand we will not march in the morning.

Thursday, Nov. 24th.

A bright, beautiful morning, and as I slept in a house last night and on a *real bed* like "white folks," I slept rather late. A Mrs. Doct. Jarrett told me today of a sister of Mrs. Ficklin's of Charleston, Ills., who is at Scottsboro, four miles south of here, but that being outside of our picket line, I didn't go to see her. I am rather sorry I didn't go now, but it's too late to regret it; we march in the morning. I should have gone out to see "Oglethorpe University" today, but I got into the State library this morning and became so much interested in the musty old records of the Colony of Georgia that I found there, that I used up nearly the whole day in reading them, and had no time to visit the university, which is about two miles southwest of the city. I am surprised to see that all the churches of the city are built right around the capitol in the same enclosure with it, and look more like public offices than they do like churches; indeed, I thought they were the offices of the State officials yesterday. The streets and most of the sidewalks are unpaved, but the soil is so sandy that I suppose they never become muddy. The names of all the streets are marked at each corner on neatly painted little signboards, attached to the buildings or fences. The houses are nearly all frame, except the business houses; they are of brick, and I don't think there is a building in the city over two stories high, except the "Milledgeville Hotel," which is three. Very few of the citizens show themselves on the streets, but the negroes are all out, draped in their gayest outfit, and looking as happy as clams at high water. All the troops except our division marched through the city today and crossed the Oconee. We march in the morning. I presume the citizens think that the whole of Sherman's army has gone through here. They don't know that there are 35,000 more Yankee vandals about 25 miles south of here, marching on parallel roads with us. As our division alone occupies the city tonight, I have entire charge of the picket line surrounding it. I'll try and preserve "Joe Brown's" capital from invasion by rebels until tomorrow morning anyhow, and after that we'll leave it for "Joe" to take care of himself. When we established our headquarters here yesterday I unrolled the flag we took from old Zachry on the 18th inst., made a staff for it, and raised it in front of our headquarters, where it is still flying. Little did the old sinner think, when he first received this trophy from his rebel son, that Yankee hands would ever unfurl it in triumph over the capital of his State.

Friday, Nov. 25th.

Division moved at daylight, the first and second brigades crossing the Oconee, while the 3d Brigade remained in the city to gather up all stragglers and prepare the State magazine to be blown up. About 9 o'clock everything being in readiness, and the citizens having been warned to keep out of the way, a soldier of the 18th Kentucky applied the torch and in an instant the State magazine was blown into the air with a terrific explosion. Our last troops then crossed the river and the kindling being all ready, our escort set fire to the bridge. In ten

minutes it was burned down and the broad Oconee rolled between us and Milledgeville, with no means of crossing it; but our men were all across and, of course, it's no business of ours whether anybody else gets across or not. The Oconee at this point is a muddy looking, rapid stream, about 350 yards wide, with low, sandy, crumbling banks, which are overflown at nearly every freshet. Milledgeville, when viewed from the east bank of the river, presents a very shabby, rickety appearance, as only the eastern edge of the city can be seen, and that appears to be the quarter in which the niggers and poor white trash are collected. The bridge across the river was a toll bridge, and the toll keeper, a fat, dirty, lazy looking citizen who made himself known to me as a Mason, lives at the east end of the bridge. He stood there looking at us with a woeful countenance as he beheld us fire the bridge. "Othello's occupation" was "gone"; yea, verily, it went up in smoke. He assured me he had "allers bin for the Union, and wus yit." He told me he was born on the Oconee and had never lived more than five miles away from it in his life. After seeing the bridge tumble into the river we bade farewell to Milledgeville and encamped fifteen miles nearer the Atlantic tonight. The 20th Corps is now on our right and Kilpatrick's cavalry on our left. I understand tonight that Kilpatrick has left all his wagons with our corps and the 20th and is off for a raid to cut the railroad between Savannah and Augusta and release our prisoners at Millen, as it is supposed there are 20,000 of them there.

Crossed Buffalo and Bluff Creeks today (both small) and encamped on "Giles' farm" on the east bank of Bluff Crk. Passed through very poor "piney woods" all day. Grasshoppers couldn't live in these "piney woods." The pine trees grow so thickly in them that a man can scarcely walk through them. They grow tall, straight and without limbs for from 30 to 60 feet from the ground, and the ground is covered with a thick matting of the dead pine leaves that have fallen, so that when walking through these "piney woods" your feet feel as if treading on a carpet well stuffed with straw underneath. Citizens say that strangers traveling through these woods will get lost as readily as on a prairie if they go far from the road, and I can readily believe it, for we passed over many miles today in which every tree and spot looked exactly like every other tree and spot. Notwithstanding the extreme barrenness of these "piney woods," we now and then passed a miserable looking little cabin today, about which we generally found two or three sickly, sallow women and from five to fifteen children, all looking like persons I have read of called "dirt eaters"; I guess these *are* dirt eaters, and I think they must live on it, for I don't see place for anything except children to grow in these "woods." We are now going toward the Ogeechee, and citizens tell us we will find very poor country all the way from the Oconee to the Ogeechee. Our foragers came into camp tonight pretty well loaded, and I can't imagine where they found so much stuff through this country. I suppose the negroes assisted them. Where can all the rebels be? Here we are riding rough shod over Georgia and nobody dares to fire a shot at us. We burn their houses, barns, fences, cotton and everything

else, yet none of the Southern braves show themselves to punish us for our vandalism. Perhaps they are preparing a trap to catch us all, but I don't think we will go into their trap, if we can find any way to go around it. We don't care where we come out; would a little rather come out at Savannah, but if we can't do that we'll go somewhere else. Georgia is an excellent state for foraging. We are living finely, and the whole army would have no objection to marching around through the State for the next six months. Indeed, the whole trip thus far has been a holiday excursion, but a very expensive one to the rebels.

Saturday, Nov. 26th.

Division moved at daylight. Confound this moving at daylight. It's the only thing about this trip that's unpleasant. I am seriously opposed to rising so early in the morning. We marched through the same wretched looking "piney woods" again today; passed through Sandersville and encamped at the junction of the "Fenn's Bridge" and "Louisville" roads, about three-fourths of a mile northeast of the town. Wheeler and some of his rebel cavalry were in the town when the head of the 14th Corps reached here, but they were driven out without even halting our column; the men marched right into town loading and firing as they advanced; bands playing, flags flying, and Mr. Wheeler and his rebels, of course, running almost without returning a shot. So nicely timed was the marching of the two corps (14th and 20th) on widely separate roads that almost at the same moment the heads of the two columns entered the town, ours from the west and the 20th from the southwest. This cavalry in Sandersville today is the first show of opposition the left wing of the grand army has yet met with, but they were brushed out of our way as readily as if they had been only green flies. Still, it behooves us to move cautiously now and to be every moment on the alert, for this opposition may be greater tomorrow and may continue to increase from day to day, now that they have ascertained the roads on which our columns are moving. We understand that the right wing, 15th and 17th Corps, under Howard, have reached the Ogeechee some thirty miles south of here and are unable to cross, the rebels being in force and strongly posted on the opposite bank. We will reach the Ogeechee tomorrow, and if *we* find the rebels on the opposite bank, too, in force, it may give the whole army considerable trouble to get across. Indeed, we don't know but that the rebels are in strong force on the other side of the Ogeechee and intend to make that river their line of defense. It is said to be a difficult river to cross, and even if we don't find the rebels there tomorrow we may expect to find all the bridges burned and the roads blockaded, so that our advance must necessarily be very slow. Wheeler's cavalry are said to have orders to burn all bridges in our front and destroy all forage and provisions in the country. The rebel papers we get hold of from Augusta also call on all the citizens to turn out and fall timber across the roads—destroy their forage and provisions, and do everything possible to harass us and retard our march. Let them do it if they dare. We'll burn every house, barn, church, and everything else we come

to; we'll leave their families houseless and without food; their towns will *all* be destroyed, and nothing but the most complete desolation will be found in our track. This army will not be trifled with by citizens. If citizens raise their hands against us to retard our march or play the guerrilla against us, neither youth nor age, nor sex will be respected. Everything must be destroyed. This is the feeling that has settled down over the army in its bivouac tonight. We have gone so far now in our triumphal march that we will not be balked. It is a question of life or death with us, and all considerations of mercy and humanity must bow before the inexorable demands of self preservation. We are nearing the coast, threatening both Augusta and Savannah. The rebels are quite certain we are first going to Augusta, but we are *not,* and that erroneous opinion may relieve us of a large amount of the opposition we would otherwise encounter. Still, it is safe to presume that every step we advance will bring us more opposition. We'll get through, though; they *can't* stop us now, but I would like to be able to see about ten days into the future—the next ten days will be the crisis with us. Sandersville is rather a neat, quiet, thrifty looking county seat of about 500 population. The court house is a rather stylish brick building, plastered outside, and of a kind of yellowish color, with a dome on top. It stands in the middle of a public square in the center of town, and in the same square, without any enclosure, stands a very nice white marble monument to ex-Governor Jared Irwin of Georgia, who, according to the inscription on the monument, entered the Army of the Revolution as a private and was a General at its close. Kilpatrick's cavalry not yet heard from. As the rebel cavalry is immediately in our front, they must be between us and Kilpatrick; but I guess he'll turn up all safe some of these days, yet I don't believe he'll find any of our prisoners at Millen if he gets there. The rebels now have had notice enough of our advance and will, of course, remove to some place of greater safety. Orders received tonight for our division to march at daylight on the Fenn's Bridge road to Louisville, followed by Morgan's Division, while Carlin's Division, with all its trains, moves on the direct road to Louisville, so it is intended that we will be on the extreme left of the army and cover the trains that move with Carlin. I expect we'll have some fighting tomorrow and probably find Fenn's Bridge across the Ogeechee burned.

Sunday, Novr. 27th.

Division moved at daylight. Oh! these moves at daylight; I *must* groan over them, they interfere so much with my comfort and inclination; but they can't be "cured", and so must be "endured"; never mind, when I get home, I'll have full satisfaction, by sleeping just as late as I please in the morning, and if Mary undertakes to order me to march at daylight I'll place her under arrest.

As we neared the "Ogeechee" we found the country growing better; more land cultivated, soil more productive, and plantations larger. Persimmons grow by the roadside in abundance; our orderlies gather them in their handkerchiefs as they ride along, and bring up to us, so

that we just ride along and eat persimmons, until we are almost tired of them. They are much finer than I ever supposed they were; tasting very much like excellent figs; I have eaten persimmons in Illinois, but they are very little like the persimmons of this part of Georgia. It appears rather strange to me, coming, as I do, from a country where the hay crop is an important one to find that no hay at all is raised in this country. I haven't seen a particle of hay in this State. The only "long forage" they have here for animals is "blades" as they call it, which consists of corn leaves, stripped from the stalk while green, and carefully cured in the sun like hay, then tied up in bundles as hay or wheat in the North, and either stacked in the field or stored away in barns for winter feed. Horses and cattle like these "blades" very much, but I don't think there is very much nutriment in them: We have found the road today, all the way as far as the "Ogeechee" filled with cavalry tracks going eastward, but, about ten rods west of the river we found that they had turned off on side roads to the right and left. We approached "Fenn's Bridge" cautiously, deploying two regiments and moving them forward in line, with a strong line of skirmishers in front of them. Being as full of curiosity as a woman, and being anxious to get the first sight of the rebels, I rode along with the skirmish line, watching every tree and stump, listening very intently, and moving as quietly as a cat in the sandy road, expecting every moment to hear the crack of a rifle from some concealed rebel; at such a moment the excitement is so intense that all thoughts of personal safety are forgotten, the senses of sight and hearing are extraordinarily acute, but they take no notice of anything passing, being intent alone on discovering the enemy before he discovers you; we moved up until we could hear the sound of the rushing water—no other sound could be heard; if at this moment my horse had neighed I should have been startled as if from a dream, but "Frank" was quiet, and moved steadily with his ears erect as if he too were looking for the graybacks; a little turn in the road brings us in sight of "Fenn's Bridge", a long frame structure spanning the "Ogeechee"—not a plank disturbed, and not a rebel in sight; Col. Este commanding our third brigade is with me; we hesitate a moment to assure ourselves that we are not mistaken then at once and with a shout put spurs to our horses, dash ahead of the line of skirmishers, cross the bridge the first ones, and send our orderly back on a gallop to the General to inform him that "Fenn's Bridge" is all right and we are across the "Ogeechee." This is a most important success, and we can scarcely credit our senses; we find ourselves on the east bank of the "Ogeechee", and so important a bridge undestroyed and undefended by the rebels, but it is all explained by the female toll collector of this bridge, who lives just at the east end of it, and who informs us that a large rebel force crossed the bridge this morning, going westward toward us, but that they turned off to the south just after crossing the river, telling her that they were going down to burn the bridge on the main road between Sandersville and Louisville, and intended to come back here *tonight* and burn this bridge, but we saved them that trouble by crossing all our troops over, and

then burning it ourselves. The Lord was "on our side" this time, surely, for if that rebel brigade had burned the bridge this morning when they were here, we would have been compelled to build one before we could cross, and we could not have built one at all if there had been a regiment of rebels on the east bank to oppose us, and at any rate we couldn't have crossed before tomorrow afternoon. Our passage here insures the passage of the whole army across the river for we can just sweep down the east bank and clear the way for those who are trying to cross lower down. After crossing we halted an hour for dinner, at the same time sending a regiment (38th Ohio) about 3 miles out on the main road to Augusta to burn a bridge there over "Rocky Comfort" Creek. After halting the hour, we started toward Louisville and encamped on "Wilkinson's Plantation" within 6 miles of it. Since crossing the Ogeechee the country looks better, and the roads are beautiful; weather warm as summer in the North; the roads look red, the sand being of a reddish cast, and reminded me of the roads in New Jersey. I had a chase after a rebel cavalryman today on the Augusta road, but he jumped off his mule and ran into the woods; some of our men got the mule, but the cavalryman escaped.

Monday, Nov. 28th.

Division marched a little before daylight—worse and worse. Reached "Rocky Comfort Creek", just in the edge of Louisville at 8 A. M. and the bridge being burnt, we had to lay down pontoons and make a bridge, which was completed at 3 P. M. at which time we commenced crossing. We marched through Louisville and encamped one mile east of it about 5 o'clock P. M. We understood last night, from negroes, that there was something of a rebel force in Louisville so we expected to meet with opposition in crossing "Rocky Comfort" which is a swift clear stream, spreading out on either side into a swamp, and the creek proper, as well as the swamp is filled with cypress trees and "Cypress Knees", the latter being the name for the young cypress trees; these "Cypress Knees" grow up out of the water, are very broad at the base and taper to a point; the water in the swamps through this cypress country has a dark tint, something like water pools in which large quantities of dead leaves have lain for a long time. The people call this "Bay Water", and say that its peculiar color is given it by the roots of a tree called the "Bay Tree", which somewhat resembles our "Dog Wood". We are now in the country where the "Spanish Moss" begins to show itself, and General Baird tells us that we will find it still more abundant as we approach the coast. It is a parasite like the mistletoe, has a dark grayish appearance, and hangs in ringlets from the limbs, draping the trees completely, and giving them a gloomy, funereal appearance; the General says that this moss is gathered, scalded with hot water, then dried and whipped, when all this outside coating of gray flies away in dust, leaving the black, glossy curly moss used by upholsterers. I reached the "Rocky Comfort Creek" this morning in company with a sergeant and 4 men of Kilpatrick's cavalry, a little after daylight, and at least an hour before

the Division came; when I reached the creek the fire was just fairly started on the bridge, but I was probably 20 minutes too late and couldn't save it. I could have reached it in time, but as we found the road barricaded about every mile by fences built across it, we had to approach very cautiously for fear of an ambuscade; and in this way we lost time. It was more risk than I ought to have taken for I was 4 miles ahead of the Division, with only 5 men with me, but it's all over now, and I'm not captured so it's all right. One doesn't think of these risks until they are passed. Louisville was the early capital of Georgia, is a somewhat old fashioned looking town, and has or had about 1,000 inhabitants.

Tuesday, Novr. 29th.

Division stationary. Weather warm and pleasant. Our headquarters are in the edge of a beautiful grove of pines. This grove was formerly cultivated land, and the marks of the furrows are as distinct now as if the land had been plowed two years ago. Yet there are many pines growing on it now that are a foot in diameter, and in most places the pines grow so thickly as to render it almost impossible to ride through them.

This is the kind of land that is called "Old Fields" in the South, and when this country was in possession of the Indians these "Old Fields" were frequently selected as places of rendezvous for war parties or for conferences amongst different tribes, and the "Fields" were known amongst them by their distinctive names, as our cities, towns and villages are now known to us. Citizens tell me that in about 20 years, a cleared field, if left uncultivated, will grow up into a forest of pines, but some of these "Old Fields" I think have not been cultivated for double that period.

"Broom Sedge" grows spontaneously here. It is a coarse, tall, wild grass, containing scarcely any nutriment. It looks somewhat like the "Cheat" of our Northern wheat fields. Farmers here never cut it, and at this season of the year, a field covered with it has the appearance of a field of rusty, weather beaten oats. It is very dry now, and along the line of our march every one of these Sedge fields is fired by the soldiers "just to see the fire run." The "Crackers" as the poor whites are called, and the negroes make a sort of broom out of this sedge. Louisville, near where we are now encamped was made the Capital of Georgia by the Constitution of the State, May 16th, 1795, and continued such until 1804, when Milledgeville became the capital. It is now simply the county seat of Jefferson county, the court house being built of the materials which formerly composed the state house. It was here that the papers connected with the celebrated "Yazoo Acts" were publicly burnt.

Major John Berrien, father of Hon. John M. Berrien of Georgia, lived and died in this county. I was awakened this morning before daylight, by somebody in my tent calling to me; it proved to be one of Kilpatrick's staff officers, and he was very much excited. He told me in broken sentences that they had been fighting day and night for

the past three days; that Wheeler's cavalry was all around them with a vastly superior force; that they were out of ammunition, and men and horses were utterly worn out; that Kilpatrick didn't know where our infantry was but had started him off at midnight last night to try and make his way to some infantry column and beg for support or they would all be lost. I have seen enough of Kilpatrick's Cavalry to know that their stories of hard fighting are cut after Baron Munchausen's style, but I also knew that Kilpatrick left us at the "Oconee" to make a raid toward "Augusta" and "Millen" and that he might possibly be seriously involved; this appeared more probable too on account of none of our infantry columns meeting with any serious opposition, so we couldn't tell but that the whole force of the enemy was closing around Kilpatrick. I jumped up immediately, went to the General's tent without dressing, told him the story, he called up the officer and talked with him a few minutes, then ordered one of our brigades to march immediately (without breakfast) to the relief of Kilpatrick. The brigade was in motion before sunrise, and after marching about five miles they began to hear sounds of skirmishing ahead; selecting a good position they immediately formed a line, and in about ten minutes Kilpatrick's jaded cavalry hove in sight, skirmishing with Wheeler and retiring before him; but when they saw the line of blue coated infantry drawn up in line across the road, and extending off into the woods on either side, they knew that they were saved, and sent up such shouts as never before were heard in these "Piney Woods" which our infantry responded to with right good will. Mr. Wheeler, taking the hint, from this shouting, prudently refrained from pursuing any farther, and quietly withdrew; while Kilpatrick moved in near our camp and went into camp. He reports that he has been near to Waynesboro, has burned a R. R. bridge on the road between Waynesboro and Augusta; has destroyed two or three miles of R. R. between Waynesboro and Millen, but didn't reach the prison pen at Millen as Wheeler, with some Georgia militia got after him; he says however, that our prisoners are all removed from Millen; that there is plenty of forage in the country ahead of us, but that Wheeler's men will destroy it all, and fall timber in the roads ahead of us. If they do this they will seriously annoy us, but as the enemy are still under the impression that Sherman first intends to take Augusta, before moving on Savannah, they may do most of their timber-chopping on the roads leading to Augusta, leaving the roads to Savannah comparatively clear. A lot of refugee negroes who are encamped near our headquarters got up a regular "Plantation Dance" tonight, and some of us went over and watched the performance which was highly amusing. The dress, general appearance, action, laughter, music and dancing of the genuine plantation negro is far more grotesque and mirth-provoking than the broadest caricatures of "Christy's Minstrels." They require neither fiddle nor banjo to make music for their ordinary plantation dances, and the dancers need no prompter, but kick, and caper and shuffle in the most complicated and grotesque manner their respective fancies can invent, while all who are not actually engaged as dancers stand in a ring around the

dancers, clapping their hands, stamping their feet, swinging their bodies, and singing as loud and as fast and furious as they can, a sort of barbaric chant, unlike anything I ever heard from the lips of white mortals; I observed, however, that there is a tone of melancholy (I know of no other mode of describing it) pervading all their rude music, which was plainly discernible even when the mirth of the dancers and singers had apparently reached its highest pitch. There is more fact than fiction in the saying that a "Soldier's life is always gay," for here we are in the midst of a hostile country, engaged in a campaign which probably the whole world, at this moment, is predicting will end in our complete destruction, and yet I have spent the evening laughing at the oddities of these negroes until my head and sides are aching.

Wednesday, Novr. 30th.

Division stationary. I have been doing the duty of Adjutant General yesterday and today, on account of Capt. "A" being ————. A report came in by some frightened cavalry man that the enemy were advancing on us in force this afternoon, and I rode out around our picket line to see that everything was in readiness to give them a proper reception, but they didn't come. These cavalry men are a positive nuisance; they won't fight, and whenever they are around they are always in the way of those who will fight. Our infantry have a very poor opinion of the fighting qualities of our cavalry, and very justly so, I think. We have orders to march tomorrow morning. All the business portion of Louisville is burned.

Thursday, Decr. 1st.

Division moved at 10 A. M.

The General pointed out to me on the map, this morning, our line of march for the next few days, and I find that our Division, together with Kilpatrick's cavalry is to form a flying column, to be detached from the main army, and strike ahead boldly toward Augusta, fighting Wheeler, and everything else that comes in our way, stubbornly, driving them before us, and demonstrating in such a way as to confirm the impression that the army is advancing on Augusta. All our surplus trains have been sent with the other two Divisions of the Corps, and all Kilpatrick's wagons have been sent there too, and they are to move by the most direct road to the line of R. R. from Millen to Augusta while we cover them on the left, and raid around through the country without any incumbrance except the rebel opposition we may meet with. We are now in the most "ticklish" position of any Division in the army. We are striking off boldly toward Augusta, possibly to be sacrificed for the purpose of saving the rest of the army, who knows?

Well, if such is the case I suppose we can stand it, but I would prefer having somebody else make the sacrifice; for I really never had any desire to be captured, and I am particularly unwilling to be captured on *this* campaign. Sherman don't know what is at Augusta,

or between here and there; neither do we know. A rebel army of 50,000 men may be on us before daylight tomorrow morning, for all we know, but I suppose that is just the reason Sherman has sent us off this way, and it will probably all turn out right. The whole campaign is an experiment—nothing more; but all the great campaigns of the world were nothing more during their progress, and if this campaign succeeds it will be a successful military experiment, that's all; but it will certainly be entitled to a distinguished position in the military history of the world. We are rapidly approaching the crisis. We have lived well and had fine times thus far. Everything has turned out as well as it possibly could, but the Lord only knows what's ahead of us. It is possible that we have already passed the dead point of danger, or we may not have reached it yet. It is this state of uncertainty that is more annoying than anything else. The enemy has been in our front all day today and the cavalry has been continually skirmishing with them. Our troops have marched today with some of the cavalry on the road in front of us, some more on the road in our rear, and the rest moving through the woods and fields on either side of the road; but it has been evident all day that in case we meet with a large force and serious opposition our cavalry won't help us much, for they act as if they thought the infantry was along for the purpose of doing all the fighting. So if we meet a force larger than our division can drive we shall be in a bad fix, for I know the cavalry will only be in our way. Confound the cavalry. They're good for nothing but to run down horses and steal chickens. I'd rather have one good regiment of infantry than the whole of Kilpatrick's cavalry.

We have marched through a tolerably fair country today, more oak land and less pine, but we saw no fine plantations. The roads are dry and sandy; the sand is loose and deep, making it rather hard walking, but it is much better than the hard, smooth limestone turnpikes and dirt roads we used to travel on in Kentucky and Tennessee. Hard roads affect men traveling on them as the paved streets of cities do horses; they stiffen them and wear them out, but these soft sandy roads do not. We are encamped tonight just east of Buckhead Creek. It was supposed when we started from Louisville that the rebels would be found on the east bank of this creek to resist our crossing, just as we had expected to find them at the Ogeechee. We were all surprised, though, when we reached the creek to find it a very small, insignificant stream, with solid banks and hard, sandy bottom. We had expected to find it a deep, swampy, difficult stream, with precipitous banks, and affording the rebels excellent opportunity for defending its passage.

The disappointment was a very agreeable one, but we learn that we have just crossed the headwaters and that the stream *is* as we supposed, farther to the south where the rest of the army has to cross it, but the rebels will not, of course, make any serious resistance to the crossing of the rest of the army, now that *we* are on the east side of it; and as they have known since 10 o'clock this morning that there was a column moving on this road, and yet made no serious opposition to our crossing. I am inclined to the opinion that we will find no considerable rebel force *on* this road, unless we go clear to Augusta.

The fact is our army is spread out into so many columns, marching in so many different directions, threatening so many different points, and careering over the country in such *apparent* disorder, yet really *good order,* that the rebels can't really make up their minds *where* we are going or *what* we intend to do, and fearing that we might catch them in some trap, are just digging dirt and hiding behind breastworks at Augusta and Savannah. That would be an excellent joke if it were true, but we are not "out of the woods" yet, and I won't crow.

Now that we are across the Ulcofauhatchee, the Yellow, the Oconee, the Ogeechee, the Rocky Comfort and the Buckhead, I can see that a rebel force of 20,000 men could have prevented us from crossing any of these streams for a long time, or perhaps entirely, and have compelled us to turn our course toward Mobile. Our headquarters tonight are on the south side of the road and near to it; the camp of the 2d Brigade is crowding up on us too much and the General is grumbling about it. He is evidently very much out of humor. It arises, I think, from the possible difficulties and dangers of our isolated position. I have placed 300 men on picket tonight, completely encircling our camp and that of the cavalry. If our camp should be surprised here, up *I* would go, for there is nobody here to charge with negligence in regard to the pickets but myself. Kilpatrick's headquarters are down the road a short distance from us in a house, he having no tents.

Friday, Decr. 2d.

Division moved at daybreak, and the cavalry also, in the same order as yesterday. Commenced skirmishing with the enemy before we had gone a mile. It became evident, very soon after starting this morning, that the rebel force in our front was largely increased above what it was yesterday, and on learning from negroes that Rocky Creek was about eight miles ahead from our camp of last night, we supposed that it was the intention of the rebels to resist in force our passage of that creek. This idea spread rapidly through the cavalry and they distinctly showed signs of nervousness, but as there had been nothing seen in our front but rebel *cavalry,* our infantry trudged along in the highest spirits, for our men well knew they could easily whip all the rebel cavalry Wheeler ever commanded. The General, however, and some of the rest of us didn't feel so confident about the result, for although nothing but rebel cavalry had thus far been seen, still we knew there might be a strong force of infantry and artillery on the east side of this creek and Wheeler might be falling back before us, without making much resistance, for the purpose of luring us on until we should suddenly find ourselves confronting a superior force; hence our movement was slow and extremely cautious, the ground ahead being well reconnoitred by our advance parties and skirmishers. The cavalry party in the advance came within sight of the creek at 10 a. m., and word came back from them that the enemy was holding the east bank of the creek in force. The division was immediately formed in line of battle, one regiment deployed in front as skirmishers, the cavalry

disposed so as to cover our flanks and protect our few wagons, and when everything was in readiness the bugle sounded the forward for our skirmish regiment; the line of blue moved steadily forward, out of the woods, into the open fields that lie along the west bank of the creek, the bright sun glittering on their burnished arms and a Sabbath like stillness pervading the scene. It looked beautiful, but I held my breath in suspense to catch the sound of the first shot. I expected it to be an artillery shot that would come crashing amongst us, tearing off heads and legs and arms from we couldn't tell who. Crack! goes a rifle shot from behind the neat white church on the left of the road and just on the bank of the creek. Our skirmishers don't stop to reply to it. Their foe is unseen. But with a yell like an Indian war whoop every one of them dashes forward at the top of his speed, without regard to order; each one anxious, alone, to be first at the church from whence that shot was fired. In almost less time than it takes to tell it our skirmishers were swarming around the church and scattered behind trees up and down the west bank of the creek, and nobody on our side hurt, but the rebels were on the *east* side, and we couldn't tell in what force. The General, however, was determined to push ahead, if possible, so the division was moved up to the creek in line of battle, and a regiment (the 74th Indiana) selected to cross the creek and attack the enemy on the opposite side.

While these movements were going on, I was sitting on the bank of the creek behind a large cypress stump, with General Baird and General Kilpatrick and a citizen, a young man (about 25) whom some of Kilpatrick's scouts had brought in about an hour before. While talking to him and asking him about the roads, &c., the rebels on the opposite side opened quite a sharp fire of musketry and the bullets rattled around our old stump and barked the trees around us quite lively. Just as soon as our citizen friend ascertained that they were bullets he threw himself flat on the ground with his face downward and commenced shouting in a piteous tone: "Oh, take me away, take me away; I can't stand this," &c., &c., which was excellent fun for all of us, and Kilpatrick after laughing at him a while, made him sit up, and frightened him still worse by assuring him that he would hang him if he lay down again. The fellow sat up, but curled himself into the smallest possible space, assuring us that he "wasn't used to such doins, and couldn't stand it like 'you all'." As soon as the 74th got on the east side of the creek the rebels "lit out," as the men say. A couple of regiments of our cavalry crossed immediately and had a running skirimish with them for about two miles, which resulted in the death of two rebels, the wounding of three or four more and the capture of one, a Texan, with a wound through the arm. He told us that everybody *knew* we were going to Augusta, and that nobody supposed they could muster enough force to prevent us. He also told us that there was no rebel infantry outside of Augusta, and that Wheeler's cavalry was scattered all over the country; Wheeler not knowing what to do or where to go, for he found Yankees on every road in the State.

We halted at the cross roads one mile east of the creek, and after the men got dinner, turned and marched southward to our camp on Grisem's plantation. The cross roads spoken of are within six miles of Waynesboro, and we would have reached there by keeping straight ahead. Kilpatrick wanted the General to go straight on to Waynesboro, but that would be taking us still farther away from the other columns and the General chose the prudent course by turning southward so as to draw nearer to the rest of the army. If we get any communication from the rest of our corps tomorrow we *may* turn toward Augusta again.

Contrabands are still swarming to us in immense numbers. The General is a nephew of Gerritt Smith's and is quite an abolitionist. He delights in talking with these contrabands when we halt by the roadside and in extracting information concerning their "masters and mistresses" from them. He picked up quite an original character today who calls himself "Jerry." Jerry is a lively, rollicking, fun loving fellow, with a good deal of shrewdness; about 20 years old and rather a good looking boy. Jerry got an old horse, made a rope bridle, mounted bareback and rode alongside the General all the afternoon, talking to him continually. As we rode along Jerry was silent a few minutes, then he suddenly burst into a loud laugh, shook himself all over, and turning to the General, remarked: "Golly, I wish ole massa could see me now, ridin' wid de Ginrals."

After getting into camp tonight "Jerry" entertained us for two or three hours with his oddities. He told us about an old preacher in this neighborhood named Kilpatrick (Gen. Kilpatrick's headquarters are at his house tonight) and said he knew Old Kilpatrick's sermon, he had heard him preach it so often, so we got "Jerry" to preach Old Kilpatrick's sermon. I only remember part of it: "O Lord! suffer our ene*mees* to *Chaste* after us no longer, but turn *dem* gently round, O, Lord, for we's got *notin* but our rights and our property, *an* if our ene*mees chaste* after us any longer we won't have *notin* for our *chillen.* Bend *dar* hard hearts *an probate* necks, O, Lord, *an* suffer *dem* to *Chaste* after us no longer, but turn *dem* gently round." Jerry would roll up his eyes, and deliver this, and much more, in true ministerial style, until we almost split our sides with laughter.

We asked "Jerry" how many "Yankees" he thought he had seen today, and he replied about "five hundred thousand." I have noticed that it is almost universal amongst the negroes in this country, when they first see our column come along on the road to exclaim: "Good Lord! looks like de whole wold was comin." Headquarters on the right of the road, in the edge of an old field—tents facing the west.

Saturday, Dec. 3rd.

Division moved at sunrise. Still continuing our course in a Southwesterly direction. About 9 A. M. we reached "Rosemary Creek", a small, clear stream, about one rod in width where it crosses the road, and found it necessary to build a foot bridge over it for the troops. While engaged in building the bridge Lt. Col. McClurg, Gen. Davis'

Chief of Staff, came up to us with information of the rest of the Corps, and with orders for us to proceed to the Waynesboro & Augusta R. R. at Thomas' station; Kilpatrick's cavalry to accompany us. So we let the foot bridge go, turned and marched back about three miles, then took the best roads we could find to Thomas station.

We crossed the head waters of Rosemary Creek about noon, and halted near a church, on the south bank for the men to get dinner. During this halt the General and myself narrowly escaped capture. It was only 5 miles to Thomas station, and as Kilpatrick with his cavalry had gone ahead, telling the General he would go on to Thomas station and go into camp, the General concluded he would ride on ahead to Thomas station himself; so, asking me to ride with him, and leaving orders for the troops to move forward after they had rested two hours, we started off, unarmed, except with swords, and without any escort, supposing of course the road was clear. We passed cross roads about 2 miles from where our Division was, and rode on, busily engaged in conversation, until we were within about 1¼ miles of the station when I noticed the road, and to my surprise discovered that there had been no cavalry along that road; it startled me, and I immediately called the General's attention to it, and he was as much surprised as I was, for not a horse track was to be seen, and the peril of our situation was immediately realized—either Kilpatrick had missed the road, or *we* had, and it made no difference to us which, for we were 4 miles away from any of our troops, without arms, and with cross roads half way between us and the troops, on which a party of rebels might come and cut us off entirely from help.

Says the General: "Major, this is a bad piece of business." "It is indeed, sir", I replied, "but let's run for it, and maybe we can reach the cross roads before any rebels do." "Agreed" said he, "we'll try it", and in a second we were off at the best pace of our horses. In a few minutes, the cross roads were in sight, and the road was clear; reaching the cross roads we checked our horses, and looking up the road to our right which led to Waynesboro, about half a mile distant, I saw a party of rebel cavalry, coming toward the cross roads at a full run, chasing after a couple of our foragers, who, mounted on mules had ventured out there in search of provisions and plunder. The General saw them coming too, and started at a round gallop to where we had left the troops. I saw by the gait they were traveling that I could outrun them with "Frank" very easily, so I remained and began shouting to our two foragers who were being pursued, in order to encourage them; the rebels seeing me, and hearing me shouting checked up—I saw that *brass* would save the foragers, so I yelled "forward" as loud as I could, and spurred my horse forward as if to chase them —the dodge succeeded; one of them fired his pistol, and they all (about twenty) turned tail and ran like whiteheads, the foragers firing after them as they ran.

When the foragers came up to me I expect I swore at them a little, for venturing out in that way, and then rode on back to the troops, where I found the General, and we had many a hearty laugh

this afternoon and evening over our John Gilpin ride. It's a good joke now, but it would have been a serious affair for us if we had reached the cross roads three minutes later than we did; it might have furnished me a chapter on prison life, for my diary. "All's well that ends well" though, and "a miss is as good as a mile."

The Division reached "Thomas station" about 4 P. M. and was stretched along the R. R. for about a mile and a half to tear up the track, and now, ten o'clock at night, the men have about 2 miles of the track torn up, the ties piled up and burning all along that 2 miles, and the bars of iron laying across the piles of burning ties heating so that the men can twist them and render them useless. This place consists of a water tank, and an overseer's house, surrounded by about 20 whitewashed negro houses, it takes its name from the name of the owner of this plantation. It is eight miles from here to Waynesboro by R. R. and about 33 to Augusta. The rest of our Corps is about 10 miles south of us, tonight, on the R. R. at Lumpkins station, and Gen. Sherman is at Millen.

Five days ago this place was to us *"terra incognita"*; we sat around our camp fires and talked about this R. R. just as we would have talked of China; we thought we *might* get here, but we also thought very strongly that we *might not* get here; yet now we find ourselves here, and are almost inclined to wonder why we ever doubted our ability to get here. Five days ago we were imagining all sorts of dangers and opposition that might beset us in our progress to this R. R. but now we look back over the past few days and find a rich fund of amusement in talking about the feeble opposition of Wheeler and his fugitive cavaliers.

I wonder what the next five days will bring to us? Long continued success is apt to make men over-confident and careless. I hope it may not be so with us. Our getting possession of this road cuts R. R. communication between Savannah and Augusta, except around by way of Charleston. The rebels up the track toward Waynesboro can see the burning ties and will know, of course, that we are destroying the R. R. so I presume the Augusta people, after their long suspense, will breathe free tonight, for they will receive dispatches from Wheeler saying that he has driven off the Yankees and compelled them to turn toward Savannah.

But they are mistaken if they think that, for we have received orders from Gen. Sherman tonight that will again make the hearts of the Augustans quake tomorrow, for Kilpatrick and ourselves are to move up the R. R. tomorrow and drive Wheeler across Briar Creek, 5 miles north of Waynesboro, for the purpose of keeping up the idea that we are moving on Augusta. The soil here is nothing but poor pale looking sand; it is good for raising melons though, and peanuts. Indeed I have forgotten in this diary, to notice the peanut crop of Georgia, and I ought not omit so important an item as that, for peanuts are a luxury to northern urchins, and many a time, while a lad, munching away at my "cents worth of peanuts", have I wondered where they grew, and how they grew, and wished I could see them growing. The

ground for planting them is prepared and marked out like corn ground, only the hills are but about two feet apart; two peanuts are dropped in a hill and covered lightly with a hoe; in about 6 weeks the sprouts from each hill have grown up in a thick bunch, not unlike a bunch of young boxwood; when in this condition a hoe full of dirt is placed on top of the center of each bunch, bending the young shoots down and causing them to spread out in every direction and lie flat on the ground, the shoots then run along the ground like sweet potato vines (for which I have frequently mistaken them) and the nuts grow *in the ground* at intervals along the vine, just as melons do, except that the melons grow above the ground.

The crop is gathered after frost in the fall by pulling up the vines and picking off the nuts. All the negroes raise little patches of them for themselves, and many planters raise from 5 to 100 acres of them for the market. I think the average crop is from 30 to 50 bushels per acre. The negroes, and most of the whites too, call them "Gookas", "Gooka Peas", "Gronnuts", i. e. (Ground nuts) "Hog Peas", "Hog nuts", "Ground Peas" and "Pea Nuts", the latter name not being very generally used.

Sunday, Dec. 4th.

The rebels bothered us last night, but we paid them for it today. About midnight last night they got a piece of artillery on the R. R. track and fired down the track at our camp fires. I believe they killed one cavalry man. Of course, the General and all his staff had to get up, had our horses saddled, and as I was the only one about headquarters that knew how to get to our pickets up the R. R., I had to act as guide through the woods in the dark. It was very dark and after we had gone some distance, and everything had become quiet again, the General declared that we had already gone too far, that we were already *outside* of our pickets, and that if they followed my lead we would all be captured. The experience of yesterday had made him very cautious, but after some parleying I convinced him I was right and we went ahead to our pickets. But as the fuss was all over, and we could see nothing, we returned, getting to bed again, in bad humor, about 2 this morning. Kilpatrick drew up his whole division of cavalry in the open fields this morning at 7 o'clock, ready to commence operations for driving the rebels up the R. R. to Waynesboro and through that place. So many cavalry in line in an open plain make a beautiful sight. But it's all *show;* there's not much *fight* in them, though Kilpatrick's men have behaved very handsomely today. They did *all* the fighting and whipped Wheeler soundly, killing, wounding and capturing about 300 of his men, and losing only about 50 themselves. But then Kilpatrick's men had the *moral support* of two of our brigades that were formed in line right behind them and kept moving forward as they moved, so that our cavalry all the time knew that there was no chance of their being whipped. This has been a regular field day, and we have had "lots of fun" chasing Wheeler and his cavalry. Kilpatrick is full of fun and frolic and he was in excellent spirits all day, for

Wheeler and he were classmates at West Point, and he was elated at the idea of whipping his classmate. A cavalry fight is just about as much fun as a fox hunt; but, of course, in the midst of the fun somebody is getting hurt all the time. But it is by no means the serious work that infantry fighting is. Wheeler himself had to run at an ingloriously rapid rate through the streets of Waynesboro today. That must have been very humiliating to this proud cavalier. We entered Waynesboro about noon and pushed on after the flying rebels to Briar Creek, 22 miles from Augusta. I presume the Augustans were frightened again today when they heard we were coming so close to their city.

Waynesboro is the county seat of Burke County, the county having been so named in 1777 in honor of Edmund Burke, the British champion of American independence. Waynesboro was incorporated in 1812 and I should think contained about 1,000 inhabitants. In 1850 this county contained a free white population of little over 5,000, while it contained a slave population of over 10,000. An engagement took place in this county in 1779 between the British and Americans, in which the old flag came out victorious just as it did today. The soil in this county is said to be very productive. Cotton and corn are the staples. Since crossing the Oconee we have seen scarcely any stone. The wealthiest planters we have seen thus far through the State have not spent much money in building fine houses. We left one of our brigades, with our wagons, at Thomas Station this morning, and after we had pushed Wheeler across Briar Creek the General ordered that brigade to take the trains and march direct to Alexander. We left Waynesboro at 3 p. m. and taking the Savannah road met our other brigade and wagons at Alexander about dark, but we had to march until 8 o'clock this evening in order to get a camping place near water.

We left Kilpatrick in Waynesboro, with part of his force at Briar Creek. He will withdraw from there and follow us some time tonight, so that Wheeler will not know until after daylight tomorrow but that we intend to push right on toward Augusta.

We heard from the rest of our corps tonight and from the extreme right of the army. General Sherman with the right wing is probably within 20 miles of Savannah tonight. Our withdrawal from Waynesboro and march to this place this afternoon closes all demonstrations against Augusta. We have kept up the delusion of an attack on that place as long as we can, and with the sunlight of tomorrow the true design of our campaign will break upon the bewildered minds of the rebels. It is over a hundred miles tonight between the two extremes of our army, and tomorrow morning we commence closing up as rapidly as possible. The road we are encamped on tonight leads straight to Savannah. I heard tonight that General Davis turned back a lot of contrabands at Buckhead Creek, and I don't doubt it, for he is a copperhead.

The village of Alexander has but two or three houses in it.

Monday, Decr. 5th.

Division moved at sunrise and marched via "Sardis Church" to "Jacksonboro," a distance of about 19 miles. Our pickets were fired on a little before daylight this morning, so we expected to be annoyed by parties of rebel cavalry or guerillas during the day, but were not troubled by them. Wheeler must have been chagrined this morning on discovering that instead of being in our front, as he supposed himself, he is in our rear, and far in our rear, too—so far that it will now be impossible for him to get in our front until we are battering away at Savannah. Most of our march today has been through the "piney woods" country, and the few women and children we have seen look utterly ignorant and stupid. Very few negroes are owned in the section through which we have passed today. Our line of march now is parallel to the Savannah River and so near to it that no column of rebels will dare to march between us and that river, hence all reinforcements for Savannah must go down on the north side of the river. Jacksonboro looks, on the map, as though it might be quite a village, but on reaching it we find it to consist of a single two-story frame farm house, with the usual log outbuildings. It was formerly a county seat, but before Jacksonboro had time to grow any the seat of justice was removed to Sylvania, and Jacksonboro remains in *statu quo*. Our troops are encamped tonight on Beaver Dam Creek. We should have moved three or four miles farther, but it was 4 o'clock when we reached here and we found the bridge across the creek burned and so much timber felled across the ford and road that it will take about two or three hours to remove it, so the General concluded to encamp here and clear out the obstructions tonight. The rest of the corps is near us tonight on a road perpendicular to the road we have been traveling. Kilpatrick's headquarters are at *the house of* Jacksonboro tonight and our headquarters are in tents in the dooryard. Kilpatrick came out in his bare head and shirt sleeves to the fire in front of our tents this evening and regaled us with an anecdotal history of his student days at West Point. He told us many anecdotes of our General McCook and the rebel, General Wheeler. He says McCook at West Point was a lazy, pompous ass and Wheeler a great sloven.

Kilpatrick is the most vain, conceited, egotistical little popinjay I ever saw. He has one redeeming quality—he rarely drinks spirituous liquors, and *never* to excess. He is a very ungraceful rider, looking more like a monkey than a man on horseback.

Went to bed feeling quite unwell.

Tuesday, Dec. 6th.

Division moved across "Beaver Dam" Creek at 8 A. M., marched about 12 miles and went into camp at "Black Creek" about dark.

Country very poor and sandy, and abounding in swamps. It would appear, from the reports brought in by the cavalry scouts, that the enemy are expecting us to cross the Savannah River somewhere near where we are now, and march against Charleston. They find rebels on the opposite side at all the fords and ferries to prevent our cross-

ing. They are perfectly safe so long as they stay there, for we don't intend to cross the river *now*. South Carolina is reserved for a future day; Sherman intends to finish Georgia, before beginning on South Carolina.

The country being so poor here the men don't find a very large supply of provisions, but they are still finding *enough*, and if it gets no worse we will get along very well.

At intervals during the day we heard heavy cannonading, apparently very distant, and in the direction of the coast; the conjectures as to its whereabouts have been various, but everybody inclines to the opinion that it *may* be the bombardment of Charleston. It seems strange to think that we are within hearing of our guns in Charleston Harbor, and if it is really true that we heard them today I have no longer any fears about the ultimate success of our campaign.

It is certain that those guns were not fired by any part of this army, and it is equally certain that they were fired either *at* or *by* Federal troops eastward of us; in either case it is an assurance to us that some of our forces on the seaboard are cooperating with us. I wish I could know just what is going on there; this blind, groping of our way through the swamps and forests of Georgia, knowing nothing of what our friends are doing to help us, or what our enemies are doing to oppose us, is the greatest annoyance of this campaign, but thank fortune, we are not relying upon our friends for assistance, and as to our enemies we dared them to do their utmost when we severed our communication with the north and started from Atlanta, and we will not fear them now.

Wednesday, Dec. 7th.

Division moved at daylight, Kilpatrick's cavalry being in our rear, and the other two divisions of our corps in advance. Our march was very much impeded, all day, by the slow movement of the troops in advance of us, and on reaching the very deep and difficult ravine of Mill Creek, it was evident that we could not get over it until some time after dark, so the General determined to go into camp without attempting the crossing tonight. Just about dark, the cavalry in our rear came rushing past us pell-mell, and the sounds of musketry informed us that the rebels in *some* force were following our rear closely so our headquarters were taken down again, preparations for supper suspended, wagons reloaded, and the troops disposed in proper order to resist an attack; our lines were opened and Kilpatrick's frightened cavalry permitted to come through and take shelter behind us; about this time came orders that we must cross Mill Creek and move on to the vicinity of "Sister's Ferry" some 7 miles beyond, if it should take us all night. This was hard, for we were all tired and hungry, but there was no time for rest, so about 9 o'clock we got started out again, and after marching all night we reached "Sister's Ferry" at 4 o'clock next morning. I think this was the hardest night march I ever made. Just before the troops began to cross the "Mill Creek"

ravine, word came to the General that the enemy was in our front just on the opposite side of the ravine, and I went ahead to see about it; collecting about ten men who were straggling on ahead I made them load their guns, and took them with me as I cautiously groped my way through the dark ravine, but I found no enemy on the opposite side and sent word back to the General accordingly; I was exceedingly sleepy, and laid down on a brush pile by the road side where I slept an hour, until the General came up with the rear brigade, when we all started ahead; I slept on my horse as we rode along, and at every halt I dismounted and laid down beside my horse to snatch a little sleep, being afraid, all the time, that by some unfortunate mischance, the column might move on and leave me.

During all the march of this day and night we passed through a low, level sandy country, timbered with "Pine" and "Jack Oak."

We passed, today, the house of Doct. A. Longstreet, a relative of the rebel General Longstreet; there was nothing about it to attract attention except the fact of its owner being a "Longstreet."

For many days past the "Spanish moss" has been found in great abundance. It gives the forest an exceedingly gloomy (funereal, best describes it) appearance. "Sister's Ferry" is on the Savannah River, and the wagon road at this point is within about two hundred yards of the river. On some of the maps it is called "Two Sisters' Ferry", and it is said the name originated from the fact of two sisters belonging to some of the German families that first settled this neighborhood having been drowned here while attempting to cross the river in a canoe. At "Sister's Ferry" the bank on the Georgia side is high while that on the Carolina side is low and swampy. Morgan's Division of this corps, which is in the advance on this road, finds the road blockaded and some slight show of an enemy in front; this may detain us somewhat but Savannah must surely be ours now, for we are within 35 miles of it, and I am sure nothing can save it.

We heard the distant cannonade again to-day and all night

"Nearer, clearer, deadlier than before";

I have heard it suggested to-day that it may be Foster of the Dept. of the South making a demonstration in our favor, by a land attack on some point on the coast. Wouldn't it be a "bore" to have "Foster" attack Savannah now and take it before we get there? He won't do it though. Those eastern fellows never do anything clever, and, as we used to say up in Tennessee over a year and a half ago, "we'll have to go over there and do their work for them yet."

During the night the General and staff rode along at the head of our rear brigade, so as to be near at hand in case the enemy should attack our rear; at one time the column halted about an hour, and we couldn't imagine what caused the long halt, so we rode along, picking our way amongst the tired, sleeping men as they laid along the road, and on reaching the head of the column found Col. Este, the commander of our leading brigade, and all his staff, lying down in the road asleep. The Colonel explained by saying that he was halting to let the wagon

train ahead get out of his way, but the fact was that there was no wagon train within 3 miles of him, but he had halted for a rest, and falling asleep, overslept himself.

Thursday, Dec. 8th.

Division moved forward again at 7 o'clock, everybody tired, sleepy and worn out. I tumbled down on the ground by a burning stump at the road side about 5 o'clock this morning, slept until 6 o'clock, got a tin cup full of coffee for breakfast, gave my horse some corn, and by half past six was on the road for the day. I don't think I could stand *this* kind of soldiering *more* than a month or two without *some* rest. After marching about 3 miles, and crossing a small creek, which, I believe is nameless on the maps, we were compelled to halt, Carlin's and Morgan's Divisions which were in front of us being detained by the destruction of the "Ebenezer Creek" bridge. Early in the afternoon the cavalry which was in our rear, being pressed by a superior force of the enemy *(as they said)*, passed through our Division; we formed line of battle facing to the rear, and the Cavalry took position on our right, between us and the river; the enemy continued during the day to threaten an attack, and thus kept us on the alert all day, which was very annoying as we were all very sleepy. At 12½ midnight we withdrew in the utmost silence, not a bugle being sounded nor a loud command being given, and resumed our march, crossing Ebenezer Creek and encamping just south of it at 6 A. M. This night's work was harder than that of last night, and I never was so utterly exhausted and worn out as I was when the sun rose the morning after crossing Ebenezer Creek. The crossing of Ebenezer Creek was a very delicate undertaking, for the enemy was just in our rear, undoubtedly listening for every sound that would indicate a movement on our part, and to cross the creek we had to pass through at least a mile of the most gloomy, dismal cypress swamp I ever saw, on a narrow causeway, just wide enough for a wagon to drive along; if the enemy had discovered our movement and had planted a piece of artillery in the road to rake that causeway while we were on it they could have killed or wounded three-fourths of the men in the division, and we should have been utterly helpless to defend against it. We were fully aware of the danger of our undertaking though, and every possible precaution was taken to preserve silence. If there was no other road to approach Savannah except by this one over Ebenezer Creek, five thousand rebels could defend the city against the world. I don't believe they thought we would be foolish enough to *try* to cross here. Rebel gunboats in the Savannah threw shells over into our road to-day, but did no harm so far as I can learn.

The plot really begins to thicken; rebel gunboats begin to oppose us, and the heavy cannonading we have heard for two or three days past has been more distinct and very rapid all day. Where can it be? Not a soul in *this* army knows though; not Sherman himself; but *who* it is or *where* it is makes but little difference to us, for it assures us that there is an active Yankee force somewhere near us, and that is

enough to encourage any of us who may be faint-hearted. There is no longer any doubt that we shall immediately infest Savannah, but the provision question is beginning to be a serious one with us, however it may be with the right of the army, for we are squeezed in amongst swamps, rivers and sand hills, where, even in most flourishing times the inhabitants must have had hard work to live, and in a very few days we will eat up everything within our reach, so that some steps must be taken to supply the army with means of subsistence before we can think of entering upon a protracted siege; still, may be I am "reckoning without my host"—we are not yet besieging Savannah—we are not yet within sight of its spires—we know not what miles of "Ebenezers" and of breastworks and what thousands of grey clad soldiers may yet be found to oppose, retard, harass our march, and possibly prevent us ever reaching within sight of the city; the army that took Atlanta though, must not fail before Savannah.

When the head of the column reached the "Ebenezer Causeway" I went ahead with one of Genl. Davis' aids who had come back to point out our ground for camping, and as I reached the bridge, I found there Major Lee, Provost Marshal of the Corps, engaged, by Genl. Davis' order, in turning off the road, into the swamp all the fugitive negroes that came along. When we should cross I knew it was the intention that the bridge should be burned, and I inquired if the negroes were not to be permitted to cross; I was told that Genl. Davis had ordered that they should not. This *I* knew, and Genl. Davis knew must result in all these negroes being recaptured or perhaps brutally shot down by the rebel cavalry to-morrow morning. The idea of five or six hundred black women, children and old men being thus returned to slavery by such an infernal copperhead as Jeff. C. Davis was entirely too much for my Democracy; I suppose loss of sleep, and fatigue made me somewhat out of humor too, and I told his staff officers what I thought of such an inhuman, barbarous proceeding in language which may possibly result in a reprimand from his serene Highness, for I know his toadies will repeat it to him, but I don't care a fig; I am determined to expose this act of his publicly, and if he undertakes to vent his spleen on me for it, I have the *same rights that he himself exercised in his affair with Nelson.* I expect this will cost me my Brevet as Lieut. Colonel, but let it go, I wouldn't barter my convictions of right, nor seal my mouth for any promotion. The creek "Ebenezer" received its name from the first settlers, who were refugees from religious persecution in the village of "Berchtolsgaden", Germany. The first company consisted of 42 men with their families, in all 78 persons. They arrived at Charleston S. C. in March 1734, where they met Oglethorpe who conducted them to Georgia, landing them first at Savannah.

History says: "they expressed a desire to be removed to some distance from the sea, where the scenery was diversified with hill and dale and they might be supplied with springs of water." (Hist. Coll. of Georgia—White.)

Knowing this to be their desire, Oglethorpe, who appears to have been nothing but a shrewd old land speculator, led these poor Dutch-

men away up amongst these dismal swamps, and settled them here on Ebenezer Creek, where nothing but alligators ever ought to live.

These religionists were called Salzburgers and it is said their first act after selecting the site of their new settlement was to erect a stone which they found lying near by, and called it "Ebenezer" ("Stone of help", I believe, for it is said they felt that the Lord had helped them in selecting so beautiful a location). They must have been very easily satisfied, to be content with such a place as this; if I were compelled to live here I should feel as if the Lord were punishing me for my iniquity.

Friday, Decr. 9th.

Division marching again at 11 A. M. I drank a cup of coffee and ate a piece of corn bread about 7½ o'clock this morning, and then lay down to snatch a little sleep, for I was almost sick for want of it, and it was so with the General and all the rest of the staff, but we only had about two hours sleep until we were compelled to march. The first thing I shall do after Savannah is captured, will be to take a nap about 48 hours long; so much loss of sleep, and night marching begins to make me *feel old*. If any one at home thinks an officer in the Army has fine times, no hard work, and plenty of pay, I wish they could have my experience of the past six months; I rather think they would "see it" in a different light. It is a perfect dog's life, and I am almost surprised at myself sometimes, for not quitting it; but that would never do; the young man, who in these eventful times is found at home, is but a drone in the hive.

We marched 6 miles to-day, taking a by-road to the right of the main Savannah Road, thus going around the heads of Lockner's and Kogler's Creeks, and encamping in Piney Woods, near the junction of our by-road with the main road. These Piney Woods where we are encamped have once been cultivated probably by the pious, persecuted Salzburgers whom Oglethorpe swindled; but the trees are giants and moss grown as if the storms of centuries had beaten on them; looking at them, so completely overhung with the long streamers of dingy grey "Spanish Moss" one can almost fancy they were thus adorned for some fairy festival long ago, all traces of which have now disappeared except the soft yielding carpet of pine leaves, and the faded drapery overhead. In White's "Historical Collections of Georgia", I find the names of the original German settlers of this section of Georgia and I also find that the same names exist here yet, and the same families, or rather descendants from them, are the proprietors of the lands. Slaves are not very plenty amongst them, but this I think arises from the fact that slave labor cannot be made profitable on this very poor soil. These people through here were not original Secessionists and are now in favor of a reconstruction of the Union on *any* terms. They do not, however, represent the *Chivalry* of the South, nor do they claim to, I believe. This County, "Effingham", is almost entirely settled and owned by them. The principal export of the county has always been lumber, but one enterprising Yankee up in Maine would export as much lumber from his own farm as they do from the whole county.

We are encamped within 18 miles of the city to-night, and no sounds of fighting in front yet. We hear that Hardee with 17000 troops is in the city to defend it. P'shaw! our corps alone whipped that many *veterans* under Hardee's management at Jonesboro last September, and if *he* is the only Savior the rebels have for their city they may say "good-by Savannah."

The rebel gunboats in the river did some more shelling to-day, but they couldn't so much as frighten a mule. The distant cannonade was heard again about due east of us to-day. It must be in the vicinity of Charleston. I suppose the people in the North know where it is from the newspapers, but we who are within hearing of the guns do not.

Foster *was* to make an attempt to cut the R. R. between Savannah and Charleston about Christmas, and that may be what is going on. A negro who came in from South Carolina to-day says that there was a battle over near that R. R. a few days ago and that he heard the white folks say the Yankees had been whipped, so I shouldn't wonder if Foster had tried to strike that Road and failed; all these eastern fellows appear to fail in everything they undertake.

We hear, to-night, that the right wing of the army is within 4 miles of the city, and has met no formidable opposition yet; the rebels must have a very short line of defence, but it must be very close to the city, and the result will be, if they fight stubbornly, that the entire city will be destroyed by our artillery. I saw one city (Atlanta) destroyed, and that was enough for me. I want Savannah to fall, but not in ruins.

Saturday, Dec. 10th.

Division moved at 9 A. M. marched 6 miles and went into camp within 12 miles of the doomed city, in a strip of low piney woods lying between the road and the rice plantations along the River. About noon to-day our Second Brigade, commanded by Col. Gleason 87th Ind. Vols. was sent off to the left for the purpose of striking the Charleston and Savannah R. R. and if possible destroying the R. R. bridge across the river. They succeeded in destroying about 2 miles of the road but they found the bridge held by the rebels, and as the only means of approaching the bridge was by a trussle work about a mile in length across a swamp it was deemed impracticable to attempt to reach it. The artillery firing in the direction of the city has been very heavy all day, and I should think the tug of war was just about opening. From present appearances it would seem that our division is to be used to cover the rear, and protect the trains of the left wing of the army. The R. R. to Charleston being now destroyed, Savannah is entirely isolated from the rest of the Confederacy, and its fall is now only a question of time, unless we should find it impossible to procure subsistence. A fleet of transports loaded with rations for us is probably in the offing before Savannah now, but the question is how are we to communicate with that fleet, and how get the rations landed? Our first fighting must be for something to eat. The R. R. from Charleston to Savannah is cut, but there is one good wagon road running from Savannah to Charleston on

the north side of the river, and unless we can throw our lines across the river so as to get possession of that road the garrison of the city can escape by that road.

Sunday, Dec. 11th.

We sent a regiment (2d Minnesota) over to the R. R. again this morning to make another attempt to destroy the R. R. bridge. The General went over too, and myself. We could get only a short distance out on the trussle work though, for the rebels had a locomotive on the track at the South end of the bridge, with a platform car in front of it, on which was mounted a heavy piece of artillery. As soon as our working party commenced work at the trussle the rebels opened on us and we all had to hide behind sand piles and logs, for their shells came tearing right down along the R. R. and burst right where we had been at work, we being unable to reply to their fire or silence it, for we had no artillery with us. We succeeded however in burning a considerable portion of the trussle. I saw a regular cane-brake near the trussle to-day and some very large magnolia trees, over two feet in diameter. I have not seen a rice plantation yet—they are further down the river—neither have I seen a palmetto tree.

Division moved out after dinner, marched three miles, crossing St. Augustine Creek, and encamping immediately south of it, alongside the R. R. and within 9 miles of the city. While we were at the R. R. this morning, some rebel cavalry came down the road on which the Division lay, and fired a few shots at our pickets, but they soon withdrew. The firing toward the city has been heavy and continuous to-day; I think the rebels must have some heavy guns there.

Monday, Dec. 12th.

Division stationary. Mine eyes have beheld the spires of the city!

This forenoon Capt. Biddle and myself rode down to the river, visited the rice plantations, and rice mills, saw a rebel steamboat, captured by our foragers yesterday, saw the spires of Savannah, saw the sacred soil of South Carolina, saw and talked with the real genuine plantation nigger, and indeed were surfeited with sights to us entirely new. There is as much difference between niggrs on rice plantations and "up-country" ones, as there is between negroes and baboons.

Many of those I saw to-day were scarcely a single remove from brutes, and they speak a broken sort of English that I can scarcely understand.

On one plantation I saw about 150 niggers principally women and children, and nearly every one of them sick, not a mouthful for them to eat on the whole plantation, except the rice which was stacked up, in the straw, in huge ricks that look like large wheat ricks. The stubble on a rice field looks very much like the stubble on a wheat field or oats field, but the straw is much more tender, and never becomes harsh and brittle like wheat stubble.

Rice plantations must be on low ground, so that they can be flooded with water; ditches are cut through them, dividing the fields into squares or rectangles about 40 yards by 80, all these ditches communicating with one main ditch or canal which opens into the river. The land is plowed in March I believe, and the rice sown with drills, like wheat, then the gates of the main canal are opened and water permitted to flow into the ditches until the whole field is covered with water about a foot deep; the rice sprouts under the water, and in about two weeks the water is drawn off, then the "hands" have to wade into this muddy field, sinking into the mud over knee deep, and pulling out the weeds, when the weeds are pulled out the field has been dried by the hot sun, and the negroes hoe the rice, then the field is flooded again nearly two feet deep; this is done to make the rice *stretch*, i. e., to make it grow up tall; it stretches up out of the water, and the head forms above the water, looking like the head on oat straw, but much larger; when the grain is full the water is drawn off again; in a few days of hot southern sun the rice field changes from a pale green to a deep, rich yellow, and the negroes with sickles cut the crop, bind it in sheaves like oats, "shock" it, and as soon as convenient *carry* it off the field to the high ground where they rick it as a northern Dutch farmer ricks his wheat. This is the mode of rice culture, as I have gleaned it from the filthy, ignorant wretches who have almost worn out their lives at it; my description may be inaccurate, probably is, in some of the details, but in the main is, I believe, correct. Negroes employed on rice plantations live but a few years, and I suppose from this fact, the idea has become prevalent that white men could not stand it to labor on southern plantations. If they would take any decent care of their negroes on rice plantations, they would live as long as on any other plantations, but the proprietors of rice plantations live in cities or in Europe. Everything is done by overseers, and the negroes are treated with just the same brutality as our army mules; profits are large, and if a nigger dies it makes but little difference, another can easily be bought. Orders received to move early next morning. After returning from my visit to the rice plantations I gave the General a description of what I saw, and he went down himself this afternoon.

Tuesday, Dec. 13th.

Division moved at sunrise, taking the road to Savannah until reaching the *Six mile post*, when we took a by road to the right, crossing the C. & S. R. R. and moving in a southwesterly direction through "Piney Woods" we crossed "Pipe Maker's Creek"—the Macon R. R.—and the Louisville Road, taking position on the Macon R. R. and Louisville Road, facing to the rear, so as to cover the rear of the left wing of the army. Our Head Quarters to-night are between four and five miles from the city, directly on the Louisville Road. Considerable artillery and musketry firing on the lines in front of the city during the day.

Just as we struck the Louisville road this morning we met Lieut. Col. Ewing, Inspr. Gen., and other officers of Genl. Sherman's Staff, who told us they were on their way to see the attack on Fort McAllister

at the mouth of the Ogeechee. All day we were engaged in discussing the probability of the success of the attack on Fort McAllister, but it is over, and McAllister is ours—captured by Hazen's Division of the 15th Corps—so I suppose Sherman will have communication with the fleet to-night, and with daylight in the morning the news of our success will be on its way with all the speed of steam to electrify the millions of the north who are awaiting news from us with breathless interest. We all breathe freer to-night than we have for three months past. Our work of course is not done, Savannah is not yet ours, but the capture of McAllister settles the provision question, and there is now *no* doubt about the fall of the City. Our men are now living almost entirely on rice; we have no meat and no crackers, but little coffee and very little sugar; the whole rice crop of this year is on the plantations though, and I guess we can worry along on rice until some means are devised for getting rations from the fleet. It is not known yet amongst the camps that Fort McAllister has fallen, but the men are living contentedly on the rice which they get in the straw and clean for themselves, for they know that rations will be plenty as soon as Sherman can provide them.

Our horses and mules are living on rice straw, and the Lord only knows how the ten or twelve thousand fugitive negroes within our lines are living, but they appear to be cheerful and happy, grinning and bowing to everybody; they are encamped—all around—everywhere—in squads of ten to a hundred; their little fires form a complete circle around our Head Quarters at night; I believe they have taken a fancy to our Head Quarters, for they come to us with all their little complaints; get all the waste victuals from our mess, and make their little camps as close to us as they dare; indeed the General lets them camp closer to our Head Quarters than he would like to have the soldiers; they appear to shun Davis' Head Quarters though—they find no sympathy there—I think Davis is a copperhead because of that Kentucky Indictment pending against him for the murder of Nelson; he don't know but that he may, some day, be tried for that offense before a jury of Kentucky copperheads, and he is anxious to propitiate them.

Wednesday, Dec. 14th.

Division stationary. Order received from Genl. Sherman announcing the fall of Fort McAllister. Our loss in the assault only 91 killed and wounded. Copies of order sent to brigades and regiments, and the men have been cheering and yelling like Indians all day. Everybody feeling jolly—bands all playing, batteries all firing, flags all flying, and everybody voting everybody else in this army a hero. The enemy rather quiet, they fired but little during the day.

In the midst of all our joy though we must *eat,* so we sent out a large detail this morning with wagons, and they came in this evening loaded with rice in sheaf, so our men and horses will have something to eat for a few days longer.

Finding I would probably have an opportunity of sending a letter North to-day, I wrote just a line to Mary to let her know I am still alive and able to eat rice—had neither time nor opportunity to write more.

Thursday, Dec. 15th.

Division stationary. Weather continues warm and pleasant as mid summer. Capt. Buttrick and myself went to Fort McAllister this morning and returned this evening very tired, having ridden about 40 miles to-day. We rode along the lines of the entire army, and I obtained a good idea of our position in front of the city. If we have to assault the enemy's works we will have a great deal of trouble there are so many swamps and bayous between us and the enemy's lines. On our way to McAllister this morning we met Genl. Sherman coming back from his first visit to the fleet; his orderlies riding behind him were carrying huge bundles of late New York papers. I saw the well known head lines of the "Herald" and "Tribune" as they passed me, and I was almost tempted to ask Mr. Sherman if he couldn't spare me one. I saw my first Palmetto tree to-day; it was about fifty feet high, which, I am told, is unusually high for them. The stalk looked like that of a huge overgrown cabbage stalk.

I also saw a rice field containing probably 400 acres, with the rice shocks scattered over it as thickly as they stand on our best wheat fields in the North. We couldn't get to the Fort, as it is on the opposite side of the Ogeechee from us, but we viewed it from the top of a rice mill, where Genls. Sherman and Howard stood while the assault was going on. We saw our monitors and fleet of transports in Ossabau Sound, and two of our monitors that were engaged in slowly shelling a rebel battery on the side toward the city. I am no hero-worshipper, I think, but what I have seen to-day, convinces me that General Sherman is a leader, of genius equal to that of Napolean *in the field*, if not in the cabinet.

None but an unusually bold man would have undertaken this campaign, and none but a man of genius could have succeeded as he has. We consider the campaign finished; Sherman says Savannah is virtually his, and everybody feels so; true there are some rebels in there, under the command of Hardee, but we can easily work them out and ourselves in, now. On our way to-day we crossed the Gulf R. R.

Friday, Dec. 16th.

Division stationary. Weather still quite warm. Heavy artillery firing after dark. A large train was sent from our corps to-day to King's bridge on the "Ogeechee" up to which point large vessels from the fleet, can sail. This train is to bring our mails; we are all more hungry for letters now than for anything else. I suppose, of course, I will get a good supply of letters; if I should be disappointed and get none———can't think of it. The distant cannonading which we heard some days ago proves to have been an attempt by Foster to cut the Charleston and Savannah R. R. near "Coosawhatchie" in which he signally failed. Foster is an old granny anyhow.

Saturday, Dec. 17th.

Division stationary; weather warm and pleasant; this is a very easy sort of siege for us; we are rather short of the necessaries of life,

and I am on my last paper of fine cut, but things are progressing as well as we could wish, and if we have good luck we will soon have an abundance of everything.

Sherman sent in a flag of truce to-day, and demanded the surrender of the city; Hardee asked 24 hours to deliberate; he should remember what is said of woman "If she hesitates she is lost." Our mail came to-day; I received letters from Mary (2), Ella (1), Willie (1), Tirril (1), the latter informing me that I received 960 majority in Coles County for Circuit Attorney.

That is certainly a very fine vote to receive at one's own home, and I am abundantly satisfied even though I am beaten in the Circuit. This is the first time I ever was a candidate before *the people,* and I congratulate myself on the fact that this time I asked no man for his vote.

Heavy artillery firing on our right from 4 to 5 o'clock this afternoon.

From Willie's letter, I find he is at Hilton Head, S. C.; I must go up and see him *as soon as we get the city.*

Sunday, Dec. 18th.

This has been the most quiet day we have had, since we have come within sight of Savannah. Probably Hardee went to church this morning. A flag of truce from him, to-day, brought a reply to the summons to surrender. He refuses. "Barkis" ain't "willin' ", this time. Orders received this evening for the army to hold itself in readiness to make an assault on the enemy's entire line; this means business. Sherman having served a "notice to quit" on Hardee, and Hardee refusing to quit, Sherman brings an action of ejectment against the gentleman; I'm on the docket for Sherman; case to be tried by "wager of battle"—any gentleman wishing to take my place in this trial can have it. I wrote out a rough draft of a letter to-day relative to Genl. Davis' treatment of the negroes at Ebenezer Creek. I want the matter to get before the military committee of the Senate; it may give them some light in regard to the propriety of confirming him as a Brevet Major General. I am not certain yet who I had better send it to.

Monday, Dec. 19th.

Another quiet day; preparations going forward for an assault on the enemy's lines; the fugitive negroes were collected to-day throughout this wing of the army, and marched off to King's Bridge on the Ogeechee, from whence they will be shipped to Hilton Head, S. C. It was a strange spectacle to see those negroes of all ages, sizes, and both sexes, with their bundles on their heads and in their hands trudging along, they knew not whither, but willing to blindly follow the direction given to them by our officers. At least 5 thousand of them must have marched by our Head Quarters.

All our surplus mules and horses were sent off to-day too. The decks are being cleared for action, and if it must come, I care not how soon.

Tuesday, Dec. 20th.

Another quiet day; but the bustle of preparation for the assault can be seen on all hands, and everybody feels confident of the result. Weather warm and pleasant; it is well for us that we are here in winter for we couldn't live here a month in the heat of summer.

Wednesday, Dec. 21st.

With the first streak of dawn our pickets—the fingers of our army—felt their way amongst the tangled vines, and gloomy swamps on the left of our line until they found themselves within full view of the deserted works of the enemy. Almost with electric speed the word ran around the entire lines of our army: "Savannah is evacuated," and in less time than it takes to tell it, the heaviest sleepers in the army, as well as the lightest, were out, some dressed, and some *en deshabille*, shouting and hurrahing from the bottom of their lungs. This was indeed a joyful morning. Savannah is ours. Our long campaign is ended. If the world predicted our failure, the world must acknowledge itself mistaken. I am glad I was permitted to have a part in this campaign. Geary's Division of the 20th Corps marched in and took peaceable possession of the city this morning. Savannah is a beautiful city—the finest I have seen in the South. The rebels left all their heavy artillery, and considerable field artillery—they didn't dare to remove it, lest we should discover them, and make an attack. They left the city on a pontoon bridge, and took the only road left them, toward Charleston.

Here my Diary must end.

Thank God that I am yet alive, and permitted thus to end it.

These notes are for myself and my wife, alone.

If strangers read them they must pardon whatever of egotism appears in them, for I have endeavored to note here, incidents connected with myself, knowing very well that no one else will do it.

I must also apologize to *myself* for the exceeding carelessness of the composition of these notes. In them I find I have terribly mangled the "King's English." My excuse is that they were written in camp—on the march—or anywhere I might chance to take a notion to make a minute of anything.

LIST OF PUBLICATIONS OF THE ILLINOIS STATE HISTORICAL LIBRARY AND SOCIETY.

No. 1. *A Bibliography of Newspapers published in Illinois prior to 1860. Prepared by Edmund J. James, Ph. D., and Milo J. Loveless. 94 pp. 8 vo. Springfield, 1899.

No. 2. *Information relating to the Territorial Laws of Illinois passed from 1809 to 1812. Prepared by Edmund J. James, Ph. D. 15 pp. 8 vo. Springfield, 1899.

No. 3. *The Territorial Records of Illinois. Edited by Edmund J. James, Ph. D. 170 pp. 8 vo. Springfield, 1901.

No. 4. *Transactions of the Illinois State Historical Society for the year 1900. Edited by E. B. Greene, Ph. D. 55 pp. 8 vo. Springfield, 1900.

No. 5. *Alphabetical Catalog of the Books, Manuscripts, Maps, Pictures and Curios of the Illinois State Historical Library. Authors, Titles and Subjects. Compiled by Jessie Palmer Weber. 363 pp. 8 vo. Springfield, 1900.

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